

PHOTOPLAY



JULY
25 CENTS

CLAUDETTE
COLBERT

Earl
Christie

Those
Amazing
Bennett
Girls

The Age of Fear
In Hollywood

down to the sea in smart surf suits
WITH THE NEW
EVENING GOWN BACKS



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The new "Surf Suits" by B.V.D.—have you seen them?

We didn't want them to be like any other swimming suits ever made! So—as thoughtfully, as brilliantly as a Paris couturier designs a dazzling new style in gowns, we made plans for the new "Surf Suits!"

For months there were long consultations with artists, with stylists. And then we consulted with swimming experts, including the famous Johnny Weissmuller, a champion among champions.

"It's never been done before," said one well-known stylist. "Give them backs like the loveliest of the new evening frocks!"

"And the new high waistline!" said another. "Make them up in the smartest colors ever seen in any waters, salt or fresh," suggested an enthusiastic artist. And he selected the colors!

"They must give women perfect play of the swimming muscles," said Johnny Weissmuller. "Here are points about fit . . ."

After months of designing and re-designing and designing again, they were

ready—the new "Surf Suits" . . . with the backs and high waistline of the loveliest of the new evening gowns . . . in colors to charm the most critical or the most gay. And when we showed them to women who during months of each year frequent the beaches at Southampton and Newport and Palm Beach, approval was unanimous!

Do go in and see the new "Surf Suits"—by B.V.D.! Select one with the back which most closely approaches that of your favorite couturier's smartest evening frocks. And then *swim* in it! Win championships in it, if you will! Or merely stroll along the sands in it—and know that you look your most charming! The B.V.D. Company, Inc., New York City.

B·V·D

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

A YOUNG MOTHER . . HAS
WORDS WITH HERSELF ABOUT

.. "pink tooth brush!"

"HER two tiny teeth are so white that they fairly sparkle! I suppose mine looked like that when I lay in a bassinet. Even two years ago they certainly were brighter than they are today. Why, at this rate, I'm afraid that by the time she's old enough to be *critical* of her mother's looks, she'll never know that once upon a time people had rather nice things to say about my smile!

"I wonder . . that 'pink' upon my tooth brush! What does it have to do with my teeth looking cloudy and dim? Why, they're as dull as a blue Monday. And my gums are so touchy and soft that they can't be of much help to my teeth! I'm going to try massage. I'm going to get Ipana and I'm going to write it now upon the telephone pad—we're going to see about this 'pink tooth brush' business."



*"I wonder . . that
'pink' on my tooth brush,
morning after morning.."*



A glance over the luncheon table, the dinner table, and you'll notice at once that most of our modern foods are *soft foods*. And soft foods certainly give our gums no work to do.

Lacking exercise and stimulation, the gums grow more lazy, more touchy with every day. In time they become so tender that "pink tooth brush" makes its appearance.

And, while that first tinge of "pink" on your brush isn't a national calamity, don't ignore its warning. For it often opens the way to many gum troubles—gingivitis, Vincent's disease and even the dread, though much rarer, pyorrhea.

Neglected too long, "pink tooth brush" may threaten some of your soundest and whitest teeth through infection at their roots.

Don't tolerate "pink tooth brush." There's a simple, inexpensive way to defeat it. Get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste. Clean your teeth with it regularly—it is a marvelous cleanser—and then, each time you use it, put some *fresh* Ipana on your brush or finger-tip and *massage it into those touchy gums of yours*.

Twice each day.

Within a few days your teeth will regain a sparkle they haven't had for years. And within a month, your gums will be less lazy and far firmer. For the ziratol in Ipana—plus the massage—tones and stimulates the gums back to healthy hardness. Keep on using Ipana with massage—and you'll see mighty little of "pink tooth brush."

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TALLULAH BANKHEAD



MIRIAM HOPKINS



CAROLE LOMBARD



PHILLIPS HOLMES



CARMAN
BARNES



SYLVIA SIDNEY



PAUL LUKAS



CHARLIE
RUGGLES



ROBERT
COOGAN

Be sure to see:
NANCY CARROLL
Fredric March

in
"THE NIGHT ANGEL"
Edmund Goulding Prod

•
"THE VICE SQUAD"
Paul Lukas—Kay Francis

•
"UP POPS THE DEVIL"
Norman Foster, Carole Lombard
Skeets Gallagher, Stuart Erwin

•
"THE LAWYER'S SECRET"
Clive Brook, Richard Arlen,
Charles Rogers, Fay Wray

PARAMOUNT, with already the greatest stars in motion pictures, is constantly enriching the screen with new personalities. From the New York stage, from Hollywood, from all over the world they come! Attracted to Paramount for the opportunity to play in some of the world's greatest stories. Under expert showmen. And in the most lavish productions. Watch for these new favorites in current Paramount Pictures! And in Paramount's greatest triumph . . . the 20th Birthday Jubilee Program! "If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!"

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Pictures
PARAMOUNT BLDG., N. Y.

PHOTOPLAY

The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

Vol. XL No. 2

JAMES R. QUIRK, Editor and Publisher

July, 1931



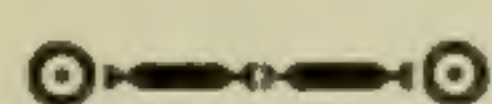
Winners of Photoplay Magazine Gold Medal for the best picture of the year

1920	1923	1926
"HUMOR- ESQUE"	"The COVERED WAGON"	"BEAU GESTE"

1921	1924	1927
"TOL'ABLE DAVID"	"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"	"7th HEAVEN"

1922	1925	1928
"ROBIN HOOD"	"THE BIG PARADE"	"FOUR SONS"

1929
"DISRAELI"



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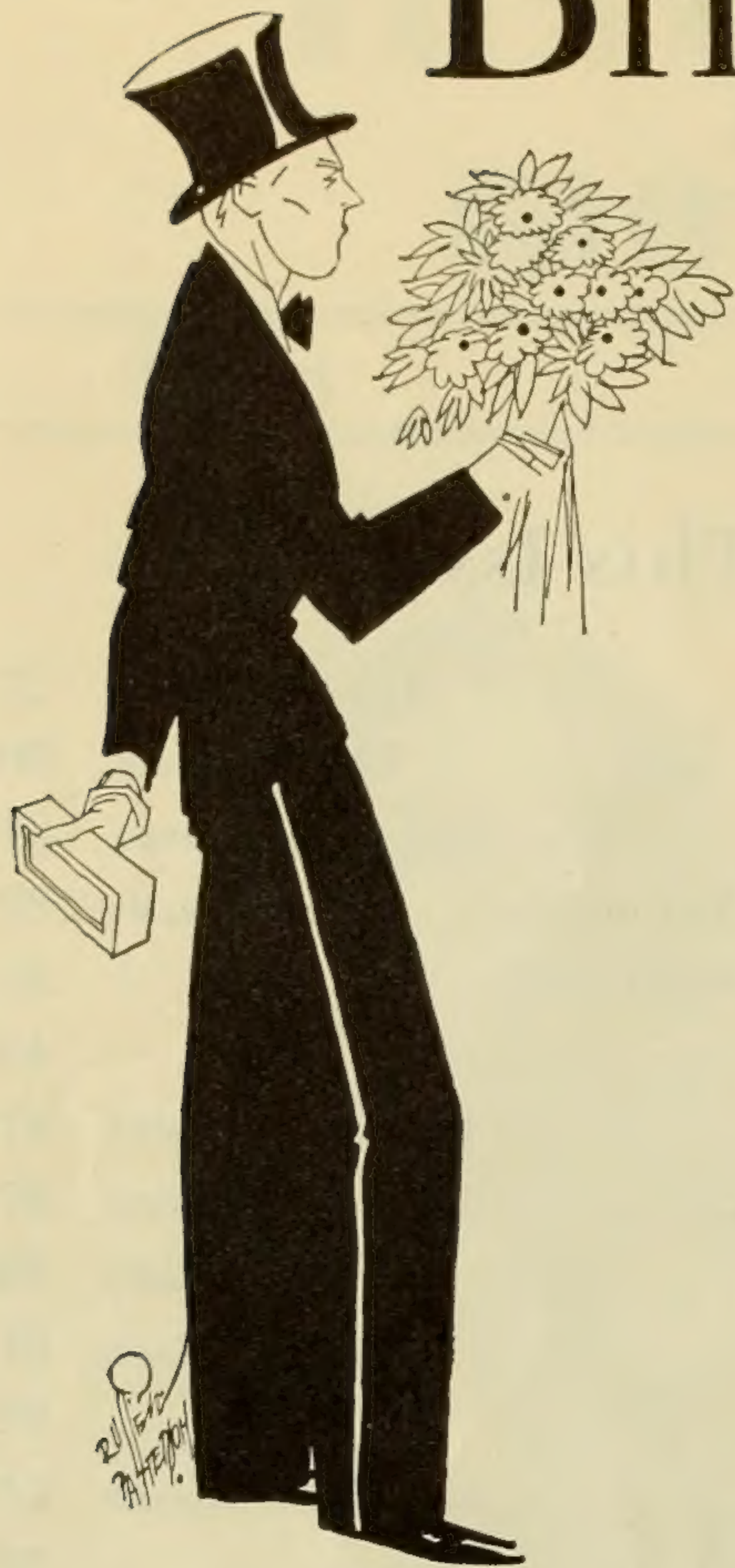
KATHRYN DOUGHERTY, Secretary and Treasurer

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Brickbats & Bouquets



You Fans Are the Real Critics

PHOTOPLAY Gives Twenty-Five, Ten and Five Dollar Prizes for the Best Letters

Just plain spiteful letters won't be printed, for we want to be helpful when we can. Don't write more than 200 words, and if you are not willing to have your name and city of residence attached, please don't write. Address Brickbats & Bouquets, PHOTOPLAY, 221 West 57th Street, New York City. We reserve the right to cut letters to suit our space limitations. Come on in and speak your mind!

The \$25 Letter

AS a nurse, most of my time is spent in hospitals or sick rooms. My ears have become attuned to the moans, sighs and complaints of the sick. Is it any wonder that I love the movies with their beautiful people, gay songs and sophisticated repartee?

The movies make me forget that I'm tired. I forget the hospital—temperatures, cold feet, sick people and everything unpleasant. Nothing matters but this world of make-believe—this house of cards that will fall when the curtain comes down. But who cares? The movies are my rose-colored glasses and I love them and am thankful for them.

MISS M. O'CONNOR,
Washington, D. C.

The \$10 Letter

THE American women have often been acclaimed the most beautiful in the world. I feel that this fact is due largely to the influence of the screen. Visions of the lovely actresses reveal to the feminine fans the charm of correct clothing, the importance of dressing to type, the effect of good grooming and the importance of a pleasing personality and voice. Age no longer bars their reign, but adds grace and charm.

ALICE BISHOP,
Denver, Colo.

The \$5 Letter

I WONDER if the producers are fully aware of the fact that millions of children go to the talkies. I have two—a boy nine and a girl fourteen—and we're going less and less each month, thanks to the surfeit of sex and smut, which is so hard to escape. Not only are we going less ourselves, but we're influencing our children's associates also.

C. H. BISHOP,
Park Ridge, Ill.

Gloria Is Grand

WHAT a truly great performance Gloria Swanson gives in "Indiscreet." They can bring on their Garbos and Dietrichs, but to me Gloria will always be the first lady of filmdom.

MALCOLM RICHARDSON,
Meridian, Miss.

GLORIA SWANSON wins high and generous praise from our correspondents this month for bringing "Indiscreet" to a public ever ready for light-hearted entertainment of this kind and fed up on an over-diet of crime and crooks. Ben Lyon skyrocketed to a high place in the fans' esteem for his charm and good looks as the lead in this picture.

Running Gloria a close second was Norma Shearer, whose many fans lived and suffered with her through "Strangers May Kiss"—a tremendous hit at the box-office, according to the quantities of mail received. Robert Montgomery's ever-increasing public voted him a huge success with Shearer, if not with Garbo. They are strong for him in "Shipmates"—a picture which was well liked.

Tallulah Bankhead has been approved of and compared, in innumerable instances, to Dietrich. The fans liked her personally in "Tarnished Lady," even if they did not rave about the picture.

Marion Davies' "It's a Wise Child" placed her way up at the top of the class as a comedienne of the first order.

Clark Gable got a large share of the letters—all full of praise and begging for more of him.

Sylvia Sidney came through with flying colors as a successful substitute for Clara Bow in "City Streets." The fans raved about her acting ability and declared Gary Cooper was a perfect hero in this picture.

"The Secret Six" brought the popular Wallace Beery stacks of letters, although the fans are asking for a let-up on gangster and sexy pictures. More variety, they ask.

With all of these new excitements of the month, the fans still find time and thoughts for the Garbo-Dietrich battle. Come what may, that goes on forever.

Shearer Perfection

AFTER seeing "Strangers May Kiss" I decided that if Norma Shearer never makes another picture, or if she never again attains this standard, we can look back on this and say, "There was Shearer perfection!"

DESIRE JENNISON,
Chicago, Ill.

Norma Shearer was fine in the dramatic scenes of "Strangers May Kiss," but the comedy scenes were ruined by her annoying giggle which grates on one's nerves. Too bad the story was not worked out to a logical conclusion, instead of having her break down and confess that she should have stayed at home and waited for her lover's return. The plot lost its punch, and became just another movie.

ELSIE HUNTER,
Chicago, Ill.

"Shipmates"

"SHIPMATES" is one of the best, if not the best picture I have ever seen. It's so realistic and true to life. Bob Montgomery didn't act his part—he lived it; and Dorothy Jordan is the sweetest girl on the screen. This picture puts a great big smile on your face.

W. C. HOWELL,
No. Little Rock, Ark.

Time Will Tell—

WHEN Robert Montgomery gets a little more poise, he will be one of the greatest actors ever known.

MRS. D. A. DORMAN,
Barre, La.

Robert Montgomery is one of screenland's greatest coming lovers. His indifferent manner is his greatest asset.

C. A. COOK,
Salinas, Calif.

Place Robert Montgomery opposite Norma Shearer, but not Garbo. He was wonderful in "Strangers May Kiss" but terrible in "Inspiration."

KATHLEEN MANION,
Terre Haute, Ind.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 15]

DADDY LONG LEGS

with
JANET GAYNOR
and
WARNER BAXTER



Glamorous Janet Gaynor sweeps to new triumphs of enchanting appeal, as the bewitching, wistful waif who wins the love of her handsome millionaire guardian. A magical masterpiece of tears and laughter, tenderness and charm, with youth and years contending for the love of a little Cinderella mysteriously lifted from drudgery to delight. As dazzlingly joyous as a flood of sunlight — this latest directorial achievement by Alfred Santell.

ANOTHER **FOX** MASTERPIECE

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

DRUMS OF JEOPARDY, THE—Tiffany Prod.—Mystery melodrama with enough murders to satisfy the bloodthirsty. Good cast headed by Warner Oland and June Collyer. (April)

DUDE RANCH—Paramount.—Jack Oakie woos and wins June Collyer in this hilarious comedy on a dude ranch, locale of many complications. Not a dull moment. (June)

EASIEST WAY, THE—M-G-M.—A modern sophisticated story, beautifully directed. Constance Benne, Adolphe Menjou, Anita Page and Bob Montgomery do some grand acting—and what costumes! (March)

★ **EAST LYNNE**—Fox.—Don't miss this one. Beautiful, artistic production of the heart-breaking old melodrama. Ann Harding captivatingly beautiful. Fine support by Conrad Nagel and Clive Brook. (April)

ESCAPE—Associated Radio Pictures.—An English talkie about an escaped prisoner. Far too talkie. (Jan.)

EX-FLAME—Liberty Productions.—Your old friend "East Lynne" dressed up in modern clothes and played by Norman Kerry and Marian Nixon. Old-fashioned and unconvincing. (Jan.)

FAIR WARNING—Fox.—George O'Brien as the honest Western lad who slays the wicked villain and wins the girl. (Jan.)

★ **FAME**—First National.—Beautifully and humanly told story of everyday people. Nothing spectacular, but full of charm. Doris Kenyon heads a perfect cast. (June)

FAST AND LOOSE—Paramount.—A pleasant little comedy about the rich girl who falls in love with the working man. Miriam Hopkins debuts successfully as the girl. (Feb.)

FIFTY MILLION FRENCHMEN—Warners.—American tourists in Paris. Moves so fast it leaves you weak. One good gag after another. Don't miss it. (March)

FIGHTING CARAVANS—Paramount.—Your old friend, "The Covered Wagon," gone talkie just a bit late. The scenes are beautiful and Ernest Torrence and Tully Marshall are on hand in their original rôles. (Feb.)

FIGHTING THRU—Tiffany Productions.—Worth the price of admission. Ken Maynard and his horse "Tarzan" do some fine work and the beautiful Jeanette Loff helps considerably. (March)

FINGER POINTS, THE—First National.—Dick Barthelmess as a reporter for one of Chicago's biggest newspapers, gets in with gangsters. An intensely absorbing story. Fay Wray and Regis Toomey give splendid support. (May)

FINN AND HATTIE—Paramount.—One long howl. Mr. and Mrs. Haddock's trip abroad ruined by a fiendish nephew and a daughter, played well by Jackie Searl and Mitzi Green. (April)

FLAME OF LOVE, THE—British International.—Anna May Wong as a Chinese vamp in Russia. But it really matters very little. (Jan.)

FOR THE LOVE O' LIL—Columbia.—Naughty in a very nice way, this story of married life manages to be reasonably entertaining. Jack Mulhall, Sally Starr, Elliott Nugent and Margaret Livingston play it. (Feb.)

FREE LOVE—Universal.—Conrad Nagel and Genevieve Tobin demonstrate what to do when a woman takes up psycho-analysis. An amusing comedy. (Feb.)

★ **FRONT PAGE, THE**—United Artists.—Whirlwind newspaper talkie, full of thrills, laughs and sobs. You've simply got to see it. Adolphe Menjou great as the managing editor. (May)

★ **GANG BUSTER, THE**—Paramount.—Comedy-melodrama with Jack Oakie at his best. William (stage) Boyd menaces as the gang leader and Jean Arthur is the pretty heroine. (March)

★ **GENTLEMAN'S FATE**—M-G-M.—This tense drama brings us Jack Gilbert with all his old appeal. The beautiful Leila Hyams and Anita Page support him and Louis Wolheim gives a flawless performance. (March)

GIRL FROM THE REEPERBAHN, THE (DAS MAEDEL VON DER REEPERBAHN)—Sonor Prod.—The Germans crash through with a good one. Grim melodrama with plenty of action and some good songs. (April)

GIRLS DEMAND EXCITEMENT—Fox.—Marguerite Churchill, John Wayne, Virginia Cherrill and William Janney are a fine cast wasted in a story that never rings true. (April)

GOD'S GIFT TO WOMEN—Warners.—Frank Fay is the gift—Laura La Plante the receiver, but after many hilarious complications. Well worth seeing. (May)

★ **GREAT MEADOW, THE**—M-G-M.—A stirring and exciting yarn of pioneering, with Eleanor Boardman a brilliant member of the distinguished cast. (Feb.)

GUN SMOKE—Paramount.—Great for the kids, this old-time Western melodrama, with Dick Arlen as a cowboy, Mary Brian, the girl, and William Boyd, the menace. (May)

HATE SHIP, THE—British International.—A fairly gripping old-school melodrama—thrills and mystery on board a yacht. (Feb.)

HEADIN' NORTH—Tiffany Productions.—Bob Steele with his horse, cowboy suit and a coupla guns. A sizzling hot Western. (Jan.)

HELL BOUND—Cruze-Tiffany Prod.—Good gang story if you're not tired of them. Leo Carrillo plays the broken-Englished speakeasy operator and Lola Lane is completely charming. (April)

HELL'S VALLEY—National Players, Ltd.—Very little story, if any, but lots of riding and shooting in this Western, with Virginia Brown Faire, Wally Wales and Vivian Rich sharing the acting honors. (June)

HOLE IN THE WALL, THE (Nar Rosorna Sla Ut)—Paramount.—Swedish talkie brings us Sven Gustafsson, Garbo's brother, but nothing like his famous sister. Light and chatty love story. (April)

HONOR AMONG LOVERS—Paramount.—Good dialogue in this story of love between boss and secretary, with excellent performances by Fredric March, Claudette Colbert and that Ace of Cads, Monroe Owsley. (May)

HOOK, LINE AND SINKER—Radio Pictures.—That's how you'll go for this latest gem of Wheeler-Woolsey nonsense. The monkey business is perpetrated in gangland. (Feb.)

HOW HE LIED TO HER HUSBAND—British International.—George Bernard Shaw surrenders to the talkies. Amusing, if you like the Shaw wit. (March)

★ **ILLICIT**—Warners.—Another triumph for Barbara Stanwyck, who plays a modern maiden who wants love without marriage. A daring film, strong and moving. (Jan.)

INDISCREET—United Artists.—Good, entertaining story. Gloria Swanson sings well. Ben Lyon and Arthur Lake great support. (June)

INSPIRATION—M-G-M.—Garbo was never lovelier than in this very modern story of the indiscreet woman and the price she pays. Lewis Stone, Robert Montgomery and Marjorie Rambeau lend Greta strong support. (Feb.)

IRON MAN—Universal.—Lew Ayres is starred as the prize fighter but Bob Armstrong, in the rôle of manager, steals the picture. Jean Harlow plays her usual vamp rôle. (June)

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE—Paramount.—The old stage play revamped for the talkies with plenty of speed and lots of laughs. Skeets Gallagher, Norman Foster and Carole Lombard head a perfect cast. (April)

★ **IT'S A WISE CHILD**—M-G-M.—Marion Davies' rare gift for comedy and Robert Leonard's direction make this old stage play a brand new hilarious farce not to be missed. (May)

JAWS OF HELL—Sono Art—World Wide.—Depicts the old poem "The Charge of the Light Brigade" and makes the charge a pretty thrilling business. The romantic story's a bit weak. (March)

JUNE MOON—Paramount.—You'll like this one. Ring Lardner wrote the wisecracking lines and Jack Oakie puts them over with a bang. (April)

JUST LIKE HEAVEN—Tiffany Productions.—A simple little romance between a toe dancer and a balloon peddler. Fifteen-year-old Anita Louise is the heroine. (Feb.)

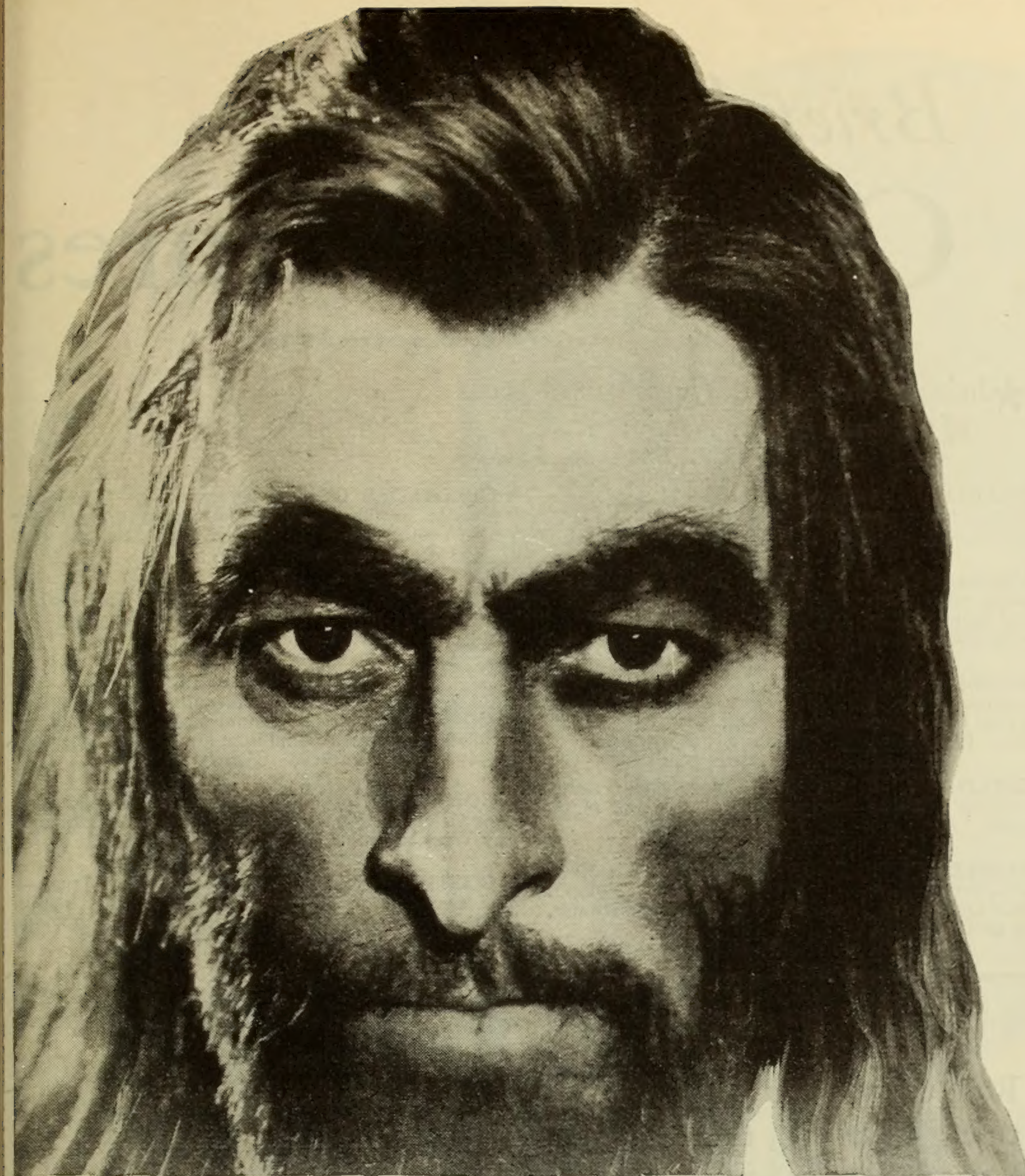
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Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

Save this magazine—refer to the criticisms before you pick out your evening's entertainment. Make this your reference list.

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HE is genius—madman
—lover! His hypnotic
spell reaches out of
darkness controlling
love—hate—life itself.

SHE is the beauty who
has all Paris at her
famous feet—who wins
men with a smile—who
hates Svengali the sinis-
ter love maker—until
his magic spell forces
even *her* heart to beat to
his *manufactured love!*

JOHN BARRYMORE

as

"SVENGALI"

The Hypnotist

MARIAN MARSH

as "Trilby"

Directed by ARCHIE MAYO

Based on the novel "Trilby" by DU MAURIER

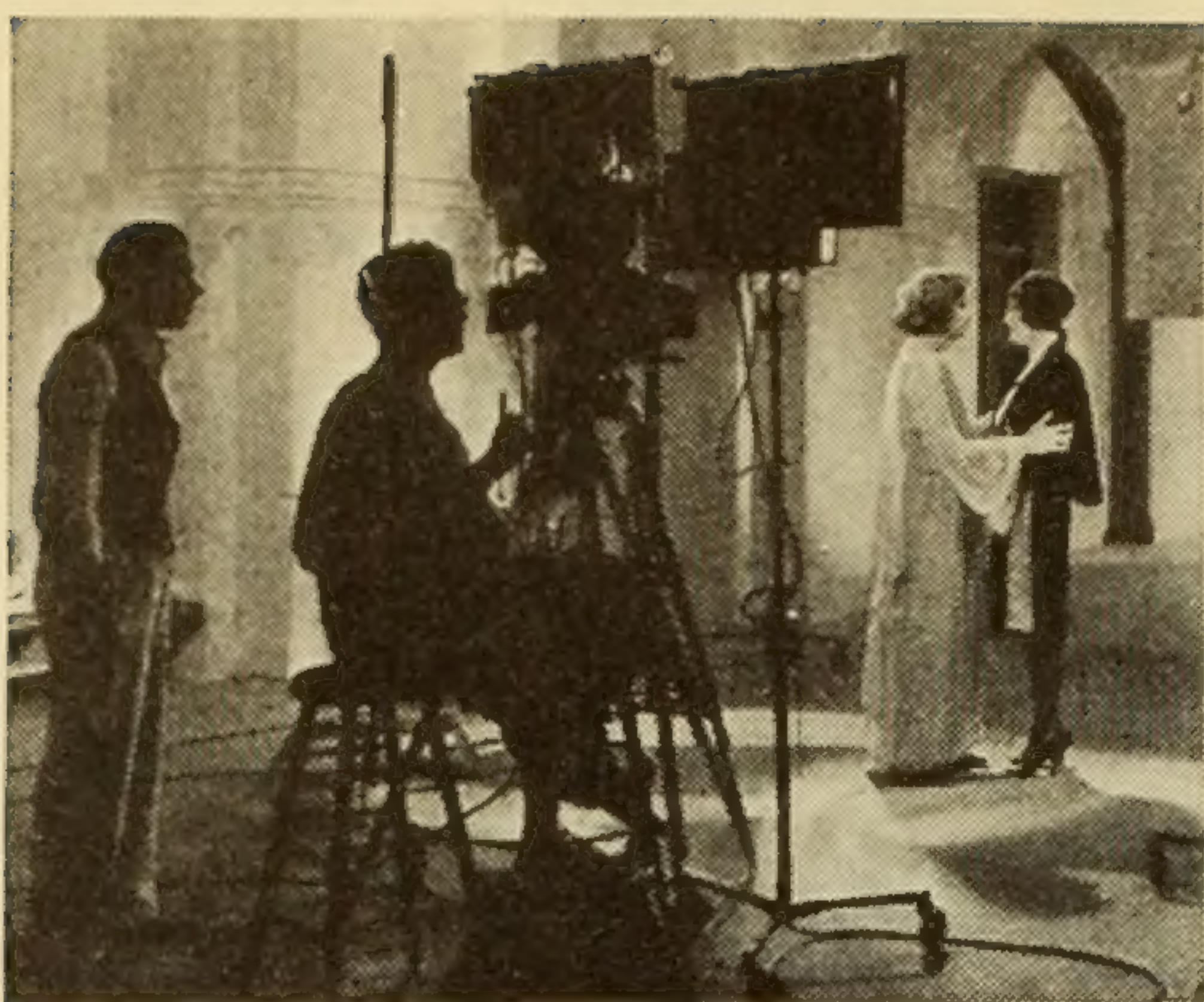


"Vitaphone" is the registered trade-mark of
The Vitaphone Corporation



Don't miss the newest beauty of the screen, alluring Marian Marsh, selected for this great part by Mr. Barrymore, himself.

A WARNER BROS. & VITAPHONE PICTURE



Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

Photoplays not otherwise designated are All Talkie

★ Indicates that photoplay was named as one of the best upon its month of review

ALMOST A HONEYMOON—British International.—A light bedroom farce. The gags would have been funny ten years ago. Very mild. (March)

ALOHA—Rogell-Tiffany Production.—The old "Bird of Paradise" plot made over for the talkies. Some quite-good comedy and a lot of surefire sob stuff. Ben Lyon and Raquel Torres work hard. (March)

ANYBODY'S GIRL—Columbia.—A realistic story of a taxi-dancer's disillusionment. Barbara Stanwyck and Ricardo Cortez are great. (Feb.)

BACHELOR APARTMENT—Radio Pictures.—The superb direction and acting of Lowell Sherman make this sophisticated story interesting from start to finish. Mae Murray returns as a modern vamp, a restless married woman. Splendid cast. (May)

BACHELOR FATHER, THE—M-G-M.—Marion Davies at her best in a sprightly, sophisticated comedy. Good for one million laughs. (Feb.)

BAD SISTER—Universal.—Sidney Fox, talented little newcomer, plays the title rôle in this entirely natural story based on Booth Tarkington's "The Flirt." Conrad Nagel is the hero. (May)

★ **BAT WHISPERS, THE**—United Artists.—Daddy of all scare movies, and it's a lulu. The cameramen and Chester Morris share first honors. (Jan.)

★ **BEAU IDEAL**—Radio Pictures.—(Reviewed under the title "The Devil's Battalion")—A spectacular sequel to "Beau Geste," made with many of the same actors. A great picture in which Ralph Forbes, Loretta Young and Don Alvarado do great work. (Feb.)

BEHIND OFFICE DOORS—Radio Pictures.—Mary Astor fine as the clever secretary who helps her boss (Robert Ames) to rise to importance in the industrial world. Interesting story. (April)

BEYOND VICTORY—RKO-Pathé.—Poor war film, starring Bill Boyd. ZaSu Pitts, Lew Cody and Jimmy Gleason make the effort but can't do much for this one. (May)

BIG BUSINESS GIRL—First National.—Lively comedy of 1931 styles in business and love. Plenty of laughs, some thrills, Ricardo Cortez, Frank Albertson and Loretta Young in pretty clothes. A good movie. (May)

BIG MONEY—Pathé.—Eddie Quillan's luck at cards drags him among the big-time gamblers. But it's all a lot of fun and Eddie's fresh wisecracks will convulse you. (Jan.)

★ **BLUE ANGEL, THE**—UFA-Paramount.—Emil Jannings' first talkie in English. And it's a knockout. So is Marlene Dietrich as the woman who drives a man mad. (Feb.)

BODY AND SOUL—Fox.—See this one. Great entertainment. Charlie Farrell and Elissa Landi (from the stage). You'll like her. Myrna Loy is the mean one. (April)

BORN TO LOVE—RKO-Pathé.—Ancient plot of the war nurse. Two officers and whose-baby-is-it fails to be highly entertaining in spite of the efforts of Constance Bennett. (June)

BROAD MINDED—First National.—Joe E. Brown tries hard to bring a lot of moribund jokes and gags back to life, but there's scarcely a giggle. (June)

BROTHERS—Columbia.—Bert Lytell acts a dual rôle in a mildly effective melodramatic thriller. (Jan.)

BY ROCKET TO THE MOON—UFA.—The Germans present an interesting lesson in astronomy, if you like astronomy. (April)

CAUGHT CHEATING—Tiffany Productions.—George Sidney and Charlie Murray get tangled with a Chicago gangster's wife and are taken for a ride. Fast-moving and pretty good fun. (March)

CHARLEY'S AUNT—Columbia.—The old farce is still funny. Charles Ruggles makes it worth seeing again. (Jan.)

CHARLIE CHAN CARRIES ON—Fox.—Grand mystery with lots of thrills and romance. Warner Oland marvelous as Chan. John Garrick and Marguerite Churchill are the love interest. (April)

CHERI BIBI—M-G-M.—Jack Gilbert in an entertaining drama. Lots of tragedy, but a happy ending and Leila Hyams as the heroine. Well worth seeing. (June)

CHILDREN OF DREAMS—Warners.—A musical which you can miss and think nothing of it. (April)

CHISELERS OF HOLLYWOOD—Willis Kent Productions.—First-rate entertainment. Hokum, humor and heart. Phyllis Barrington, a newcomer, does great work. (Feb.)

POLITICS

Rule the world, and they rule Hollywood, too! Being a good actor or actress alone is not enough to succeed in the town where

Studio Politics Rule

Next month's PHOTOPLAY will tell you the *real* story of politics in Hollywood. One of the best "inside" stories ever written.

In the August issue of
PHOTOPLAY

★ **CIMARRON**—Radio Pictures.—The thrilling story of the pioneer West, superbly transferred to the screen. Richard Dix re-establishes himself as a star, and heads a remarkable cast. (Feb.)

★ **CITY LIGHTS**—Chaplin-United Artists.—The one and only Chaplin makes another masterpiece. Magnificent comedy and heartbreaking pathos intermingled. You can see it again and again. (March)

★ **CITY STREETS**—Paramount.—Absorbing, fast-moving gang melodrama, well directed. Gary Cooper and Sylvia Sydney (from the New York stage) give grand performances. Don't miss it. (June)

CLEARING THE RANGE—Allied.—Hoot Gibson and the wife, Sally Eilers, in a fine Western with thrills, laughs and plenty of action. (June)

COHENS AND KELLYS IN AFRICA, THE—Universal.—Charlie Murray and George Sidney. A scream from start to finish. (Jan.)

COMMAND PERFORMANCE, THE—Cruze-Tiffany Productions.—A bright and spicy comedy about one of those engaging mythical kingdoms. Neil Hamilton is simply grand. (Feb.)

COMRADES OF 1918—Forenfilms.—Gruesome, harrowing German talkie follows the fortunes of four young Teuton soldiers in the last year of the late war. Don't take the children. (May)

CONCENTRATIN' KID, THE—Universal.—Hoot Gibson falls in love with a radio voice. A weak-sister for Hoot. (Jan.)

★ **CONNECTICUT YANKEE, A**—Fox.—It's better than the silent version and you'll love Will Rogers. William Farnum and Myrna Loy are excellent. Maureen O'Sullivan and Frank Albertson supply the love interest. (April)

CONQUERING HORDE, THE—Paramount.—Dick Arlen makes this Western fine entertainment. Fay Wray adorable as the girl. (April)

COSTELLO CASE—Sono Art.—James Cruze.—The sweethearts are suspected of murder again. Tom Moore is the wise copper. Pretty obvious melodrama. (Jan.)

CRACKED NUTS—Radio Pictures.—Wheeler and Woolsey in a rush of dialogue to the screen, and not very good dialogue. Amusing in spots. (April)

★ **CRIMINAL CODE, THE**—Columbia.—Don't miss this powerful prison drama. You'll never forget it. Walter Huston and Phillips Holmes head a brilliant cast. (Feb.)

DAMAGED LOVE—Sono Art—World Wide.—Pretty mild. June Collyer's charm and dimples save it from being an entire waste of time. (March)

DANCE FOOLS, DANCE—M-G-M.—Fast and thrilling entertainment. Joan Crawford again proves herself a great dramatic actress. Billy Bakewell fine as the weak young brother who falls in with gangsters. (March)

DANCERS, THE—Fox.—A rambling, younger generation drama which isn't at its best on the screen. The players, including Lois Moran and Phillips Holmes, do their best. (Feb.)

DAWN TRAIL, THE—Columbia.—A good Buck Jones Western with a rip-roarin' fight between the sheep and cattle men. (Feb.)

DAYBREAK—M-G-M.—The charming performances of Helen Chandler and Ramon Novarro, as the student prince, make this romantic and wistful love story well worth seeing. (June)

★ **DEVIL TO PAY, THE**—United Artists—Samuel Goldwyn.—Ronnie Colman breezes through a tasty, spicy little comedy. Great cast, sparkling dialogue and finished production. (Feb.)

DICH HAB ICH GELIEBT (Because I Loved You)—AAFA-Tobis.—Though it's in German, you needn't understand the language to enjoy this sweet love story. (Jan.)

★ **DIRIGIBLE**—Columbia.—Thrilling melodrama of adventure at the South Pole. The Navy helped make it and the airplane and dirigible shots leave you breathless. Ralph Graves, Jack Holt and Fay Wray take high honors. (May)

★ **DISHONORED**—Paramount.—Marlene Dietrich exciting as an Austrian spy in a tense story, splendidly directed. Victor McLaglen great as the Russian officer. (May)

DOCTORS' WIVES—Fox.—Joan Bennett, Warner Baxter and Victor Varconi in a story of jealousy. Not very convincing. (April)

DON'T BET ON WOMEN—Fox.—Husbands, wives and lovers mix-up. Good adult entertainment, with smart dialogue. Roland Young, Edmund Lowe, Jeanette MacDonald and Una Merkel make the most of their parts. (April)

DRACULA—Universal.—A mystery story full of creeps and thrills. Helen Chandler grand as the terrified heroine. (March)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 10]



DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR. "CHANCES"

in

with

ROSE HOBART

The picture thousands of fans have waited for, clamored for, actually demanded—Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. in a greater role than in "The Dawn Patrol" . . . He reaches full-fledged stardom in "Chances" where men sport with fate, honor and life; and love tramps the shambles of the battlefield . . . "The Dawn-Patrol-Fairbanks" as you would have him in war and love—with the gorgeously beautiful Rose Hobart.



Directed by ALAN DAWN
Story by A. HAMILTON GIBBS
Adaptation by Waldemer Young
with a cast including

ANTHONY BUSHELL
HOLMES HERBERT
MARY FORBES



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A FIRST NATIONAL & VITAPHONE PICTURE

The Girl on the Cover

By
Frances Kish

WHEN you meet Claudette Colbert, when you watch her at work on the set, you get the impression that she is all animation. Yet the real Claudette is a quiet, reserved girl who doesn't talk much, cares little for social life, and feels the weight of responsibility to an unusual degree.

"I can worry off ten pounds in as many days," she says. "When I am working I am always underweight, no matter how much I eat or how much I rest. I can't understand why an actress should have to ward off excess poundage. With the constant strain of each new rôle, the worry over each day's scenes, how can anyone remain placid enough to gain weight?"

"If you're not getting the 'breaks' you worry until you do, and when you do get them you wonder how long it will continue. The tension of stage and screen work is terrific."

At this point in the conversation, Madame Colbert, Claudette's attractive mother, breaks in with, "Yes, and if there isn't anything at all to worry about, Claudette finds something." Which explains why, in order to gain twelve needed pounds, Claudette has been living on a special diet for a period of about six months. Coddled eggs, an average of eight glasses of hot milk daily—each glass containing two ounces of cream—cereals with cream, creamed vegetable soups, custards, rice pudding, junket, and generously buttered toast have been her main foods.

She now weighs about 112 pounds, which is little enough for her five feet, four inches of height, even though the motion picture cameras add about ten pounds to her screen image. But her shapely legs inspired a New York columnist to use the phrase, "a swell pair of Colberts," whenever he wanted to pay tribute to a lady's supporting attractions.

FOUR years ago when she played in her first picture, First National's "For the Love of Mike," she decided she had enough of the screen.

"I hated silent pictures," she says. "To me they had absolutely no connection with the stage. And I guess I was pretty terrible as a motion picture actress. I didn't photograph very well and I wasn't beautiful enough to get by solely on my looks. Not until the talkies gave me a voice on the screen and let me act as I would on the stage did I begin to see possibilities for myself in pictures."

Claudette had not sought a picture career. She had not intended to be an actress—"only as every girl sometimes dreams about it," she adds. With her parents and older brother she had left her native Paris when she was about six years old. She was born in Paris, September 13, 1907.



She's trying to put on weight

The Chauchoin family (Colbert is her mother's maiden name, an easier one for American tongues) settled in New York City. At high school she began to develop a talent for drawing and she continued her studies at an art school, having decided to make fashion sketching her work. But a few days of taking her portfolio around to solicit orders, a few days of waiting outside office doors while she tried to summon up courage enough to go in, convinced her she would never be a success at marketing her own wares.

BUT, like everything else that has come to her, a stage career was handed her "on a silver platter." At a tea one afternoon she met Anne Morrison, author of "The Wild Westcotts," with the result that she was given a small bit in that play which served to launch her in the theater. She wanted to try pictures then, but a friend advised her to wait. He told her she didn't have a "photographic" face, but that if she continued to perfect her acting the time would come when movie people would approach her.

He was right. Just as a stage opportunity had come without effort, her first screen opportunity sought her out.

The first talkie she made was "The Hole in the Wall," for Paramount. She says about it, "It was pretty sad." But when she

appeared opposite Walter Huston in Paramount's "The Lady Lies," both she and the box-office began to take her picture career seriously.

Even her radio début was unsought. She has always liked to sing and, as a young girl, took a few voice lessons. She sings in "The Smiling Lieutenant." While she was working in that picture, a national radio hour offered her a huge sum for two songs. She became hysterical after the broadcast.

HER eyes are large, dark brown and velvety. Her lashes are long and curling. Her nose is too broad for real beauty, but her mouth is full and feminine. Heavy masses of very dark brown hair spring back from a low forehead.

At the studio she has a reputation for being tractable and totally lacking in temperament.

Claudette and Norman Foster were secretly married three years ago in London, where they were both playing in the stage play, "The Barker." The news, even after their marriage became known, that Claudette continued to live in a small apartment with her mother while her husband maintained a separate apartment, caused a mild stir.

In "Young Man of Manhattan," Norman played her screen husband, but of recent months Claudette has been making pictures at Paramount's Eastern studio and Norman has been working at the Hollywood studio.

Smoke a FRESH cigarette

Millions of men and women are now discovering a brand new enjoyment since Camels adopted the new Humidor Pack.

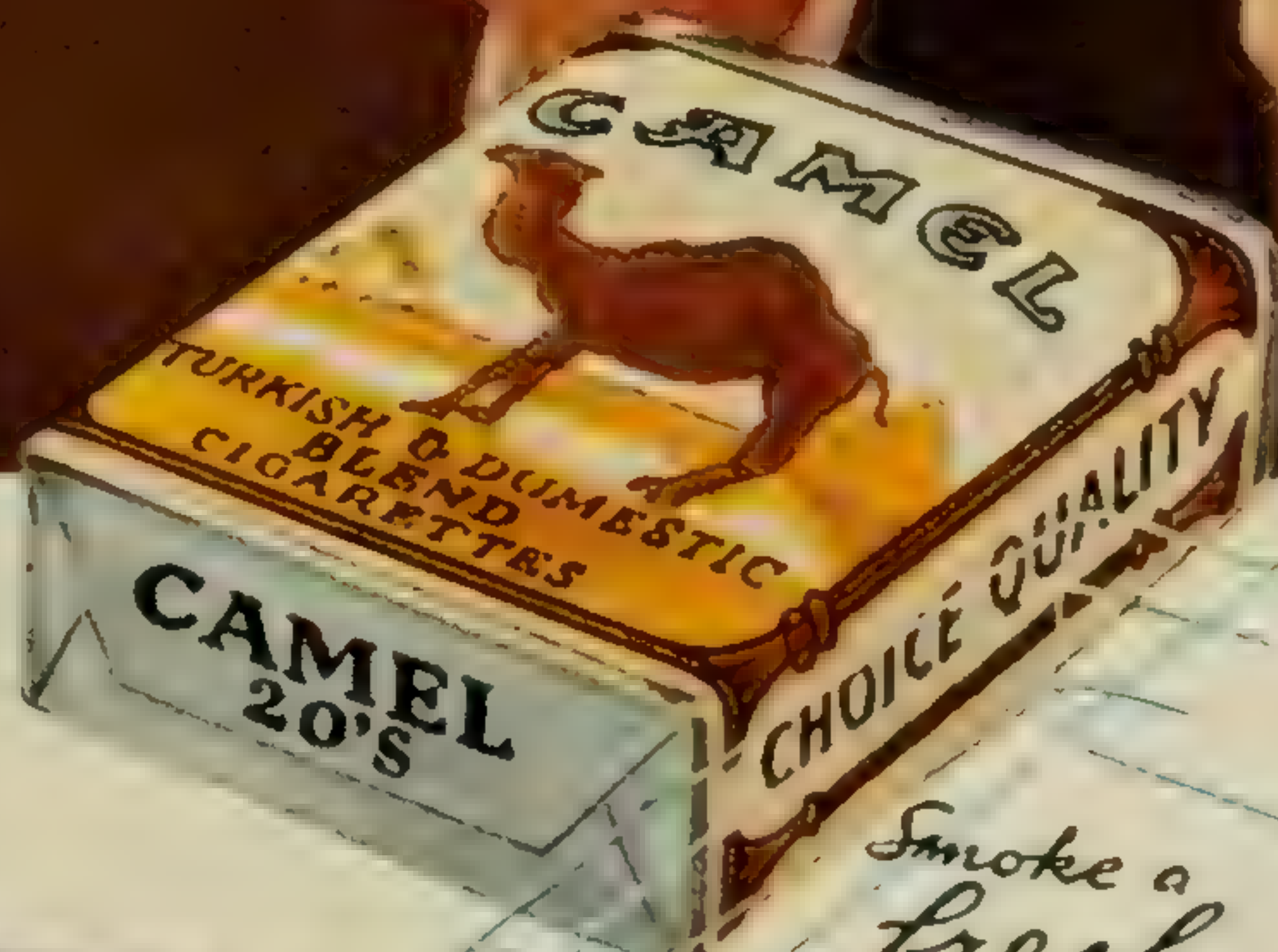
The mildness and the flavor of fine tobacco vanish when scorching or evaporation steals the natural moisture out of a cigarette.

Now, thanks to the new Humidor Pack, Camels, wherever you find them, are always *fresh* and in perfect mild condition.

Factory-fresh Camels are air-sealed in the new Sanitary Package which keeps the dust and germs out, and keeps the flavor in.

No harsh, dried tobacco to burn the throat. No peppery dust to sting delicate membrane—just the cool mild aroma of fine tobacco, properly conditioned.

If you haven't smoked a Camel recently, switch over for just one day, then quit them—if you can.



Smoke a
fresh
cigarette

● It is the mark of a considerate hostess, by means of the Humidor Pack, to "Serve a fresh cigarette." Buy Camels by the carton — this cigarette will remain fresh in your home and office

CAMELS



He thought:
 "You're the brightest girl in the office. Too bad 'B.O.' makes it unpleasant to be near you."

Yet, to be polite,

He said:
 "Don't wait. I'll send the papers to you later."

Clever...hard working...but couldn't get ahead until she ended 'B.O.'

(Body Odor)

A VERY capable girl, everyone agreed. A nice girl, too. Yet she didn't advance. Raises were slow and small. Promotions passed her by. People liked her personally, but seemed to avoid her.

Then the new office manager, a woman, had a talk with her. Gave her a tactful hint about "B.O.", the polite term for something people dislike even to mention—*body odor*. Suggested a simple way to avoid offending. . . . From that day on, her "luck" seemed to change. She's popular with everyone now—has twice been promoted within six months. "B.O." no longer cheats her of friendship or success.

Hotter weather no excuse for "B.O."

We perspire more freely these sultry summer days. We *have to* in order to endure the heat. And though we don't notice "B.O." in

ourselves, the slightest hint of it annoys others.

But perspiration *can* be kept odorless by a simple safeguard millions of particular people have adopted. It's Lifebuoy, the delightful toilet soap that lathers so abundantly—even in hardest water. Refreshing, mildly antiseptic, this rich, creamy lather penetrates deeply into the pores—removes all odor. Its pleasant, *extra-clean* scent—that vanishes as you rinse—tells you Lifebuoy *purifies*.

Fresh, glowing complexion beauty

Lifebuoy helps complexions renew their loveliness. Its searching, *deep-cleansing* lather gently frees clogged pores of impurities—freshens dull skins—promotes healthy, radiant beauty. Adopt Lifebuoy today.

LEVER BROTHERS CO., Cambridge, Mass.



New!
LIFEBUOY
 Shaving Cream

New double-dense lather soothes, lubricates and protects . . . ends tender spots that hurt when you shave. At your druggist's

Lifebuoy

HEALTH SOAP

—stops body odor—

The Audience Speaks Its Mind

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6]

Brown or Beery?

"The Secret Six" has a multitude of sins, but the greatest was featuring Wallace Beery above Johnny Mack Brown. Johnny deserves complete and absolute stardom more than anyone else in the movies, and instead M-G-M puts him in a secondary rôle.

P. C.,
New Orleans, La.

"The Secret Six" is a splendid gang picture—well written, well directed and well cast, but it would be just another gang story without the personality of Wallace Beery. His humor supplied the balance the picture needed to keep it from being too tense and gruesome.

FRANK ALLEN,
New York City.

Opinions Differ—

Constance Bennett is the most cultured girl on the screen. She has the richest and most interesting voice; even finer than Ruth Chatterton.

LILION McGRATH,
Montreal, Can.

Why all this raving about Constance Bennett?

ANN CRAIG,
Asheville, N. C.

When Garbo is ready to abdicate, Constance Bennett will be next in line for the throne.

EVELYN K. ABRAHAMS,
Charleston, S. C.

"It's a Wise Child"

I really don't think I've enjoyed any of Marion Davies' pictures quite so much as "It's a Wise Child." It's hilariously comical and full of wholesome fun, so that parents can take their children to see it. Marion is better today than she was ten years ago.

AUSTIN C. MOORE,
New Orleans, La.

Garbo vs. Dietrich

Garbo is charming in her cold, dignified way, but Marlene knocks us cold with her flaming beauty and warm spirit.

JEAN MEREDITH,
Minneapolis, Minn.

I admired Garbo more in silent than in talking pictures. She is sometimes very difficult to understand. She rolls her R's and her voice is very raspy, while Dietrich's voice is mellow and clear and certainly no one can complain of her enunciation.

EDNA B. STULTZ,
Bluefield, W. Va.

After seeing and hearing Barbara Stanwyck in her third picture, my old favorites appear like amateurs: even Garbo.

MRS. FRED J. TORY,
York, Penna.

How anyone can praise Garbo with Norma Shearer in existence is beyond my power of comprehension. She is nothing compared with Shearer for beauty, personality and acting ability.

J. G. EADY,
Birmingham, Ala.

I once said that Garbo was the only star who could walk gracefully—so gracefully that one forgot she was even moving. I now take that

back. Elissa Landi can do the same thing, and more gracefully than Garbo.

ALBERT D. ROEHN,
Chester, Penna.

After seeing Marlene Dietrich's third picture, "Dishonored," I am still wondering why she is billed as an actress. She is charming and at times unbelievably beautiful, but all this does not make her an actress. Most of the time she's on the screen she wastes by smoking cigarettes and draping herself around chairs.

JEMIMA LINDSAY,
Mount Vernon, N. Y.



Silk suits and ensembles are recommended by Seymour for Summer wear. Therefore, this afternoon ensemble of Sylvia Sidney's should receive honorable mention, don't you think? It is a dull blue silk crepe with the three-quarter length coat trimmed in blue fox. The flattering small hat matches the fur in color. Nice for those cooler days

A gorgeous sunset after a drab day.
A glorious symphony of tragic notes and poignant beauty.

A poem of divine loveliness.
An elusive charm as of fleecy, fleeting clouds.
A Being, rare and exquisite—
Garbo, the Incomparable.

ZELMA SMITH,
Washington, D. C.

Often imitated, but never duplicated, Garbo is as flawless as white ivory.

MRS. J. V. PONS,
Lexington, Ky.

Random Opinions—

Tallulah Bankhead has the same personality as Dietrich. You are compelled to like her.

BLANCHE SEARS,
Hialeah, Fla.

Alexander Gray, in my opinion, is one of the best actors the talkies have brought to light. He has a fine singing voice and never does any unnecessary overacting. I prefer him to all the Maurice Chevaliers in the world.

F. CATANZARO,
Port Said, Egypt.

Sylvia Sidney is a great actress, and a thrilling, different personality.

LYNN FOX,
Yonkers, N. Y.

What the screen fans demand today is Personality! This quality is forcefully expressed by Clark Gable.

CAROL DICKSON,
Los Angeles, Calif.

Why does June Collyer smile so artificially?

KATHERINE FEUZ,
St. Louis, Mo.

Fredric March's acting is real art. It is without the slightest trace of self-consciousness or affectation. His quiet, dignified manner and low, modulated voice are entirely pleasing.

EVELYN GIRAULT,
New Orleans, La.

Charles Farrell's voice is completely lacking in dramatic tone.

D. M. POPPE,
Forest Hills, L. I.

Producers! Give us John Boles' productions with plenty of that golden voice.

E. W. HEWITT,
Richmond, Va.

All pictures are alike these days—wise-cracking, dancing, scandal and crime. Why not give us something different?

CYNTHIA VAN HUESON,
Meridian, Miss.

Why do they give songs to Chevalier and stories to Garbo that are in no way worthy of their talents?

J. P. DONNER,
Philadelphia, Penna.

Lewis Stone . . . going grey in the film world and getting handsomer yearly. He has a finish the youngsters lack and an intriguing romanticism felt by women from sixteen to sixty.

LUCILLE MACDONALD,
Santa Cruz, Calif.

Advice for Joan

Joan Crawford is one of our most brilliant actresses. Give her more dramatic parts like "Paid."

RAMON THOMPSON,
New York City.

Why doesn't Joan Crawford get the hurt, sick look out of her eyes?

CHARLIE JOE WEBB,
Greenville, Texas.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 119]

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

KEPT HUSBANDS—Radio Pictures.—Lively entertainment. Dorothy Mackaill and Joel McCrea an attractive pair and the still beautiful Clara Kimball Young returns to us. (April)

★ **KIKI**—United Artists.—Presenting a new Mary Pickford, saucy and sophisticated in a grand comedy. You can safely take the kids. Reginald Denny is the lead. (April)

LADIES' MAN—Paramount.—William Powell as a sympathetic and attractive gigolo, charms Olive Tell, Carole Lombard and Kay Francis. Entertaining picture. (June)

LADY REFUSES, THE—Radio Pictures.—If you want a good cry, here's your chance. Rather an old story, but Betty Compson, Gilbert Emery and John Darrow make it realistic. (April)

LAND OF MISSING MEN, THE—Tiffany Productions.—A Bob Steele Western. Hard ridin', and that's all there is to it. (Jan.)

LAST OF THE LONE WOLF—Columbia.—The perennial Lone Wolf in the person of ageless Bert Lytell. After much rushing about, Bert preserves the queen's fair name! It all happens in mythical Saxonia. (Jan.)

LAST PARADE, THE—Columbia.—Another gangster picture and good too, with thrills, suspense, romance and laughs. Jack Holt and Tom Moore are rivals for Constance Cummings' favor. Jack wins. (May)

LAUGH AND GET RICH—Radio Pictures.—Misadventures of a boarding house mistress, played by Edna May Oliver, and her chronically tired hubby, Hugh Herbert. Good for plenty of laughs. (May)

LIFE OF THE PARTY, THE—Warners.—Winnie Lightner roughhouses in high class Technicolor and Havana's fast set. What laughs! (Jan.)

★ **LIGHTNIN'**—Fox.—Don't miss this, for it's Will Rogers at his best. A real story about the Nevada divorce mill, a fine cast, brilliant direction. And the choicest Rogers observations. What more could you ask? (Jan.)

LIGHTNING FLYER, THE—Columbia.—Jimmy Hall as the wild young son, who makes good and wins the love of a good woman—Dorothy Sebastian. Not so good; then again, not so bad. (May)

LION AND THE LAMB, THE—Columbia.—A gangster story supposed to be good clean fun. It's clean, anyway. Miriam Seegar, Carmel Myers and Walter Byron are the principals. (Jan.)

LITTLE CAFE, THE (Le Petit Cafe)—Paramount.—Chevalier's French version of "Playboy of Paris" and simply great. Gay and charming with more songs added and his wife, Yvonne Vallée. (April)

★ **LONELY WIVES**—Pathe.—Edward Everett Horton great, in a side-splitting farce. Patsy Ruth Miller, Esther Ralston and Laura La Plante are the girls involved. (April)

LOOSE ENDS—British International.—The British have a go at a problem drama. Weak and wordy. (Jan.)

LOVE HABIT, THE—British International.—British conception of a French bedroom farce. Very heavy. (April)

LOVE KISS, THE—Celebrity Productions.—A nice little college comedy with plenty of romance and laughter. (March)

MADONNA OF THE STREETS—Columbia.—Evelyn Brent triumphs over the old yarn about the regeneration of a lady crook. (Feb.)

★ **MALTESE FALCON, THE**—Warners.—Gripping mystery story from the novel by the same name. The sleek Ricardo Cortez plays the demon detective superbly and Bebe Daniels does excellent work. Don't miss it. (June)

MAN FROM CHICAGO, THE—Elstree Productions.—The British go hay-wire on this story of Chicago gangsters and their ladies. Skip this one. (March)

MAN OF THE WORLD—Paramount.—Good picture; not much action but plenty of drama and a great performance by William Powell. Carole Lombard is the lovely heroine. (May)

MAN WHO CAME BACK, THE—Fox.—Farrell and Gaynor sink to the depths, but love reforms them. Not a "7th Heaven" but worth seeing. (March)

MANY A SLIP—Universal.—Joan Bennett and Lew Ayres in a wise-cracking dialogue comedy. You may, but you probably won't, like it. (March)

MEET THE WIFE—Columbia.—Lew Cody and Laura La Plante excellent in a hilarious farce taken from the old stage play. Plenty of laughs. (June)

MEN CALL IT LOVE—M-G-M.—(Reviewed under the title "Among the Married.") Sophisticated story of married life in the country club set. Adolphe Menjou excellent. Norman Foster and Leila Hyams good as the young lovers. Not for the children. (April)

MEN ON CALL—Fox.—Edmund Lowe wastes his time and talents in a bad story. (March)

MEN WITHOUT LAW—Columbia.—Buck Jones performs his Western heroics in an interesting Spanish locale and wins the beautiful Carmelita Geraghty. (Feb.)

MIDNIGHT SPECIAL, THE—Chesterfield Prod.—Nothing new, but plenty of excitement. Good for the kids. (April)

MILLIE—Radio Pictures.—Helen Twelvetrees splendid in this tense drama. Enough tears and chuckles to make it well worth seeing. (March)

Producer Announcements of New Pictures and Stars

While all good advertising is news, we consider producer advertising of particular interest to our readers. With this directory you easily can locate each announcement:

First National Pictures .. Page 11
Fox Films Page 9
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer..Page 90
Paramount Pictures ... Page 4
Radio Pictures Page 101
United Artists Page 99
Warner Bros. Page 7

★ **MILLIONAIRE, THE**—Warners.—George Arliss—need we say more? This time he plays a wealthy American automobile manufacturer. Evelyn Knapp is the attractive daughter and David Manners, the business partner. See it. (May)

★ **MOTHER'S MILLIONS**—Liberty Prod.—Humor, pathos, bright dialogue and splendid acting make this a delightfully entertaining story. May Robson is the mother. (April)

MR. LEMON OF ORANGE—Fox.—El Brendel, starring, in some mistaken identity stuff. Riotously funny in spots, and Fifi Dorsay helps a lot. (May)

MURDER—British International.—Smart and entertaining mystery drama with a travelling stock company as the background and a first-rate amateur detective. (Jan.)

MY PAST—Warners.—(Reviewed under the title "Ex-Mistress.") Mr. and Mrs. Bebe Daniels—pardon! The Ben Lyonses in an ultra-modern love story which is highly entertaining. (Feb.)

NEVER THE TWAIN SHALL MEET—M-G-M.—Lavishly produced remake of the old silent, but not nearly so good. Leslie Howard great in some scenes. (June)

★ **NEW MOON**—M-G-M.—Music of the drama first rate, with the greatest singing combination on the screen, Metropolitan Opera's Lawrence Tibbett and Grace Moore. Color, drama, beauty, melody combine in a real musical smash. (Jan.)

NIGHT BIRDS—British International.—Mystery melodrama, with much a-do over a killing. Not so bad. (March)

NO LIMIT—Paramount.—Clara Bow as a flapper, an usherette and a gangster's moll, and wearing some amazing clothes. You may be amused. (March)

NOT EXACTLY GENTLEMEN—Fox.—Three men's battles for a map, a girl (Fay Wray) and riches. Top-notch entertainment. Victor McLaglen, Lew Cody and Eddie Gribbon share acting honors. (April)

OH, FOR A MAN!—Fox.—A bright and merry farce about a grand opera star who loves a burglar. Reginald Denny's the burglar, and Jeanette MacDonald is the song-bird who falls for him. (Jan.)

ONCE A SINNER—Fox.—The oldest type of triangle story. The really fine performances of Dorothy Mackaill, Joel McCrea and John Halliday make it well worth seeing. (March)

ONLY SAPS WORK—Paramount.—Mr. León Errol and his trick legs stagger away with this comedy about lovers and thieves. (Feb.)

PAGLIACCI—Audio Cinema Prod.—Bad grand opera poorly transferred to the screen. (May)

★ **PAID**—M-G-M.—(Reviewed under the title "Within the Law.")—Just wait until you see Joan Crawford in this powerful dramatic rôle! The story is absorbing and Joan is simply grand. (Jan.)

PAINTED DESERT, THE—Pathe.—A Western which you'll like. Bill Boyd is the virile hero and Helen Twelvetrees the girl. (March)

★ **PARLOR, BEDROOM AND BATH**—M-G-M.—It's a howl, this farce. Buster Keaton and Charlotte Greenwood race for honors. As a heavy lover, Buster is amazing. (April)

PART TIME WIFE—Fox.—Hokum, but entertaining. Eddie Lowe makes grand work of a funny rôle and little Tommy "Song o' My Heart" Clifford is a natural. (Jan.)

PARTY HUSBAND—First National.—Dorothy Mackaill and James Rennie work hard as the newly-weds, but the story is weak. (June)

PASSION FLOWER—M-G-M.—Charles Bickford, Kay Johnson and Kay Francis form the good old eternal triangle. Interesting people in a good film. (Jan.)

PHANTOM OF THE DESERT, THE—Syndicate.—Jack Perrin in a true-to-type Western. Plenty of hard ridin' and fast shootin'. (Feb.)

PINCHOT'S SOUTH SEA CRUISE—Travel-Epics.—The ex-governor of Pennsylvania took some interesting pictures of a South Seas cruise. No studio faking in this one. (Jan.)

PRINCESS AND THE PLUMBER, THE—Fox.—A young American millionaire (Charles Farrell) and a beautiful princess (Maureen O'Sullivan). You know what happens—a harmless little light comedy. (Feb.)

PUBLIC ENEMY, THE—Warners.—A gangster picture that is lining the thrill-seekers up at the box-office. (June)

★ **QUICK MILLIONS**—Fox.—Another excellent gangster picture if you go for them. Spencer Tracy is the leader of the racketeers, and you'll like Sally Eilers. (June)

RANGO—Paramount.—A stirring jungle picture with a real story. Magnificent. Different. Don't mistake it for "just another wild animal picture." (Feb.)

REACHING FOR THE MOON—United Artists.—Doug Fairbanks bounds through a dizzy comedy as a go-getting stock broker. Different for Doug and very merry. Bebe Daniels is the big romance. (Feb.)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 128]



Be Careful of Your Breath!

New discovery! Pepsodent Antiseptic 3 to 11* times more powerful than other leading mouth antiseptics!! Checks bad breath longer!!!

A GAIN science discovers something new. This time a recent and sensational advance is made in the field of deadly bacteria. A revolutionary mouth wash has been developed that is 3 to 11* times more powerful in killing germs than many other leading mouth antiseptics.

This is the unqualified and official opinion of great bacteriological laboratories, and of individual scientists who have made extensive tests with its new discovery.

From Pepsodent laboratories

This remarkable discovery is a new and powerful weapon in fighting germs. It combats, immediately, the social evil of bad breath.

The formula comes from the Pepsodent tooth paste laboratories, whose contribution to dental hygiene has won high recognition. Under the label of Pepsodent Antiseptic Mouth Wash it is being widely distributed in the public interest.

Cleanses—purifies the mouth

The active agent used in Pepsodent Mouth Wash, as determined by standard tests, is many times more potent than pure carbolic acid, for all time the standard germicide.

Pepsodent Mouth Wash is non-poisonous, safe and soothing.

Immediately after you use it, 95% of the germs in the mouth are destroyed. Their number is still reduced 70% at the end of two hours' time — that is far longer acting than many other leading mouth washes.

"We find," states one laboratory, "Pepsodent Mouth Wash kills the stubborn pus-producing germs (M. Aureus) in the fastest time it is possible for science to record—we believe faster than has previously been the standard for other mouth washes."

Checks bad breath

With this revolutionary discovery comes a social safeguard: remarkable protection against offensive breath. A laboratory director states: "Tests prove conclusively that Pepsodent Mouth Wash overcomes bad breath 1 to 2 hours longer than many other leading antiseptic mouth washes."

At your druggist's—today

Your druggist has just received this new discovery. Go today and get a bottle. Secure this added protection to your family's health plus the greater assurance of a pure, sweet breath.

Consult Your Dentist, Physician

In the opinion of some authorities, most breath odors come from such minor causes as neglected, unclean mouth; tooth decay; slight infections of nose and throat; excessive smoking. If after using Pepsodent Mouth Wash bad breath persists in returning, seek medical and dental advice to remove the cause.



*Pepsodent Mouth Wash is highly antiseptic when diluted with several parts of water. Hence it goes many times as far as many mouth washes which must be used **FULL STRENGTH** to be effective.

COSTS MUCH LESS

Pepsodent Antiseptic Mouth Wash

A revolutionary mouth wash just discovered by the Pepsodent tooth paste laboratories



How to Have a *Beautiful* Vacation

Frances Dee seems to be well poised here! Probably because she's so comfortably dressed for vacationing

HOW often a returned vacationist exclaims, "I had a perfectly beautiful time." Yet, when you look at her sunburned nose in that sad state of peeling, her complexion actually leathered by too much exposure to sun and wind, and her hair faded a slightly perceptible shade lighter, you are tempted to ask to just what the "beautiful" applies!

I know what a temptation it is to let down and to be a bit careless when you have a chance, especially, if you have to keep a stern hand on your grooming all the rest of the year. A vacation, however, whether it is merely a few days or several weeks, is supposed to be a beneficial excursion. It should provide not only a change of scenery and a gay, good time, but it should reward you with a decided improvement in looks.

Don't let it do a damage that will take weeks to rectify when you return home. On the other hand, I don't want to give you the idea that you have to spend your time worrying about yourself. By a bit of careful planning, it is very simple to have a "beautiful" time in every sense of the word.

When you start packing your bags for that week-end or cherished holiday, take an inventory of your beauty equipment beforehand. What will you need? If you want to acquire that nice, healthy looking tan—put in a bottle of some good oil or cream to protect the skin from becoming coarse or scaly. Sun tan is not the fad it was a year ago—you will find everyone doing it in moderation. And a great majority are actually trying to avoid the burning rays of the sun. It is always wise to take a good sunburn lotion along with you. A powder foundation of cream will help keep the skin smooth and free from burn.

So many of the prominent beauty houses are offering com-

plete kits of your favorite cosmetics for vacation trips. These are attractively packed so that you can keep bottles and jars together without either the inconvenience of spilling their contents or futile searching about among things in your bag. Even if you do not want to go to the expense of one of these, they offer a good tip for packing your own cosmetics. Just pack all your toiletries in a good-sized box, well wrapped in tissue paper or cotton.

Vacations hold such thrilling possibilities, don't they? New people to meet, new places to see—and always the promise of romance just around the corner! Could there be more reasons why it is important to look one's best?

Faithfully keeping up your beauty schedule is not the only thing you must do. There are clothes. And how important they are! As soon as you decide where you are going, you must consider what clothes will be suitable to take with you.

I THINK we are all unusually fortunate this year. Vacation clothes are so simple and inexpensive. With colored accessories so smart, you can make one little tennis frock look like several by merely changing your color scheme! Don't forget that comfort is of first importance in choosing vacation clothes. Is there any sillier sight than to see someone in the country teetering about on high heels? Or to see a long, trailing skirt when everyone else is wearing short sports things?

Unless you are going to a resort where dressing is more important than sports, I suggest that you pack your bags full of simple sports clothes. People have become sensible about vacations. They no longer strive to make an impression; instead, they wear good looking clothes that are comfortable and wearable.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 96]

Friendly Advice on Girls' Problems

DOES Summer seem to aggravate your beauty problems? Would you like to be slimmer? Does your complexion need some helpful treatments?

Then send a stamped, self-addressed envelope for my booklet of normalizing exercises and reducing menus. Also for my complexion leaflet, giving general advice on the care of the skin and specific treatment for blackheads and acne. You may have both, simply by asking for them.

But don't forget to enclose the envelope and be sure to address me at PHOTOPLAY, 221 West 57th Street, New York City. If you want other personal advice about your hair, the correct colors for your type, the right shades in cosmetics—I'll be glad to mail back a personal letter of advice in the envelope you send me.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK

Hollywood's Make-Up Genius

Discovers a NEW Type...

Brownette and tells her Secret of MAKE-UP

Are you of this distinctive type . . . not Blonde, not Brunette, not Redhead?

Discover how the magic of make-up in color harmony for your type, as created by Max Factor for famous screen stars, will bring you new fascination, new beauty, new personality. Mail coupon.

FROM HOLLYWOOD, comes the most important beauty news in years for girls and women who are brownettes . . . neither blondes nor brunettes, but a distinct type named "Brownette" by Max Factor, creator of make-up for Hollywood's studios and stars.

"The real secret of beauty in make-up, the keynote of alluring personality, is correct color harmony for the individual type", says Max Factor. "No longer will cosmetics produced for the general classifications of blonde and brunette satisfy beauty's needs. There are titians . . . brownettes . . . and many variations of each type. Each subtle variation must be considered . . . the color harmony in the make-up ensemble . . . the powder, rouge, lipstick, eye-shadow and other requisites . . . to be true to type, to bring out personality as well as fascinating beauty."

This is the magic beauty secret which Max Factor has given to the stars of the screen . . . and which he now offers to you in a new kind of make-up for everyday.

Scores and scores of feature pictures . . . millions of feet of film . . . depicting the entrancing beauty of Hollywood's famous stars, have revealed to you the magic of make-up by Max Factor. Now it is within your reach.

So whatever your type . . . discover now what Hollywood knows about make-up. Discover the one way to actually double your beauty and vividly emphasize the allure and magnetism of your personality. Permit Max Factor to create for you, as he has for the famous stars of the screen, your own individual color harmony for day and for evening in Society Make-Up. Mail coupon now and also receive copy of Max Factor's book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up."

MAX FACTOR'S Society MAKE-UP

"Cosmetics of the Stars" . . . HOLLYWOOD

96% of all make-up including Technicolor used by Hollywood Screen Stars and Studios is Max Factor's.

(Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce Statistics)

© 1930 Max Factor



DOROTHY JORDAN

in M-G-M's "Min & Bill"

Dorothy Jordan, typical brownette, says: "Perfect make-up, perfect harmony of color in powder, rouge, lipstick and other requisites, is something a screen star must be assured of at all times. That is why I use Max Factor's exclusively."



RAQUEL TORRES, M-G-M, with Max Factor, Hollywood's Make-Up Genius, using the correct color harmony tone in rouge



Leila Hyams, Blonde M-G-M

BLONDES...

BRUNETTES...

REDHEADS...

No one color in powder, or rouge, or lipstick, or eyeshadow may be worn by each type becomingly . . . for complexion colorings differ even in the same type, and make-up must be in color harmony with the individual to magnify beauty.

Mail coupon to Max Factor, Hollywood's Make-Up Genius, for your own complexion analysis and make-up color harmony chart.



Marie Prevost, Brownette, M-G-M

MAIL FOR YOUR COMPLEXION ANALYSIS

Mr. Max Factor—Max Factor Studios, Hollywood, Calif. 1-7-36

Dear Sir: Send me a complimentary copy of your 48-page book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up", personal complexion analysis and make-up color harmony chart. I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of postage and handling.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

COMPLEXION	COLOR EYES	LIPS
Light		Moist
Fair	COLOR LASHES	Dry
Medium		SKIN
Ruddy	COLOR HAIR	Only
Dark		Dry
Sallow	AGE	Normal
Olive		Answer with Check Mark

She couldn't

BRING HERSELF TO TELL HIM

She knew it was coming. She knew it the moment he suggested they sit out the dance. There was a suggestion of tenseness about him. A determined look in his eye.

It seemed strange that he was a man now; with a man's seriousness. She remembered how, as early as grammar school days, he wore an air of perpetual joviality. Even when he played quarter for Central High School and was floored by bone-breaking tackles, he always came up with a laughing manner, suggesting that the matter was a grand joke. He carried that manner through his football days at Michigan. But now there was no trace of it.

"I can't stand it any longer, Wilma," he blurted out, "the way you've been treating me the last few months . . ."

"What do you mean—the way I've been treating you?"

"You know—avoiding me...breaking engagements. It has just about floored me, and Wilma, you know I'm crazy about you. Have been for ten years. I can't go on this way any longer. Why don't you marry me... put me out of my misery?"

He rushed into an excited exposition of how happy they could be together. When it was over she slowly shook her head.

"Don't you care for me?" he begged.

"You know I do, Ross Temple."

Down in her heart she knew that she was fonder of him than any man she had ever met. And yet . . .

"Then why?" he demanded fiercely. "Do you think I'll make a fool of myself with father's money?"

She shook her head. "You might have done that once—but not now. You're no simpleton, Ross."

She really admired him for the success he had made by his own efforts. She could count on the fingers of one hand, the men in town who were earning what he earned.

He leaned toward her, almost pathetically. "Is there someone else? Is that fellow in New York . . .?"

"Don't be ridiculous!"

He turned on her again as if he would shake her. "Then *why*? Give me some reason. Don't sit there shaking your head. What's wrong? What have I done? I can stand the truth."

She wanted to tell him. *It was only fair that he should know.* She wanted to say to him—"Go and rid yourself of the barrier that so recently has risen between us, then come back to me." She even wanted to name that barrier, but she couldn't bring herself to do it. No woman could.

Halitosis (unpleasant breath) is the one unforgivable social fault.

The insidious thing about it is that you yourself never know when you have it. And even your best friend won't tell you. It is a matter that can't be talked about.

Are you sure about yourself?

Few escape halitosis entirely, because every day in normal mouths, conditions that cause unpleasant breath may arise or are present.

Its commonest cause is ferment-



ing food particles in the mouth. Other common causes are: Decaying or poorly cared for teeth. Excesses of eating, drinking, or smoking. Infections of the oral tract, such as catarrh, colds, trench mouth, and pyorrhea.

The one way to put your breath beyond suspicion is to rinse the mouth with full strength Listerine. Every morning. Every night. And between times before meeting others.

Why Listerine deodorizes

Because of its amazing germicidal power, Listerine halts fermentation and checks infection, both a major cause of odors. Then it destroys the

odors themselves.

Listerine's astonishing antiseptic and deodorizing power has been a matter of record in great hospitals and private practice for half a century. There is no scientific evidence that any antiseptic possesses greater deodorant power than Listerine.

Even the onion yields

You know yourself that there are few more arrogant odors than onion and fish. Yet Listerine makes short work of them. Try it yourself some time. Rub a little onion or fish on your hand. Then apply Listerine and see how quickly such odors disappear. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

-and even the ONION yields to it!





INA CLAIRE, still Mrs. Jack Gilbert, made movie magnates pay for turning her down two years ago. They bought up her contract, yet as a result of "The Royal Family" she's back with a five-year contract at double and triple her old salary. You'll see her soon in "Rebound"



ANY star who can make an old-fashioned melodrama like "East Lynne" thrill this modern public and turn that venerable old costume vehicle into a box-office success is an actress. Ladies and gentlemen, meet Ann Harding—Mrs. Harry Bannister, if you please



JUST as the screen decides to discard ingénues, as they call the little persecuted heroines, along comes Helen Twelvetrees and knocks the box-office for a whopping profit in "Her Man" and "Millie." Selected as a "Baby Star" in 1929, she succeeded despite the prediction



JACKIE (SKIPPY) COOPER, caught by the camera at a time when he wanted to join the other kids on the studio lot playing baseball. "I don' wanna pose for any pitchers today," he told the photographer. "Gee, won't you ever give a fellow a rest? This acting business is the bunk"



Summer

yet your powder clings, rouge stays on
and you look **ALWAYS LOVELY**

Summer . . . with old ocean beckoning down the white sands . . . limpid lakes mirroring forth joy . . . slim young bodies flashing into caressing waters. Summer . . . calling you to a thousand activities . . . whispering of romance in night silence . . . thrilling you with the joy of living every golden hour intensely.

Ah, yes! But there must be no pale cheeks after the swim . . . no overflushed appearance of exertion 'neath the sun's ardors . . . no shiny nose. You must remain serenely, coolly beautiful under all conditions to fully enjoy summer . . .

"Summer-Proof" Make-Up. — Princess Pat beauty aids, if used together, give a *summer-proof* make-up. You can actually go in swimming and come out with color perfect — or dance through the evening secure in the knowledge that one application of make-up is sufficient for lasting beauty.

For make-up that will last under trying conditions you first apply Princess Pat Ice Astringent — just as you would ordinary vanishing

cream. Only, you see, Ice Astringent gives the skin lasting coolness, contracts the pores and makes the skin of fine, beautiful texture. After Ice Astringent, apply Princess Pat rouge for color which moisture will not affect. Then use Princess Pat almond base powder — the most clinging powder ever made — and one which gives beautiful, pearly lustre. And, of course, Princess Pat wonderful new lip rouge!

Now in the Brilliant Week End Set. — This is really a sparkling, wonder-value "acquaintance" set — enough of each preparation for two weeks' use — to last throughout your vacation. Also a perfectly wonderful beauty book of summer make-up secrets and special summer care to keep the skin lovely. In the Week End Set you will receive generous tubes of Ice Astringent,

Skin Cleanser (the modern cold cream), Skin Food Cream, almond base Powder, Rouge and Lip Rouge. The charge of 25c pays only for packaging the set in its beautiful box, and for postage. Consequently we desire to sell only one set to a customer. And we respectfully urge your promptness.

Be Your Most Beautiful "Summer Self". All fragrant and beautiful — all charming — all serenely perfect. That should be your "summer self." The Week End Set will bring this loveliness *unfailingly*.



get this Week End Set — SPECIAL

The very popular Princess Pat Week End Set for this COUPON and 25c (coin). Easily a month's supply of almond base powder and FIVE other delightful Princess Pat preparations. Beautifully decorated boudoir box

PRINCESS PAT, 2709 S. Wells St., Chicago.
Dept. A-1567. Enclosed find 25c for which send me the Princess Pat Week End Set.

Name (print)

Street

City and State

PRINCESS PAT

CHICAGO, U. S. A. (IN CANADA, 93 CHURCH ST., TORONTO)

"ADORATION is the tribute men pay to femininity"

says

DOROTHY
DIX



"I HAVE never known a man yet who didn't adore the quality we call femininity.

"It makes a woman seem precious and mysterious to men—yet it's not mysterious, really. If you yourself *feel* feminine and charming, men find you so.

"One of the clever ways of feeling feminine is to wear feminine underthings. The charming colors, the soft touch of the fragile silks and laces, all give you a sense of femininity that is magically contagious.

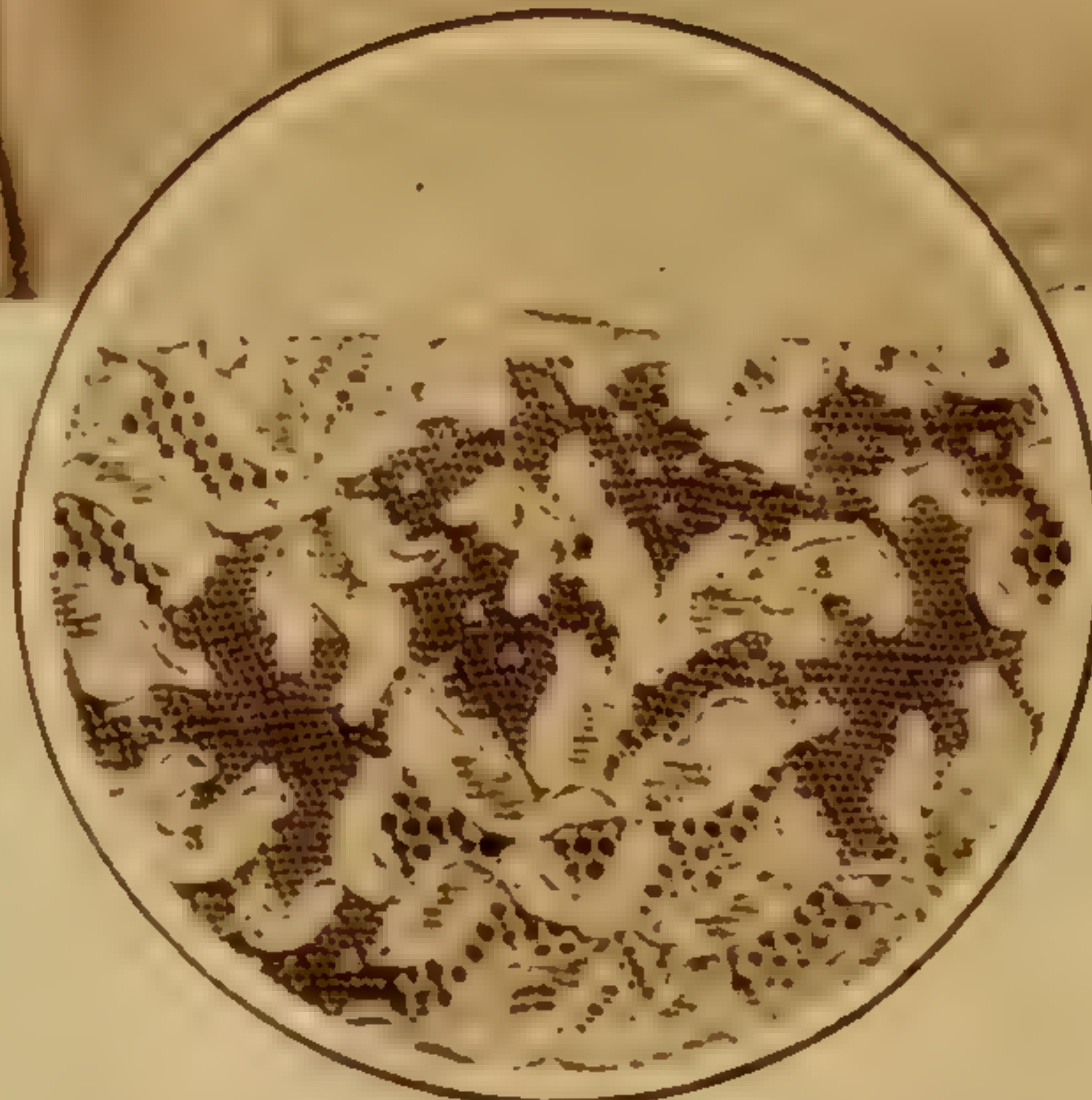
"I often repeat these 2 simple rules:

1. Wear colorful, lacy lingerie.
2. Keep it exquisitely new with Lux.

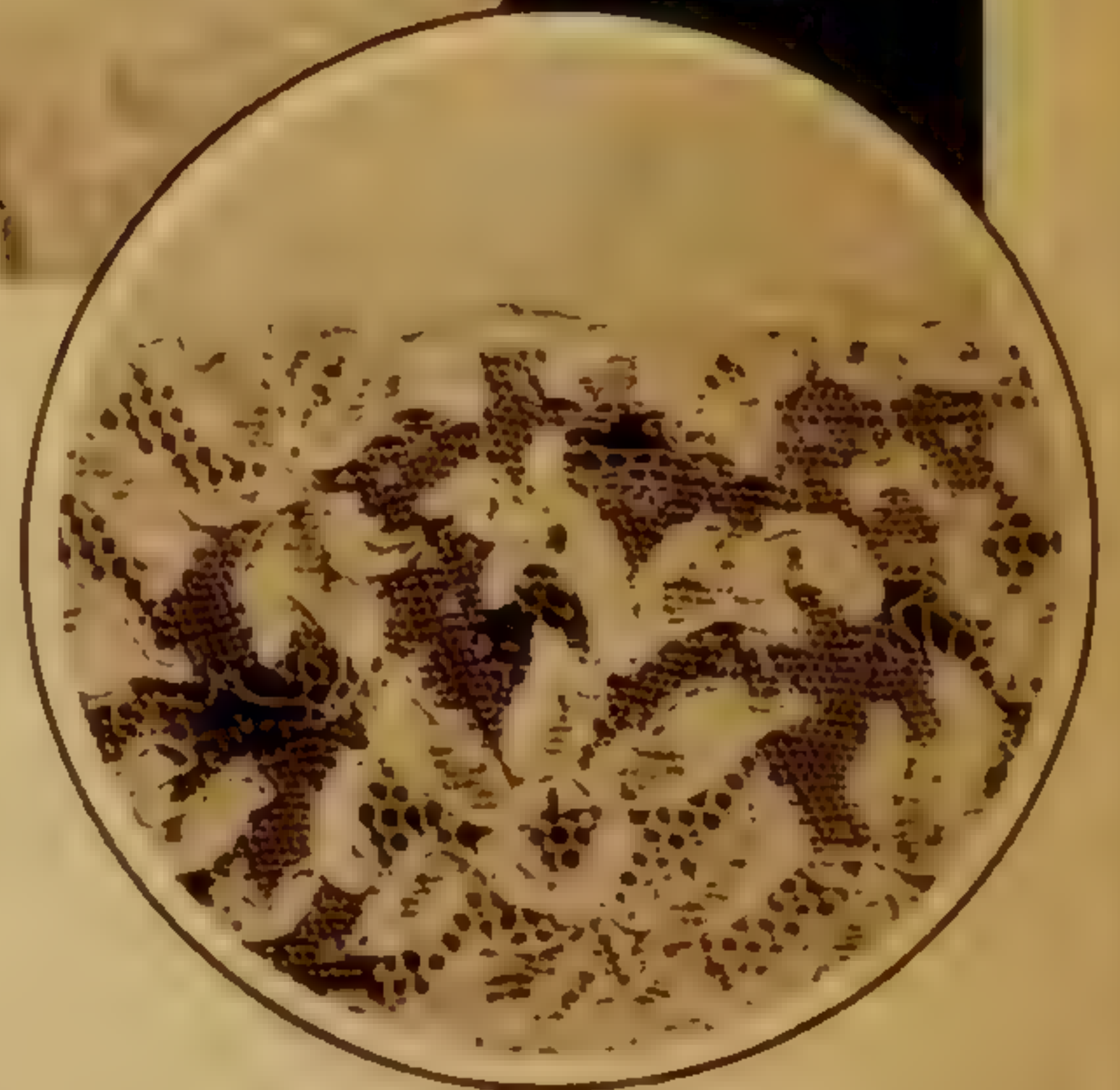
"I say Lux because it's made especially to preserve color and charm. Ordinary soaps, even the 'good' ones, too often dim colors, spoil lustre and finish. But with Lux, lovely things stay new, retain their enchantment, for months and even years!

"AND REMEMBER, TOO, that your *surroundings* can also cast a glamorous spell about your personality. So cherish the daintiness of draperies, slip covers, sofa cushions, table linens—keep them all color-fresh and new with Lux."

Dorothy Dix



Peach satin lingerie washed 12 times in Lux—all its exquisite beauty of color and texture retained. Just as colorful and charming as new!



Duplicate lingerie washed 12 times in ordinary 'good' soap—the charming color faded and drab, lustre gone, lace and satin damaged. Unattractive!



The
Secret
of
Dainty
Femininity

The magic promise . . . if it's safe in water alone, it's just as safe in LUX

July, 1931

PHOTOPLAY

Close-Ups *and* Long-Shots

By
James R. Quirk

DEAR CHARLIE:

I AM awfully sorry your European trip was such a disappointment to you. Things seem to have broken wrong for you from the start.

I don't blame you for being a good business man, but those English film men did feel pretty sore when you pushed them to the limit on the price of your film.

That made them peeved in Germany, too, where, with all the unemployment and unrest, a million marks seems an awful lot of money to them for the rights to your film in that country.

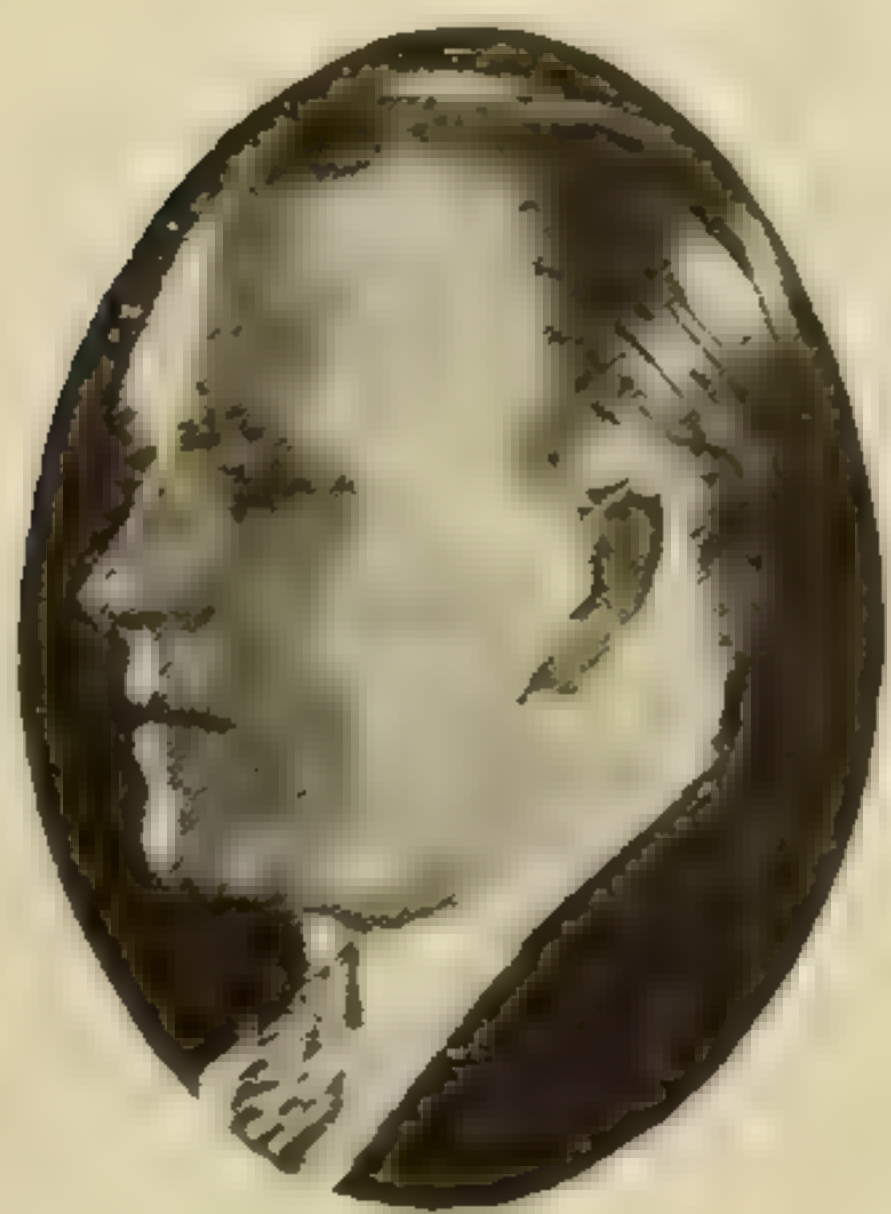
As I figure it, that is about a quarter of a million dollars, and I don't think they even hope to get it back.

Somehow or other they feel they have to have you, and I suppose business is business with you, and this Brotherhood of Man stuff is pleasant conversation.

OF course, Lita and the income people have made quite a gouge in your bankroll in the past few years, but with four or five million dollars left, and the possibility of doubling it on "City Lights," it might have been a nice gesture to have given them the million laughs for less than a million marks. But it does seem that even in these difficult times, people will dig down and find the money some place to pay for your pictures. So let 'em pay.

I was awfully sorry when I heard that you had to disappoint those children—the little fellows in your old Whitechapel public school—when they all dressed up to come to meet you.

But then, I suppose Bernard Shaw and those other high-brows did hound you to death, and at that time you were very popular with the noble folk of England.



WASN'T it nice of Professor Einstein to give you that autographed photograph after you had spent an hour with him discussing the world's faults and troubles? "To Charlie Chaplin, the great economist," he inscribed it. Did you watch the Professor closely as he wrote that inscription? Did you notice if he had his tongue in his cheek? Do you suppose the old rascal was kidding you, Charlie? You don't suppose he had heard how you gave Lloyd George and Prime Minister MacDonald all that straight dope on how to settle England's problems?

I heard you got in a little pet because they did not knight you, but I know better because you have often said you did not want to be knighted.

It was gracious of you, however, to accept the Legion of Honor from France. You probably gave Mr. Briand quite a thrill.

WHAT'S this I hear about you rejecting the invitation of the King of Belgium to attend the opening of your picture in Brussels? Did you really have a previous engagement?

They tell me that it was quite embarrassing when that delegation from the Communists and unemployed called on you at the Adlon Hotel, where the Kaiser used to give his parties, and suggested that you put some of your theories about the Brotherhood of Man into practice for the relief of the unemployed. I don't blame you for leaving town immediately afterwards. Those chaps ask too many impertinent questions.

What's the low-down on all this fuss about your refusing to attend the annual variety performance for the indigent and unemployed actors, which the King and Queen have honored with their presence for generations? That seems to have caused no end of

talk and made the British pretty sore. Anyhow, you sent them a check. It ought to have pleased them to get that kind of an autograph, eh Charlie?

BY the way, is the Duke of Connaught, King George's uncle, still peeved at you? Nice old chap. What if he did wait an hour? Do those fellows good to cool their heels once in a while.

That situation at Nice must have been a laugh. You know, the one where the thirty European correspondents came to see you and the hotel manager came down to talk to them instead. I can just see those fellows couldn't get the joke of it all, as they grabbed their hats and canes and yellow gloves and walked out in a huff. Ha! Ha! That was funny. You certainly turned the tables on the newspaper boys that time, Charlie.

I have heard, though, that those European journalists haven't got such a sense of humor.

Were you kidding those other newspaper fellows when you said you liked Algiers and would like to live there? Now, wouldn't you look funny running around in a sheet the rest of your life!

Your pal,
Jim

DOUG, JR., rushed into the story department the other day and said, "I've just written a swell yarn. Want to hear the plot?"

Well, they didn't much, but they listened while Doug told his story in bare outline, giving it no time nor place. Ten eminent story doctors listened earnestly and when he was through they all shook their heads and said, "No, that story isn't any good—too episodic, too . . . well . . . it just isn't any good."

Doug made his way to the door and stood with his hand on the knob while he said, "Well, somebody thought it was good. The story I've just told you, gentlemen, is the plot of 'Hamlet.'"

Doug believes that the cuts the inkwells left on his cheek will be healed by the time you read this.

EXTRA! They're going to stop making gangster pictures. Sure they will—when the public quits going to them.

PERHAPS you have never heard of Donald Beaton, son of Welford Beaton, editor and publisher of *The Film Spectator* of Hollywood. You would have heard a lot of him if he had not, at the age of 21, died an untimely death recently. A talented chap, with a flair for good writing, sound criticism, and clear thinking, he was building into one of the finest minds in pictures. Our sympathy goes out to his parents. In what pitifully little time you had, Donald, you earned our admiration for yourself and your work.

THERE was an evening of (to me) rare entertainment at The Art Centre of New York recently. The topic of the discussion was "What the Movies Are Doing to Our Architectural Consciousness." There's a box-office title for you.

A group of serious art-minded folks, several hundred of them, gathered to hear a studio art director answer the charge of architectural bad taste in motion pictures, and they went after him like a committee of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union putting a bootlegger on the spot.

The art director was explaining why, in talkies, it is impossible to build in ceilings on the sets because they interfere with the acoustics and the free movement of the cameras and microphones. For instance, he said, they once built a ceiling and Ernst Lubitsch, the director, ordered it out.

"May I ask who this Lubitsch person is?" asked one of the discussers, "and may I ask what was his architectural training that justified him in ordering it removed?"

IT went on like that for hours. And all the time a dignified old chap in evening clothes kept leaning over to me, utterly regardless of the discussion on art. He wanted to know if Mary and Doug were really going to separate. He wanted to argue that Greta Garbo was a much finer actress than Marlene Dietrich. He volunteered that Joan Crawford was his favorite actress, and asked why he didn't see more of Anita Page.

He was one of America's foremost architects.

HE was particularly interested in the marital future of Mary and Doug, neither of whom he had ever met and both of whom he admired.

"Well, it's too bad if they ever separate," he said, "but it is their business, anyhow. Folks who have lived their married lives in the spotlight for ten years, as they have, seem to have done pretty well to stay together that long, and I'm for both of them whatever they do."

THE old chap put the whole situation pretty well. Doug and Mary are genuinely fond of each other, and, what's more, have the utmost respect for each other. The white flame of love cannot burn at full intensity year after year in Hollywood, any more than it can in the quiet precincts of Kansas. Let's hope that in Europe they are permitted to have a little moonlight together, instead of the torturing glare of the front page spotlights.

PLEASE! Please! Mr. Producers. Can't we see Jean Harlow as anything but a gangster's sweetheart or a slithering seductress? And wouldn't her parts get over just as well if she wore a few more clothes? She always looks like a picture from one of those phony "art" magazines that are barred from the newsstands in some cities.



“Sadder!
Miss Lombard,
Sadder!”

AND at this command all of the blonde loveliness of Carole takes on an appealing wistfulness as the lights and camera bear down on her for this stunning close-up. You'll see it in "I Take This Woman," in which she appears opposite Gary Cooper



Charlie's been having microphone trouble. This fighting look you saw on his face in "Body and Soul" is just a reflection of the way he is tackling the problem. After a honeymooning absence from the screen, young Mr. Farrell is out to prove to the world that he is a star in his own name

Charlie Has To Fight!

By Leonard Hall

MILLIONS of words about Charlie Farrell have thundered and tinkled over the typewriters of the nation in the past few months.

His tender romance with Janet Gaynor, his happy marriage with Virginia Valli, his honeymoon rambles in Italy—all have been bathed in adjectives and dried with the turkish towel of adequate publicity.

What the word-mongers *haven't* said, in all the mooning about his love-life, is that Charles Farrell, the wedding trip over and the rice all combed out of his hair, faces the fight of his life in the picture business.

Little Caesar Microphone, plus the fateful chances of studio policy and expediency, have put Charlie "on the spot."

Right now, back in Hollywood with the lucky little woman, he faces the battle of his century to hold, consolidate and make more resplendent the stardom he won with *Chico* in "7th Heaven." Few know what and how Farrell has had to fight, and has to fight today and tomorrow.

He told me. It wasn't a confession—there wasn't a hint of a pettish whine or excuse. It was a plain statement of fact.

"7th Heaven" made Charlie and Janet Gaynor stars, but it did more than that. First, it shackled them as a picture team, and labeled them as Farrell and Gaynor, Unlimited Dealers in Screen Sweetness. Second—oh, fatal tag—it hall-marked them as Young Lovers for ever and a couple of weeks. Both have been squirming, and are struggling to this day, to grow into the mature, vigorous parts that they hope to get.

Now the team has been torn asunder—the kids are on their own. And that's easier done than made to stick!

We—and the men who show pictures in our theaters—are very apt to deny, with screams and arm wig-wags, that half a loaf is better than no bread at all. If we can't get the whole loaf, Gaynor and Farrell, all sweetness and light, we're apt to say we'll eat cake, and amble down the block to another bakery. And that's not nice, for stars or company, either.

That's just one tough angle. Here's another:

There's the voice, and if you think that's all skeer and bittles, you should hear Charlie tell it, as he sits with his lanky legs draped over a chair arm and his eyes roaming across the continent, 3,000 miles to the struggle on the set in Hollywood!

I cornered Farrell in a luxurious Park Avenue hotel—one of those gilded

joints where the doormen are dukes, and no one below the rank of lieutenant-colonel in the Bulgarian Horse Marines can get a job hopping bells.

The new missus was out walking the bankroll along Fifth Avenue, where every shiny shop is a dare. And Charlie got philosophic and reminiscent.

"Until I heard my voice from the screen," said Charlie, gazing speculatively out at the Rolls-Royces, "I never knew it was high. Furthermore, no one had ever said so.

"I'm a Cape-Codder, and folks up there are inclined to speak with something of a nasal twang, and in the upper registers. But off the screen nobody had ever commented on my voice, and I got plenty of shock when I heard it in my first talkie."

THAT'S another cross Farrell totes on his broad and competent shoulders. He's laboring with his pipes day in and day out, working to bring his speaking voice from a high tenor to a middling baritone.

It's dollars to corn-plasters he'll ask you, hopefully, if you don't notice a change for the lower since he gave us a bit of a turn when we heard him in "Sunny Side Up."

There's still another thorn in Charlie Farrell's rosy crown.

Charlie may be only half of Gaynor-and-Farrell of Sweetness, Unlimited, but just the same, Charlie is a Name—a solid draw among the susceptible young ladies who tear down the theaters where his pictures are shown.

It's no secret that Fox, for whom Farrell toils, is zealously—even ferociously—trying to develop more feminine stars to glitter in their line-up. They want the girls—need them, in fact!

And how does a picture company hopefully launch stars of the feminine persuasion?

Well, one way is to push them off the dock. The other, and better, is to nudge them toward the public as nominally supporting a well-known masculine name—such as Charles Farrell. The ladies' parts, you know, can be judiciously padded and built, and the completed film will sell on the strength of the young gentleman's name and at the same time introduce the lassie, in a plump and succulent rôle, to a world made up of chronic Missourians.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 122]

Can she overcome it? That is what everyone is asking. Clara Bow is at the cross-roads in her career. Unless she can down her Microphone-Phobia she is slated for permanent retirement. Which will it be, a farm in Nevada or a future in Hollywood? A scene from her latest picture, "Kick In"



Clara's Microphone Fright

By Ruth Biery

THIS is not a plea for sympathy for Clara. It is not in criticism of her. It is merely some inside "dope" the world should know before they censure or praise her.

As this is written, Clara is in the Glendale Sanitarium. She is not, however, as sick as the newspapers have stated.

Clara has fooled, or partially fooled, approximately twenty-five doctors upon her illness. Furthermore, she has fooled herself—which is even more important.

Clara Bow is suffering from Microphone-Phobia.

Naturally, her recent troubles with Daisy De Voe and the publicity resulting from them have not helped her condition. But it is not the main-spring of her present breakdown. More of that later.

Did you know that Clara Bow stammers? I use that word, although it really is not correct technically, and Clara won't like it.

She said, after reading one of the scurrilous attacks made upon her by the Girnaup paper, "Why doesn't Daisy come out now with the proof that I stammer? She has forgotten something."

Clara talks very rapidly. She gets thoroughly excited when telling a story. Her excitable mind works so much more rapidly than her tongue that her words can't catch up to her. The result is equal to a stammer—although it is not an impediment of speech, but a psychological reaction. For example, if she were telling a story, she would say, "And then I—and then I—I—why—I ran—I ran across the street." By the time her tongue is at that statement, her mind is on what has happened long after she crossed the street. She has to think back—and repeats herself in an effort to remember where she was in her story.

But through the years, this habit has grown upon her. Furthermore, the terrific excitement of the past four months has accentuated it. And her natural fear of the microphone—from the first day of talking pictures—has doubled it. She does the same thing when speaking her lines for a picture. She is thinking ahead, of what comes next, what she will do next—and forgets the line she is saying. Each scene has to be taken and retaken.

It is absolutely true that Clara hates talking pictures. She

has begged Paramount to release her from her contract. In one letter to

Ben Schulberg, highest mogul of the West Coast studio, she even offered to allow Paramount to take all she has owned, her entire savings—which amount to a quarter of a million dollars, of which \$210,000 is in a trust fund and \$40,000 in other holdings—if they would allow her to retire from pictures. She promised that if she ever returned, she would make pictures for no one but Paramount, if they still wanted her. She said, "It is my home. The only one I know. You have been like a father to me." Her one plea was, "Please don't make me do another."

But Paramount refuses. They believe they are doing the best thing for Clara in refusing. Mr. Schulberg says, "We believe Clara to be a great actress. We know she is. She must be as great in talkies as she was in silents. We are going ahead with our plans for her. Her first will be 'Manhandled'."

Clara has had nervous fright before every recent picture. She goes into them with a mania of fright. When some other girl is put into the production, she begins to get well immediately. Within four days after Sylvia Sydney was given the Bow lead in "City Streets," Clara was saying, "I'm all right now. If they had only waited—"

But when "The Secret Call" started, exactly the same thing happened.

BEFORE rehearsals for "City Streets," Mr. Schulberg told the entire cast of Clara's fright—her so-called stammer. "Now, Clara, they know all about it. You do not need to be self-conscious."

He did the same with "The Secret Call." In fact, Stuart Walker was chosen to direct her because of his long experience and reputation for being able to handle young people and highly nervous ones. He was told of Clara's Microphone-Phobia and asked if he would do everything in his power to help her. He wanted Clara Bow for this picture, not only because of his belief in her, but because he wanted to show her how unreasonable and foolish was her bugaboo about talking pictures.

Clara was at Rex Bell's ranch in Nevada. When all her pleas to be relieved from her contract failed, she produced doctors' certificates to say she was unable to work, and refused to come to Hollywood. But Paramount [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 120]

How to Adapt Screen Modes

A remarkably frank article in which Gloria Swanson answers the questions millions of women ask about styles created for the stars

By Lois Shirley

THERE is no woman in Hollywood more competent to talk on "Clothes for the Screen as Compared to Clothes for the Drawing Room" than Gloria Swanson.

She was the first "clothes horse" of pictures. She is, today, one of the best-dressed women on the screen—or off.

Yet, I doubt whether she would have talked on the subject (she has refused for years!) if it had not been for Chanel's trip to Hollywood.

When Chanel came out of Paris to tell Gloria Swanson how to dress, Gloria's back stood up in little ridges.

Just what did Chanel know about it? She might dress women for the drawing-room correctly, but how could she know about dressing them for the camera? Gloria will not admit that Paris dressmakers of today know all that there is to know about dressing American women for the street and ball-room, either.

Two years ago, when Gloria was in Europe for the London opening of "The Trespasser," she purchased many clothes in Paris. She had the usual fittings and departed for London. She dashed back to Paris to pick up her clothes in time for the opening, carried them back to London with her. *She was unable to wear one of them until they had been refitted.*

"Dressing is not a matter of general styles, only; it is a matter of a personality's particular style!" she says.

"One fitting will not do it; sometimes several are insufficient. What looks right in a design or in the first few fittings, may look all wrong when the gown is finished. Each one of those Paris gowns needed some little change to make it right for Gloria Swanson. And they would undoubtedly have needed some change to make them right for some other person."

TO explain what she meant, Gloria showed me a gown which was being completed for her recent visit to New York.

Made from a design by a famous creator, it had been cut and fitted to her by Ann Morgan, who has been supervising the actual making of Gloria's clothes for many years. It looked all right at the first and even second fitting, but at the third and fourth—!

There was a cape across the back. Now, a straight cape makes shoulders look broad. Gloria has to be careful and not give a broad-shouldered impression because she is naturally a *little* broad-shouldered.

"Let's cut that cape on the bias. Make it longer at the left point than at the right," she told Miss Morgan.

The diagonal cape did away entirely with the broad-shouldered appearance.



Paris didn't say one sleeve was the thing — but Gloria did. And a million fans went home to cut out their jacket sleeve!



Chanel might not endorse this — but Gloria says it has the necessary exaggeration for screen purposes

to Fit Your Personality



Gloria Says:

“OUR clothes are exaggerated for screen purposes. But a woman can take a gown from a picture and follow the general idea—change it here and there to fit her personality.”

“IF women would only take the time to do those little things to their dresses, we wouldn’t find three women in the same drawing-room dressed exactly alike—all in ‘exclusive’ models from Paris!”

“THE creator for the drawing-room has material, color and line at his disposal. The creator for the screen has only lines.”

“ACTRESSES are not manikins displaying gowns. The gowns are to display the actresses.”

“STYLES for the screen often have to be a bit different from styles of the street.”

The gown was black and blue. There were two little pleats of the blue running from the bust. They were exactly parallel on the design and at the first few fittings. But before the gown was completed, Gloria said:

“Let’s raise this right pleat half an inch. Parallel lines are not good. They are too mechanical. And uneven lines give me height!”

Gloria is five feet, one-half inch in her stockings. She must always watch this matter of height for off-screen and on-screen purposes.

The right pleat was raised. The entire dress changed its appearance with this mere half-inch differentiation. Her bust looked fully an inch smaller; *she* looked fully an inch taller. The parallel lines had seemed to block in her figure; the uneven ones elongated it. There was a coat with the costume. It had sleeves.

“NOW, picture trying to put that cape into sleeves without absolutely spoiling it by wrinkles!” She slipped the coat off and on, again and again, to see if she could do it. She paraded before her mirror. Finally, she smiled.

“I’ve got it! Leave the left sleeve out of the coat, entirely. Put in the right. Cut the left side of the coat so it comes under the arm and fastens here. So! The blue from the cape of the dress makes a lovely covering for the arm. See—”

Three little changes in one gown. Yet—it was so completely altered from what the designer intended that you would scarcely have recognized it.

The uneven cape line; the non-parallel darts and the one-sleeved coat. The last innovation was something *new* in fashions. It made Gloria the ultra-smart—distinctly the *La Swanson* person for which she is famous.

“If women would only take the time to do those little things to their dresses, we wouldn’t find three women in the same drawing-room dressed exactly alike—all in ‘exclusive’ models from Paris!”

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Remember this black velvet negligée from “What a Widow”? The original designer was carried out screaming when Gloria slit it down the side



This little model illustrates the longer effect in back which gives Gloria that taller look. Note the one cuff effect—a typical Swanson touch

The Other Side

A clever story of a girl who bargained recklessly for love only to find it where she least expected to

SANTA MONICA BOULEVARD sweltered in the ten o'clock sun of a July morning. Around the horseshoe of an open market, gingham housewives busied themselves among the riotous displays of the wealth of California. On Vine Street fat, red busses trundled by and traffic bells jangled, as the business of a brisk and busy city went on with neatness and despatch.

But Hollywood is Hollywood for a' that, where a day, though reduced to even its most unsophisticated terms, may still be depended upon *somehow* to bear the unmistakable mark of a cuckoo's egg in a peacock's nest. As proof of which, that July morning, on the corner of Gower Street and Santa Monica, there stood in the blistering, sun-baked safety-zone, Miss Carlie Marquette in decidedly décolleté white satin and pearls, a train folded over one arm, a load of American beauties in the other, white spangled slippers badly smudged, a towering crown of rainbow-colored ostrich plumes, and to complete the picture, a wash of deep ivory make-up and a dark and rapidly closing black eye.

The stream of limousines and natty roadsters traveled by on their own concerns, unobservant of beauty in what may or may not have been distress. Hollywood spends little interest on that which has long since become prosaic. Unnoticed, the face of St. Mark's of Rome, backed by silvered uprights, stands across Grubb's vacant lot, its cathedral doors plastered with ads for the latest schemes in gentlemen's underwear and the newest irons with which to crimp a waffle.

AND it is only part of a day that in traffic crowding down Wilshire shall be a bus-load of Zulu cannibals, an archangels' choir, and a dozen assorted soubrettes of the days of '49; or grouped about a city park fountain, the veiled ladies of a Turkish harem; or along the stools of a counter where you drop in for lunch, the signers of the Declaration of Independence, deposed Nicholas of Russia, Ali Baba and his thieves, and Salome trying to find out from Sitting Bull if he remembered to empty the pan under the ice-box before they came to work.

Unstirred by the Ziegfeld glory of Miss Marquette, the up and down town traffic moved smoothly by, the morning became hotter as the sun traveled higher, the shadows grew shorter as the hour neared noon.

And then, after twenty minutes which must have seemed an hour to the young lady in the safety-zone, an extremely high-toned and expensive car stopped along the curb, and out of it stepped a gentleman, assembled after the well-known pattern of "man-about-town"—the alluring, happy-go-lucky eyes, the wicked, fascinating little waxed mustache, the stick, the light Fedora, the boutonnière—one of those gentlemen your mind instantly places in the paddock at Pimlico, or at Nice, or Monte Carlo, or looking into a woman's eyes across champagne!

He removed the light Fedora and approached Miss Marquette.



RAYMOND

There in the
zone stood Ca
a train folded
a load of Am
in the other
rapidly closin
me," he ask

Illustrated by R. F. James

Miss Marquette straightened the feathered crown on her castle of canary colored curls.

The gentleman made a slight gesture toward the waiting limousine and its plum-colored chauffeur.

SUDDENLY down her cheeks descended tears. Suddenly vermilion lips were quivering childishly.

"You're damn right," she said in a very small treble, one hand folding over the indigo eye. "You can take me to a p-piece of raw beefsteak!"

In the coolness and luxury of the limousine she wilted, her iridescent train carpeting the floor, the roses falling in limp disarray beside her. From his top pocket, the gentleman supplied an imported linen handkerchief.

"Thanks," murmured Miss Marquette, and proceeded to absorb the clinging tears, and to blow a small but really quite patrician nose.

"I suppose you think I'm getting home from a jag, but I'm not," she said, her voice tremulous and unsteady. "I only told another lady in a cockeyed night-club set what I think of her."

An orchid colored plume and a scent of gardenias trailed the gentleman's shoulder as Miss Marquette sniff-sniffed into the handkerchief.

"And if there are any more events in my life line," sniff-sniff, "that are worse hokum than the p-picture business," sniff-sniff, "I'll blow the works right now. The appeal they expect from a girl for ten dollars a day would make Venus look like she had fallen arches! Just let them try to get a baby," sniff-sniff, "that can walk with a train eight yards long and balance a head-piece like the grand allegory and wave a fan the size of a man-eating ostrich and kneel down in four counts and get up in four counts, with one arm full of roses, and shoes three sizes too small, and the men at the tables shooting vichy down her back and the chorus she's got to warble written in double G sharp!"

She removed the "grand allegory" and placed it across the nearby white flannel knees, and through her tears observed that the car had not moved from the corner of Gower Street and Santa Monica.

"Is this chariot a prop," she said, "or can we get going?"

The gentleman moved his feet away from the scintillating train and reached for the speaking tube.

"To a—a meat market, James," he relayed to the plum-colored chauffeur.

* * *

WHEN a woman weeps, let her explain it as she will, you may bet your bottom dollar it has something to do with love!

And the cold facts behind the tears of Miss Carlie Marquette were brief and simple, after all. Along with several other hundred thousand fluttering feminine souls, she was a slave to the dark intense eyes, the impassioned voice, the superb command of that young God of the screen, Jarod Sarvis, though Carlie Marquette had a better right, by far, to love him, than had the rest, since she had loved him long before the other hundred thousand had even known he was alive!

She had loved him suddenly and absolutely when, one day, they had sat side by side at a twenty-five cent lunch counter, and she had spilled her coffee on his only suit. She had loved him through the weeks after that, when they had met playing mob scenes together. She had loved him through the months when he hadn't even been cast for mob scenes, and she had kept track of him to make him loans and keep his courage together!

He had taken her to supper once or twice; one night they had

There in the sun-baked safety zone stood Carlie Marquette, a train folded over one arm, a load of American beauties in the other, and a dark, rapidly closing eye. "Pardon me," he asked, "is there anything I can do?"

sat together in the moonlight along the beach at Del Rey, and he had rumped her hair and pulled her teasingly against his shoulder when she had read his fortune in the sand and had told him in a year he would be famous; and she had loved him through the year she had foretold in the sand, when he had been plunged overnight into that hey-dey, that whimsey called "success"; the world suddenly aware of him, money suddenly bidding for him, the spotlight suddenly following him, the world of women suddenly adoring him!

And still loving him, Carlie Marquette had felt him growing farther and farther away from her, as she had longed for him the more. Not that, in success, he had forgotten her, but just that he had never really been conscious of her at all! To *him* the little hours they had been together, had been but incidents of gipsy days. To *her*, those moments when she had been near him, had touched his hand, had heard his voice, had been Heaven; the only Heaven she prayed for!

Boyishly he had laughed with her, those nights they had made thirty cents do for supper for both of them; gaily they had crowded along together in the mobs for their five dollars a day—wildly cheering the homecoming hero, or in terror fleeing from the Indians, or with swords and staves storming French royalty, Carlie always poignantly, achingly aware of his nearness, and he, so intent on just a day's work, he was aware of nothing at all!

CARLIE hadn't seen him for months! And so she had written him a note which had said:

"Jerry Dearest have you forgotten all about me? I suppose you've missed me like a mermaid misses garters! Can't I see you sometime?"

He had answered at once, an answer which had been delivered to her on the "cockeyed night-club set."

"Dear Carlie:

I am glad to know you are still in Hollywood. Yes, we must get together sometime and have a laugh about the coffee.

Sincerely,
Jerry"

So she had been right in guessing how little he had missed

her! They must get together "*sometime*," but not particularly sooner. Nor for any better reason than to laugh about the coffee!

That was what she meant to him—a laugh about the coffee! To her, he was the sun and the moon and the stars! And all the yesterdays—and all the tomorrows!

So she had wept; and had blamed her tears on the intricacies of the night-club set!

SOMETIME around noon, the limousine and the plum-colored chauffeur and the man with the Monte Carlo eyes and Miss Carlie Marquette stopped before Villa Number Nine, in the nondescript, zig-zag musical comedy street, where tiny houses and tiny courts and angular chimneys and thatch roofs and rakish lanterns and gay flag-stones and wide open windows made one of Hollywood's little Bohemias.

"If you care for slumming, won't you come in?" suggested Miss Marquette. "I always keep an extra chair."

The plumes, and pearls, and satin, and the over-bright golden hair looked pathetically weary—as did the little kitchen in which Miss Marquette and the gentleman presently reconnoitered. She deposited the roses in the sink, the feather crown on the ice-box, and regarded a brown paper package in her hand.

"If I cook this steak instead of wear it," she observed, "we can have lunch."

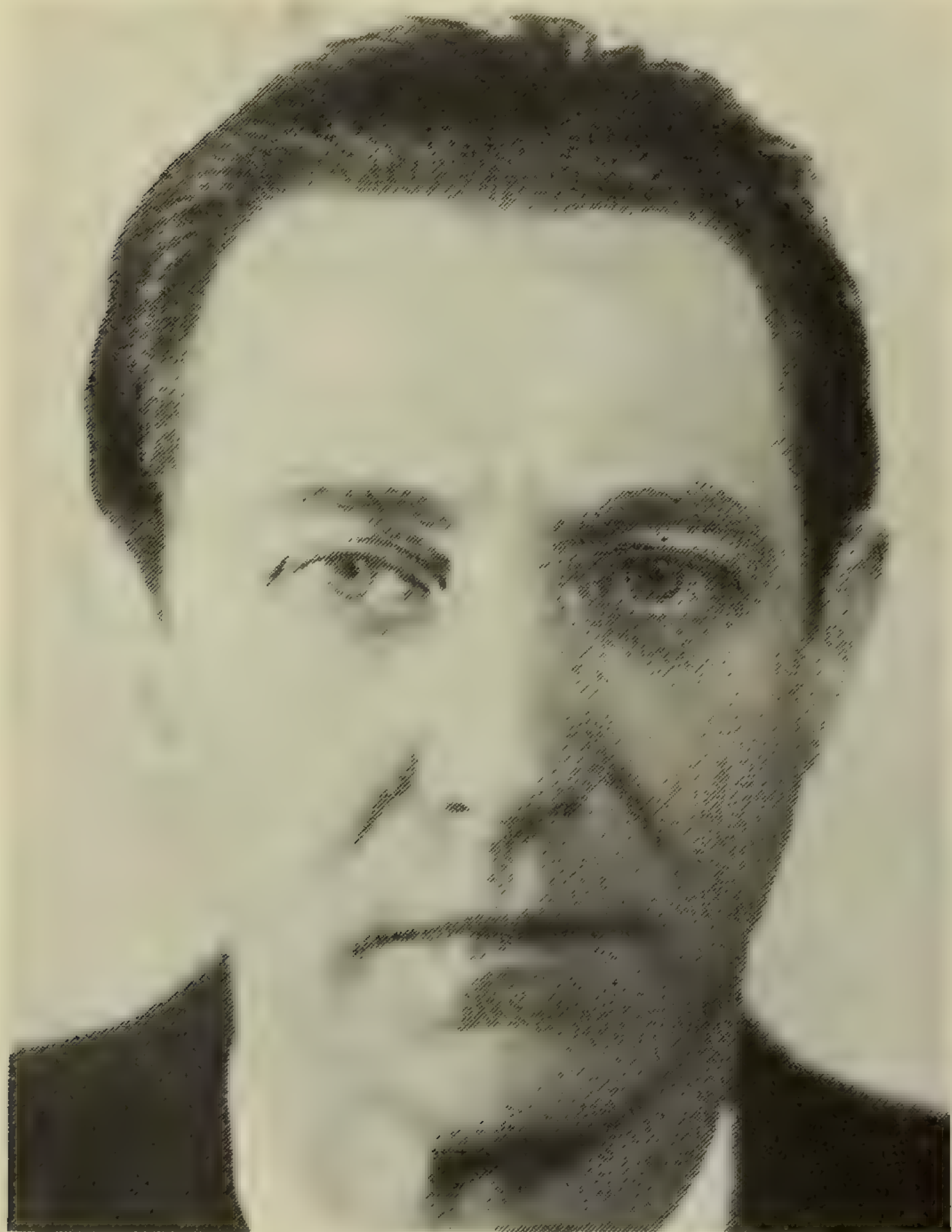
He glanced at a watch on his wrist.

"Is there any reason," he suggested, "why you couldn't change your dress and come down to the City Hall and marry me? I'm going East today, and on to Egypt. I live at the Hotel Continental-Savoy in Cairo. Wouldn't it amuse you to come along?"

Miss Marquette evinced no surprise. You are somehow outside the pale of surprise in Hollywood; satiated with fantasy until *nothing* is fantasy! She stepped out of the spangled shoes; and incongruously into a pair of beach sandals from under the gas stove beside a little pile of egg-shells and coffee-grounds, on a pie tin.

"I'll bite," she said. "What's the laugh?"

Over the bed of crumpled roses [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 122]



Lou Tellegen before he put himself into the hands of a clever operator who gave him a "permanent facial." Lou was offered a big movie part if he knocked off five years. It is not an entirely pleasant proceeding and took about two weeks



It may not last long, but this is how the veteran matinee idol looked when he was again ready for the photographer. All for the sake of art. See an item in Cal York's columns about how they get similar effects in the studios

Norma Shearer can well afford to look regal with all of us clamoring for her more loudly than ever. She wears this knockout negligée in "A Free Soul," which you must see. It's tangerine velvet, girls, with one of those trains that is simply "tripping"!





Another Hollywood elopement? No, just Mr. and Mrs. Irving Thalberg (Norma Shearer) holding that smiling pose between trains on their way East. They are vacationing in Europe. Irving Jr.'s along, too



Do you recognize this smiling mother as the wistful Mae Marsh of Griffith fame? After years of retirement she is staging a comeback as the mother in a talking version of "Over the Hill." Her children seem as pleased as we are about it

Cal York

Announcing-

THERE are persistent rumors going around that Marlene Dietrich's trip to Germany served two purposes. One, to get her child; two, to discuss their marital future with her husband.

On her return to New York, her mentor and director, Von Sternberg, was on the telephone with greetings, and issuing strict instructions that she was to give out not one interview; in fact, she was to see no one. These instructions were carried out to the letter. Marlene was heavily guarded.

Paramount's Chicago office was also notified to meet Miss Dietrich, escort her from one train to another and see that she was approached by no one.

She left New York accompanied by her small daughter, who is at the minus-the-front-teeth stage. Marlene was attired in a sharks' skin suit, a white lapin coat and a white, woolly cap, worn carelessly—all rather reminiscent of Garbo.

DIETRICH spent just one night in New York.

And what a night!

Friends wanted to make her short stay a pleasant one. They decided to show her the sights, so took her to Harlem. Tallulah Bankhead was along.

JOAN CRAWFORD'S best parlor stunt is imitating the deep, vibrant voice of Marlene Dietrich, whom she admires greatly, singing,

"Falling in Love Again." But Joan is too embarrassed to face an audience, so she sings with her back to her friends.

DOLORES DEL RIO emerged from her recent illness looking so beautiful that even blasé old Hollywood gave a great, big gasp, and rest cures are now the order of the day. Dolores says she's never been so happy in her life.

Cedric Gibbons, Metro's art director, is the perfect husband, she says.

ONE really shouldn't take up space with this, but one of the Hollywood gag-writers has named his beach place "Yes-Manor."

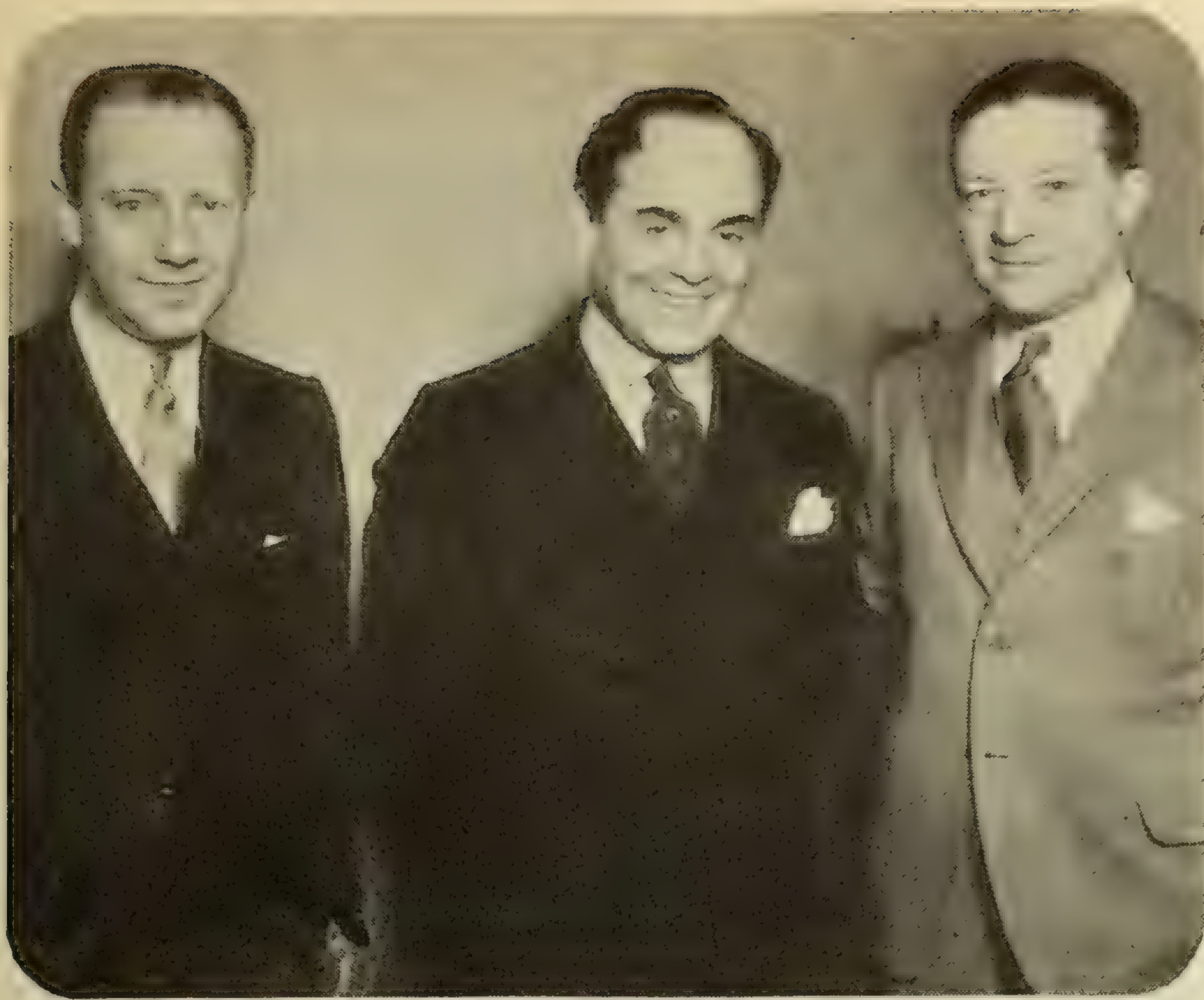
WHEN Pola Negri came back to Hollywood she was met at the train by a horde of publicity and newspaper people—but only one real friend among the players was there to

welcome the returning star. Kathlyn Williams, whose loyalty to Pola has been great through all the years, was there to greet her.

Pola, by the way, is sensitive about her weight. Someone remarked, "I heard you were not as slim as you should be."

Desperately Pola threw back her coat. "Then, look, look at me. See for yourself. Oh, I am thin. You must see that I'm thin. There is not a surplus pound on my body. See—oh, please say that I'm thin."

ONE of the main objects of conversation over the Hollywood tea tables is the change that has taken place in Norma Shearer. Once the most discreet little lady of the films, she is now appearing in gowns so sensational that they make even hard-boiled old Hollywood gulp a couple of gulps. When she is having her clothes designed for picture purposes she insists that they show as much of her anatomy as the law and Will Hays allow. And cer-



Ain't this sumpin? Amos 'n' Andy give the smiling Mr. Leo Carrillo a big send-off at a recent luncheon for the star of "Hell Bound" in New York. The famous radio team have been making personal appearances at New York theaters

The Monthly Broadcast of Hollywood Goings - On!

tainly, being the wife of Irving Thalberg, she gets whatever she wants on the M-G-M lot. When, after some big party, other stars are given an early call for work the next morning, Norma is not needed before eleven A. M. She is always the gayest of them all and ready with a sophisticated line of patter.

Perhaps the thing is psychologically sound. Think of the rôles she has been playing on the screen, "The Divorcee," "Let Us Be Gay," "Strangers May Kiss," and "A Free Soul."

THOSE close to Lupe and Gary Cooper believe they are to be married in Mexico soon but they are making every effort at secrecy.

HOLLYWOOD is planning the grandest baby shower in its history some time in August. The heir or heiress to the Bebe Daniels-Ben Lyon fortunes is expected in September. Now what do you think of that?

IN the bygone days, Theda Bara used to play the siren on the silent screen.

Now it's the sound-effects man in the gangster pictures. Get it?

WE'VE just heard a story about Marion Davies that makes a big hit with us. It seems that when Alma Rubens died it was Marion who jumped in and relieved Alma's bereaved mother by making all the funeral arrangements.

Marion rounded up as many of Alma's old friends as could get off from their work—the stars with whom Alma had worked through her long career in pictures—and had them at the touching services in the little church in Forest Lawn. Marion even made the police arrangements which were necessary to hold back the big crowds that couldn't get into the crowded church.



Who's your smiling blonde friend, Gloria? What, not our old friend Bebe Daniels behind those orchids? Gloria Swanson and Bebe arrive in New York to give the shops a whirl and their bank rolls a jolt!

Just the other side of that vivacious, happy girl, whom Hollywood knows best for her sense of fun.

COMING out of my sixth movie this week, I couldn't help wondering to myself how the Fourth Largest Industry ever made a successful gang picture before the pulchritudinous Jean Harlow "shocked" herself into prominence.

All I could think was that gang stories must have been pretty tame affairs before the platinum-haired siren arched an eyebrow at the gang leader and made him her slave.

RECOGNITION did not arrive as easily as one might think.

At sixteen, bored with life, she married Charles McGrew of Chicago.

This event, important at the time, brought her to Hollywood.

Visiting a friend at the Fox studio one day, she felt the call of the cameras, the glamor of the Kliegs, the cause of Art! She knew that married life and the emptiness of a social career were not enough for her.

Hal Roach offered her a two-year contract to play in comedies, but Grandfather, back in Kansas City, swore to cut her out of his will if she dared to become an actress.

WITH a quarter of a million at stake, Jean argued, and wisely—that perhaps a career was a snare and a delusion and not worth the

Tune in, Folks, on Cal York's



Here's the answer to why young men become life savers. Dorothy Mackaill gets a few California super-sun rays after completing "The Reckless Hour" for First National



The "Merry Widow" returns! Mae Murray is the latest of the old favorites who is showing that the microphone holds no terrors. You'll find her the same Mae in Lowell Sherman's recent picture, "Bachelor Apartment." Page the other Mdivani princess, Pola Negri, now an "ex," and we'll have old home week!

then trying to unravel the millions of feet of film which later burst upon the world as "Hell's Angels."

She was engaged for the heavy and very sexy vamp part.

GREATER love hath no man than that he should dye his hair to suit a lady's whims.

But that's what Rex Bell did for his Clara Bow.

She didn't like his particular brand of reddish locks. She prefers 'em dark.

So Rex up and had his hair dyed to suit her tastes.

IN the United Artists announcement for 1931-32, neither Doug Fairbanks nor Mary Pickford is scheduled. Doug was quoted in London as saying, "The great mistake is that people take each other as a matter of course after marriage."

LOU TELLEGEN, the matinee idol, has gone for facial treatment in a big way! To regain his lost youth, he had his face daubed with some sort of preparation that took the years and the wrinkles away.

Out in Hollywood, the studio make-up wizards have developed a plastic surgery system that isn't surgery! The Westmore Brothers, for instance, have perfected a system whereby invisible court plaster and other gadgets are used to give faces an artificial lift to remove sags and wrinkles.

When you see George Arliss in "Alexander Hamilton," you'll be surprised how young he looks. Westmore took thirty years off his age by lifting his face lines with adhesive tape at the temples.

Next thing you know, Marie Dressler will be doing Clara Bow rôles.

BILL (SCREEN) BOYD has just given Dorothy Sebastian a wedding ring. Yes, gentle reader, they've been married for a number of months, but it was such a hurry-up affair that they didn't wait to buy a ring and were, if you remember, joined with a ring that was given to Bill by Dorothy the Christmas before.

But the real wedding ring is the most novel in Hollywood.

On the finger it looks like a link chain of tiny diamonds.

Upon closer inspection you discover that each link forms a letter and the whole spells out, "Bill to Dot."

ESTELLE TAYLOR is hoping—and through her attorneys has suggested—that Jack Dempsey will buy the mansion which has been their Hollywood home. The place is now in Miss Taylor's name. The actual investment, including furnishings, is \$125,000, and that is what Miss Taylor would like to materialize from it.

Mrs. Dempsey says she cannot afford to keep up the place and the cash would put her in a position where she can take care of herself. At this writing, it is not decided whether she will ask anything further.

LILA LEE is back—that is, she's back in Hollywood but she is still taking the cure. She thought it would be just as well to leave the sanitarium and finish the rest that she began in Arizona, now that she has learned how to take care of herself. She stays in bed and all Hollywood has banded together to see that she remains quiet.

Even her dearest friends resist paying her a visit. They write her notes instead to let her know that they love her but they realize that she must be alone until she is completely well.

price one paid. The contract was torn into shreds.

However, the call of Art proved too strong for her.

Jean felt her beauty was not meant to bloom unseen.

So, stripping for action, she did extra work, "bits" here and there. Then one day she met James Hall.

She broke down and told him of her struggle to succeed.

He took her to Howard Hughes, who was

Hollywood Station—N-E-W-S



We wouldn't blame the little Vidors for being jealous of this little girl—she looks so much like their beautiful mother, Eleanor Boardman. She is Marilyn Knowlden, who has been chosen by Paramount to play Eleanor's screen child in her new picture, "Women Love Once." A remarkable likeness, isn't it?

LOIS WILSON won all of the honors at the Hollywood premier of "Seed."

When her name flashed on the screen, there was an outburst of applause. When she first entered the picture there was a greater outburst.

When Conrad Nagel called her name for introductions, the applause was so great she had to wait several moments before she could be heard above the clapping.

But when she said, "I am so happy to be back on the screen again—" frankly admitting her recess and her appreciation of another opportunity, the house went crazy.

A simple, unaffected girl, loved, and therefore honored, by her own people.

CONTRACTS which Rudy Vallee holds for this summer guarantee him \$17,000 a week.

Chicago censors barred shooting in gangster pictures, but the Chicago police can't do anything about it in real life. Marie Dressler's weekly salary has been increased from \$1,500 to \$5,000. Wallace Beery and Robert Montgomery have been elevated to stardom. John Barrymore is no longer at Warners. They say Charles (ex-Buddy) Rogers is to become a band leader at the end of his picture contract this fall. Sessue Hayakawa returns to pictures this fall.

THE Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences is offering bargain rates in its initiation fees. Corinne Griffith and Colleen Moore are planning comebacks. The press-agents have the nerve to claim that the "Rogers for President" campaign is on the level. Reri, beautiful Polynesian of "Tabu," arrived in San Francisco in a smart American costume. The Ziegfeld press-agents put a native grass skirt on her by the time she arrived in New York to be photographed. Karl Dane, the Danish actor, now talks with an English accent.

GEORGE ARLISS will make only one more picture after "Alexander Hamilton."

Universal is teaming Slim Summerville and ZaSu Pitts in comedies. Display lines in newspaper advertisement "Constance Bennett in 'Born to Love' with Joel McCrea."

Norma Talmadge has been repeatedly reported as through with pictures forever. Helen Wills, woman tennis champion, refused to go into movies when she found that she had to kiss her leading man. Well, she couldn't make love to him by hitting him with a tennis racket.

RUTH CHATTERTON is going to stick to Paramount.

Madame Chanel, famous French dressmaker, says she is astounded at Hollywood. Hollywood wasn't so crazy about Chanel either. Carl Laemmle, Jr., is starting a new school for motion picture training. Ted Cooke suggests why not try exchange plan—send collegiates to the studios and film executives to college. Two weeks after PHOTOPLAY's May issue appeared, nearly every newspaper in America had copied our Pickford story.

FRENCH censors got Jean Harlow completely out of "Hell's Angels." Worcester, Mass., has barred all gangster films. Gloria Swanson admits she is thirty—that will do for a minimum. She divorced Wallace Beery in 1918. On one lot they call an unpopular player "one of the leading poisonalties on this lot."

JUST mention the name Jeanette MacDonald to a certain overworked and harassed press-agent and he breaks right out in tears. For days he's been trying to get her on the telephone and invariably her maid said, "Miss MacDonald can't come to the 'phone now. She's in the bath." This went on for days and



Oops dearie! Jean Harlow does an aerial daily dozen in her new Fox picture, "Goldie." Try this at your swimming pool the next chance you get. It's great for the figure

although the man was willing to admit that cleanliness was next to godliness he wondered where business came in.

At last she began work on a picture. Ah, he could see her on the set. Certainly she could not avoid him at the studio. The first morning he journeyed across the lot and arrived upon the scene of action, but he was stopped at the door.

"I want to see Miss MacDonald," the press agent said.

"Sorry," said the doorman, "the set is closed today. Miss MacDonald is doing a bathtub sequence and nobody's allowed in."

EVEN Hollywood maids are not immune—

The other night in Hollywood, at the home of a couple who, although not in pictures themselves, are on intimate terms with many of the screen great, a new maid was serving dinner.

One guest was late.

He arrived just before the new maid brought in the soup. As she stood by his side, he turned and looked at her. She squealed and dropped the plate and fled, in complete confusion, to the kitchen.

The guest was John Gilbert.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 82]



AND all togged out in what the well-dressed Malibu Beachers will wear, too. Mrs. Barthelmess evidently doesn't care about acquiring too much of that sunkist tan, for the flattering beach dress she wears and the broad brimmed hat offer ample protection from the sun

Jessica
and Dick!

Fashion Winners On The Screen

PERHAPS you have been doing it for years—perhaps it is a new thought. But don't you find that these animated fashion tips from the screen put a new zest into your shopping routine? There is something about seeing a costume in action that dramatizes the details. You want to try them out, adapt them to your own use. And that's the way I want you to use these monthly selections here.

— Seymour

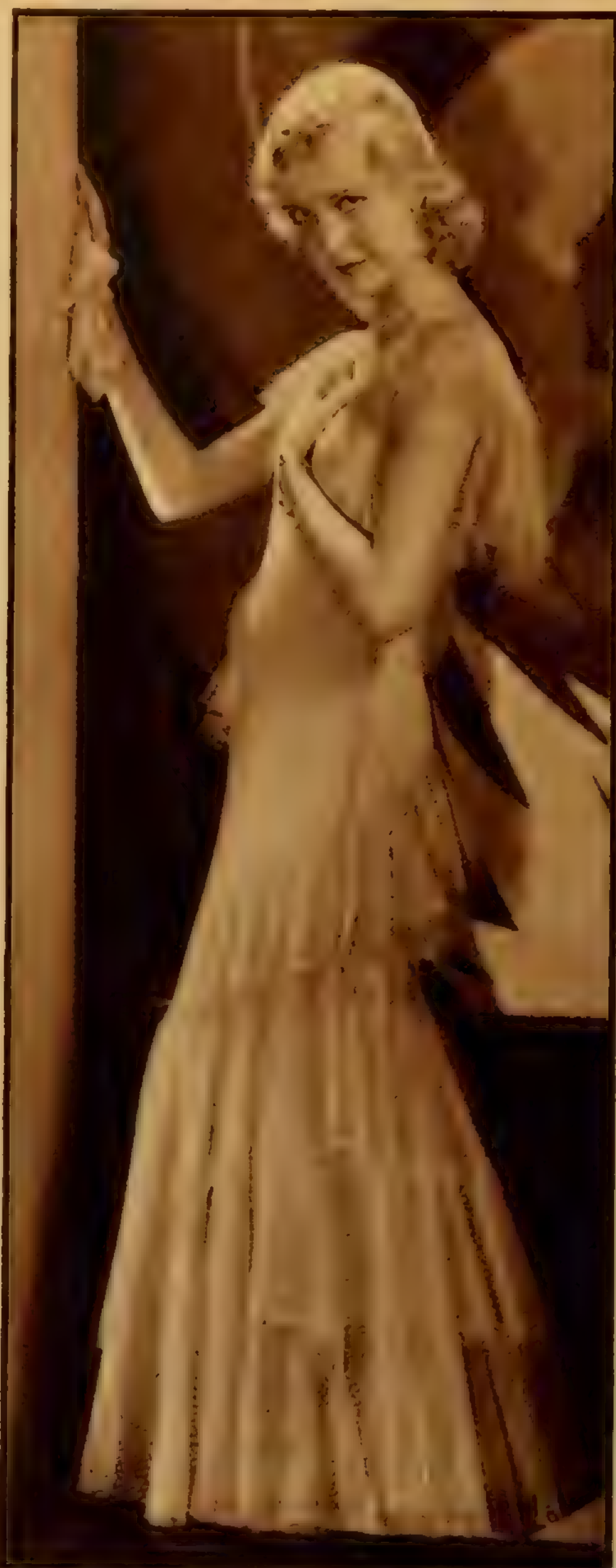


WHEN you see Joan Crawford wear this smart outfit in "This Modern Age," you will want to go home and try striped accents on your new white dress. There's a trick to that scarf, if you look closely. A piece of the stripe is sewed to the belt so that tucking the scarf under doesn't spoil the line. White gloves, white bag and perforated white oxfords are perfect.



COLOR contrast—everyone is doing it. And none more strikingly than Rose Hobart who wears this frock in "We Three." The dark top is navy blue to contrast with a pale pink skirt. Clever buttoning, don't you think? I like the large natural leghorn with its shallow crown and blue ribbon trim.

These Summer Fashions Have



DON'T wear them all at once—but separately these bracelets are very smart. To the left, a triple ensemble in emeralds, rubies and coral with diamonds. To the right, a five-inch coil of corals. In back, Lilyan Tashman, of course!

— Seymour

YOU don't have to be as darkly witching as Fay Wray to wear this evening gown. It is the simple type of frock that's generally becoming. Graceful crepe roman in a pale flesh tone. Notice how the jeweled bracelet and earrings emphasize the jeweled touches on the frock. Worn in "The Lawyer's Secret."

IF you are young, slim and delightfully feminine like Anita Louise, I would say your best party frock should look like this. She wears this pale green, silk dotted net confection in "Everything's Rosie." Ankle length for the skirt, however.

HOW a frock can change your personality! Yes, it's Fay Wray again, but this time quaintly ruffled. I vote this charming—because it is organdy, and cotton is a first fashion, because its short sleeves make it perfect for afternoon or evening—and because it is feminine but not fussy.

Passed A Screen Test!

YOU can save space in that week-end bag if you take along an outfit like this one of Frances Dee's. She wears it in "An American Tragedy." White jersey, striped in blue, forms the top and trousers. Remove the trousers and there are silk shorts ready for the plunge! Clever, you know. I like the floppy beach hat, too.



AND speaking of week-end jaunts—this silk frock of Barbara Stanwyck's will travel well. It is brown with those cool touches of white that everyone likes this Summer. Don't wear those buckles on your shoes for traveling, however. Barbara wears this frock in "Ten Cents A Dance."

GINGHAM girl! That isn't the role Conchita Montenegro plays—merely her dress. With cotton so popular, even gay plaid gingham is appearing. The vest-like top and pleated skirt are youthful. A good vacation frock. Nice, wide-brimmed panama hat. I would have liked brown and white sports shoes better.



— Seymour

Seymour Approves Mitzi's Fashions



MITZI GREEN may be only ten but she knows what a smart little girl should wear. Playing hooky from "Let's Play King" and a few other pictures, she took time to pose in her new clothes which I immediately picked.

FLOWER girl in a wedding? Oh, just party best! Well, I think it's pretty nice. Powder-blue chiffon on simple lines with ruffly short sleeves. The hat is leghorn—and please notice the gloves!

MITZI uses that touch of white, too. A blue and white printed silk jumper tops a ruffled white silk blouse. I imagine the socks have some blue in them. They should.

— Seymour



I DON'T know whether Mitzi cries "My Kingdom for a Horse" or not—but she wears this jaunty outfit in "Let's Play King." The coat, hat and boots are brown—the jodhpurs of beige whipcord in the best contrasting fashion. The gloves are yellow, a good third color to use with beige and brown.



A VERY busy young person, like Mitzi, can't go through a Summer without at least one sweater and skirt outfit. Here, her newest sweater is a green and white mixture which tucks into a green woolen skirt. Do you suppose that tiny flap in the sweater is a pocket?



The Prince of Fans

An English writer reveals, for the first time, intimate stories of England's royal princes at the movies

By
Donovan
Pedelty

IN the so-called Grand Cinema, a little neighborhood house situated at the fork of the Edgware and Harrow Roads, one of the poorer quarters of London, yet within a short taxi ride of fashionable Mayfair, a keen observer might have detected an air of tension about the doormen, the ushers and the house manager.

A whispered word from an official in a not-very-well-boiled shirt caused a ticket-checker to redouble his efforts to get a line of ten and twenty-cent patrons into the auditorium.

The manager glanced at his watch and breathed a furtive sigh of relief. Two minutes to nine and an almost empty lobby.

A long Daimler landaulet glided up to the front of the cinema. A quietly liveried chauffeur poured out of his seat and held open the door.

A slight, good-looking, nervous young man, with a gray soft hat pulled down over his eyes, sprang out and disappeared into the cinema lobby.

The house manager bowed—just low enough to be respectful, not so low as to attract attention.

"Same place?"

The manager answered a low affirmative and was rewarded by a smile more widely photographed than any other in the world.

Taking two and three steps at a time, the Prince of Wales ran up the stairway in the center of the lobby. A tensely expectant *commissionaire* saluted swiftly and swung open the doors leading to the circle. The darkness of the auditorium swallowed up the heir-apparent to the throne of the British Empire. About then I came out of a corner, where I had been drinking a cup of the unspeakable mess which in England is dignified by the name of coffee, and began to climb the stairs.

"Hey!" said the manager—an old acquaintance—"where are you going?"

"Going to have a look at the Prince of Wales."

"You're crazy."



The Prince was sitting in a thirty-cent seat, whispering to a girl. Five hundred people around them remained blissfully unaware

"No," I said half-way up the stairs, "you are." He joined me on the stairs.

"The management," he said, "reserves the right to refuse admission." In polite and circumlocutory England that means quit or they'll call the bouncer.

"And the press," I said, "the right to print what they damn well like."

After that we went and took a look at him together. He was sitting in a thirty-cent seat, next to a girl whose face I could only dimly see in the darkness. From the lines of her slim shoulders and the shape of her head I judged her to be a good-looker. She and the Prince conversed in low tones. Five hundred people round them kept their eyes on the screen, blissfully unaware that the Empire's most popular Prince of the Blood sat among them.

From the manager I learned that for some time the Prince has visited this little out-of-the-way cinema every week, sometimes twice a week—always in the same circumstances.

About eight o'clock one of the Prince's secretaries would telephone the manager. About eight forty-five a young lady arrived and was shown to a prearranged seat. On the stroke of nine the Prince arrived and joined her.

Even if anyone had caught a full, clear glimpse of the Prince's face he would not have believed his own eyes. That I was present on this occasion was just bad luck—not for me, but for the Prince, because I'm giving away his secret now.

IS there anyone who will blame the Prince for these stolen pleasures? If there is, he must be strangely ignorant of the constant, maddening lack of privacy in which kings and princes have their being. No one knows the real Prince of Wales better than the Navy officers, for a naval cruise is the only real escape from publicity which that cheerful but overburdened young man ever gets. Informal visits to the movies on the part of younger members of the Royal Family are, of course, common enough. But—apart from these quiet excursions of Prince Edward—they are always to fashionable West End cinemas.

A visit of King George or Queen Mary to a theater or cinema

is invariably a state occasion, complete with awning and red carpet on the sidewalk, policemen holding back the crowds, the inevitable press photographers and a roped-off enclosure in the auditorium for the royal party.

These visits are not pleasure excursions but duties undertaken to give the royal *cachet* to worthy and essentially patriotic pictures. The showing of practically all historical films of England's share in the war, such as "Q. Ships," "Mons," and "The Somme," have been publicly attended by the King or Queen—and consequently boosted into greater popularity.

WHEN in search of undiluted movie entertainment, Their Majesties hold "command performances" in the privacy of their palaces, Buckingham, Windsor or Balmoral. "The Divine Lady" and "The Gold Rush" are among the famous films which have been shown in this way to the King and Queen.

Without any question Charlie Chaplin is the first favorite of every member of the Royal Family, with the possible exception of Princess Mary, who is not renowned for her sense of humor. At least, he was until his last visit to Europe.

When "The Gold Rush" was playing in London, young Prince George broke camp to see it. He was then at Aldershot with his regiment and motored to London without leave from his commanding officer, to collect a laugh from the great comedian. Recognized in the lobby, he asked the management to keep his visit a secret.

Unhappily, the old spirit of loyalty-at-any-cost does not always obtain in the English show business. Someone telephoned the newspapers.

I never heard whether Prince George got solitary confinement or just three days' C. B. The one thing that is certain is that his royal blood would not in the least mitigate the rigorous course of ordinary army discipline. Whatever punishment he got, it was just what would be meted out to any obscure lieutenant of lesser birth. And whatever it was, the Prince would take it on the chin.

Talkies are not yet popular with the older and more conservative members of the Royal Family, but the younger members are enthusiastic fans of the audible screen. When in London, the Duke and Duchess of York frequently slip into the Plaza, the popular Paramount house in the West End. They come unannounced and buy their tickets but are, of course, invariably recognized by theater officials and specially escorted to their seats.

ON one occasion the Duke of York and his aide secured the last two seats available in the circle (considered in England the best part of the house) greatly to the disgust of a couple who came in immediately after them and who loudly voiced their displeasure at having to stand.

The Duke and his companion, unrecognized in the darkness, at once insisted that the couple take their seats while they stood at the back—to the horror and consternation of the Plaza officials. Usherettes in all parts of the house were notified to grab and hold for the Duke the first two vacated seats and, although His Highness did not have to stand more than ten minutes, the incident serves to show that a nobleman can on occasion be as democratic as any fan.

Indeed, one may with pardonable pride go further and record that the Duke and Duchess of York have been observed surreptitiously holding hands during the screening of a movie. Not, of course, before their marriage. A bachelor prince never flirts. Of course not! Oh, my, no!

The tastes of the princes, as regards the type of film they prefer, vary considerably. The [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 116]



This is a "boiled shirt" moment in the life of a young gangster. Meet James Cagney who puts a real punch in "The Public Enemy." This red-headed Irishman is on his way up—watch him!



Close-up of what the Irishman said to the Englishman—but maybe Jimmy Cagney has lapsed into Yiddish. Anyway, Mr. Arliss looks interested in this scene from "The Millionaire"



Jimmy from the "Jungle"

ON the afternoon of July 17, 1904, the swinging doors of John Cagney's saloon on Avenue D, near Tenth Street, New York, banged open. John Cagney himself strode in, an expansive grin on his Irish face.

"The drinks," he bellowed, "is on me! Set 'em up—an' see what the boys in the back room'll have."

Mr. Cagney's customers, needing no further parley at that moment, drank.

When his schooner was empty, a certain one of them drew the back of his hand across his foamy lips and raised the question.

"An' phwat'll the free drinks bein' fer, Mистер Cagney?"

"Because," roared John Cagney, "th' missus has just brought another Cagney into the world, an' he's got red hair, an' his name is Jim."

Whereat the pride of parenthood became so strong that Mr. Cagney bought another round of drinks for the house. So was announced to the world the advent of James Cagney—

—and the piano player in Polonsky's movie nickelodeon down the street never missed a note. Nothing seemed more unrelated at that moment than the flickering screen of the nickelodeon, and the birth of a red-haired Irish saloonkeeper's kid, named James Cagney.

And, as a matter of fact, for more than a score of the years Jimmy Cagney has lived since then, the relationship continued nil. Jimmy grew up just like hundreds of other kids—Irish and Jewish and other kinds—in the "Guerilla Jungle," which was the cop's name for the district where Jimmy was born.

Jimmy wasn't any tougher than the other kids. And he wasn't any un-tougher. Kids in a district cops called a "Guerilla Jungle" don't wear Little Lord Fauntleroy collars and airs.

By Harry Lang

Jimmy learned from environment that the proper way to smoke a cigarette in his social circle was to let it hang from your lower lip.

He learned how to clip a guy on the jaw and send him listening to birdies. He learned words and phrases that are not in primers and first readers. He learned how to speak Yiddish!—but he never let his father know.

And even today, in Hollywood, where James Cagney is suddenly one of the screen's newest sensations, the red-haired little Irishman suddenly convulses a party, now and then, by breaking out into a torrent of perfect Yiddish. It's pretty well understood in Hollywood, and always somebody laughs at what Jimmy's Irish pan is saying in Yiddish. But it can't be printed, usually.

BUT that's getting away from the story of Jimmy's start in life—and the explanation to the question that has been bothering movie fans' minds ever since "The Public Enemy" burst onto the screen as the newest and most terrifying of the current output of gangster films.

Fans, seeing Cagney swaggering through the amazing sequences of this picture—seeing him be tough, talk tough, act tough; seeing him clip a dame on the jaw for getting funny with him; seeing him doing a hundred and one other things along that line with an amazing naturalness—are asking how the youngster can be that good an actor.

The answer is that Jimmy Cagney isn't an actor when he portrays those rôles on the screen. In that part, Jimmy Cagney is much less an actor than he is when he's off the screen, trying to act like another citizen of Hollywood. On the screen in "The Public Enemy," Jimmy is actually reliving the life he was part and parcel of throughout the formative years of his life. It's just a cinch for Jimmy!

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 114]



★ *A FREE SOUL—M-G-M*

THE picture follows, almost exactly, Adela Rogers St. Johns' splendid novel of the same name. Lionel Barrymore's performance in the rôle of a brilliant but heavy-drinking criminal lawyer is magnificent.

Norma Shearer is excellent and handles the part of his daughter perfectly. Her clothes are breath-taking in their daring. But *you* couldn't get away with them in *your* drawing-room.

Clark Gable and Leslie Howard are both grand. The story concerns a modern girl, brought up by her clever but erratic father to do exactly as she pleases—to be "a free soul."

She pleases to have a sordid affair with a gambler, whom she discovers to be a cad. By all means, see it!



★ *SMART MONEY—Warners*

THIS moves as rapidly as the money on the gambling tables in it. Laughs and excitement come in carload lots from the first shot to the last.

Edward Robinson checks up another fine performance, as he did in "Little Caesar." No, he's not a gangster. Just a gambler. He rises from a small town barber, whom the cards, dice and horses favor, to a gambling king.

Blondes are his weakness. They're as unlucky as the tables are lucky. Incidentally, they come like street cars; one right after another. Gentlemen who prefer blondes should not miss the opportunity offered to look 'em over in this picture.

Evalyn Knapp, Noel Francis, Margaret Livingston, and Gladys Lloyd (Mrs. Edward Robinson) are a few of the girls.

The Shadow Stage

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

A Review of the New Pictures



★ *THE SMILING LIEUTENANT—Paramount*

WITH Herr Lubitsch leading him by the hand, back comes Chevalier in one of the breeziest and most tuneful pieces of entertainment that we have seen in a long time. And what a relief this is, too, from some of the current types of pictures!

Here is Chevalier at his best, as an Austrian lieutenant in love with a girl orchestra leader (Claudette Colbert) but forced into marrying a princess of one of those George Barr McCutcheon kingdoms. It's really an educational film for girls who are inclined to be a little too old-fashioned!

If we must have man-and-woman and triangle stories in films, please let Mr. Lubitsch do them. He can put over a red-hot love affair and dare the censors to say it is anything but a game of checkers. The audience just grins and chuckles and laughs throughout. It's a cure for these depression blues.

The music is so generally good that there is hardly any outstanding hit. Miriam Hopkins is great as the princess, Claudette Colbert is lovely, and you will scream with laughter at George Barbier, as the king of the hokum kingdom. And, girls, just between us, notice how those actresses sock each other! *Ja wohl*, Herr Lubitsch.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

The Best Pictures of the Month

THE SMILING LIEUTENANT DADDY LONG LEGS
A FREE SOUL SMART MONEY
YOUNG DONOVAN'S KID THE VICE SQUAD
THE LAWYER'S SECRET

The Best Performances of the Month

Janet Gaynor in "Daddy Long Legs"
Warner Baxter in "Daddy Long Legs"
Lionel Barrymore in "A Free Soul"
Norma Shearer in "A Free Soul"
Paul Lukas in "The Vice Squad"
Edward Robinson in "Smart Money"
Jackie Cooper in "Young Donovan's Kid"
Maurice Chevalier in "The Smiling Lieutenant"
Claudette Colbert in "The Smiling Lieutenant"
Miriam Hopkins in "The Smiling Lieutenant"
Charles Rogers in "The Lawyer's Secret"
Elissa Landi in "Always Goodbye"
John Barrymore in "The Mad Genius"
Evelyn Brent in "The Mad Parade"
Norman Foster in "Up Pops the Devil"
Will Rogers in "Young as You Feel"
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in "Chances"
Regis Toomey in "Kick In"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 136



★ DADDY LONG LEGS—Fox

AFTER the welter of "gun operas" and pictures that reek with sex, "Daddy Long Legs" comes to the screen like a breath of sweetness from a spring meadow. Janet Gaynor, as the spunky orphanage kid, *Judy Abbott*, and Warner Baxter, as the confirmed bachelor who adopts and then falls in love with her, make a remarkable team. Both are charming. This is the wistful, sweet Janet you have always known. Here is a rôle that seems just suited to her.

The silent version, which Mary Pickford did so many years ago, was one of her greatest pictures. But the talkie-version is much better. As a stage play it was one of Ruth Chatterton's great successes of the theater.

There are no sex problems, no cocktail drinking—just a great, fine, refreshing dash of sentiment and human interest. You'll love the scenes of Janet and the rest of the little orphans.

Una Merkel and a new lad named John Arledge, with Southern accents that would make Stepin Fetchit sound like a Yankee, get plenty of laughs.

Encourage producers to make such pictures by patronizing this one. You will get your money's worth—and plenty more. The children will love it, too.



★ YOUNG DONOVAN'S KID—Radio Pictures

AND now it's Richard Dix's turn to essay a gangster thriller—will there never be an end to these? But this one points a nice moral lesson and it's full of punch. It's from the Rex Beach story, "Big Brother," once made as a silent picture.

However, that won't interest you as much as the fact that seven-year-old Jackie Cooper, the screen's new child wonder, steals this picture right from the star's nose. Dix gives a fine performance, however.

Jackie is magnificent as the gangster's kid. He'll make you cry again—and laugh, too.

There is plenty of excitement in this, and plenty of suspense.

Altogether, it's a swell show. Don't miss it.



★ THE VICE SQUAD—Paramount

BESIDES being something you'll enjoy, this is a picture you'll think about. Don't be alarmed. It isn't a problem piece, but the situation is tremendous and everyone's attitude is understandable. You know why the characters played by Paul Lukas, Kay Francis and Helen Johnson behave as they do. You forget they are actors playing parts.

The story concerns the life of a gentleman, forced to become a stool-pigeon, who discovers a way to happiness, but sacrifices that happiness upon the altar of ethics. It's a real plot and not one of your wishy-washy yarns.

The starring rôle was built for William Powell before he went to Warners, but Paul Lukas leaves nothing undone in it. Kay Francis, Helen Johnson and Esther Howard are excellent.

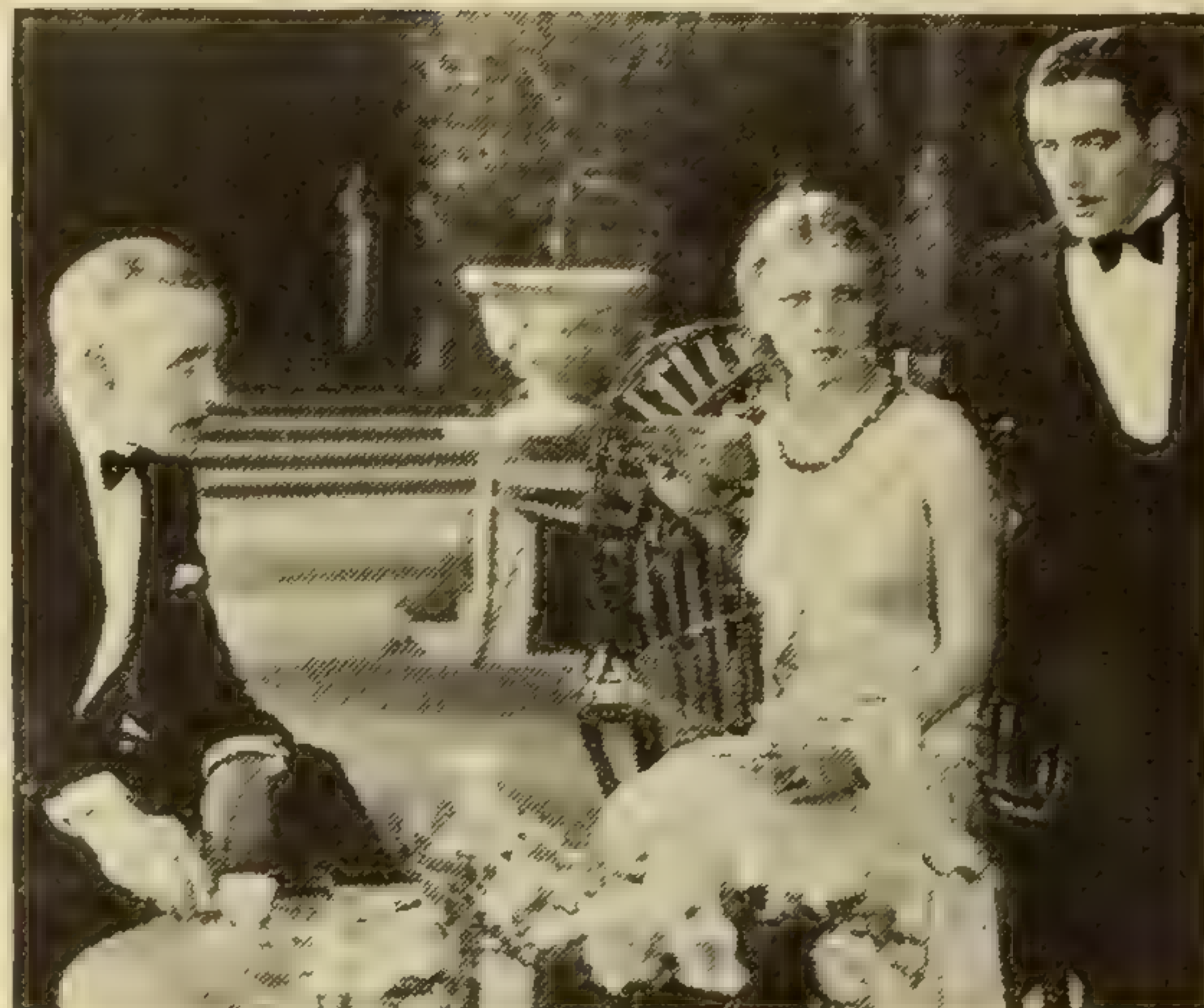
Here's Your Monthly Shopping List!

★
**THE
LAWYER'S
SECRET—**
Paramount



TAKE a look at this cast—Clive Brook, Charles Rogers, Richard Arlen, Fay Wray, Jean Arthur! Satisfied? And every one of them turns in an elegant performance. Charles isn't the débutante's delight after this—no siree! He's a first-class actor as a boy who tries to throw blame for a murder on someone else. It's an intense, brittle drama. See it by all means!

**ALWAYS
GOODBYE—**
Fox



THIS Elissa Landi has everything—charm, grace, beauty and that vital thing called glamour. Won't some kind sir or madame find a story big enough for her? This isn't bad in a light, melodramatic way (there are diamond collectors and men from Scotland Yard) but it's ordinary. Lewis Stone and Paul Cavanagh have the male leads. See *la* Landi, anyhow, and don't worry about the story.

**HIGH
STAKES—**
Radio Pictures



WITHOUT Lowell Sherman this wouldn't be so amusing, but with him we can't do less than advise you to see it. That boy can act. He makes you laugh even when you know his remarks aren't particularly funny. He's an amateur detective playing drunk in order to check on Mae Murray. Mae's playing for high stakes. She's supposed to be affected in this picture.

**THE MAD
GENIUS—**
Warners



MAGNIFICENTLY produced and photographed, but Barrymore's artistry is so perfect that "The Mad Genius" leaves a bad taste. The crippled son of a great *danseuse* can realize his own ambitions as a dancer only through a protégé. The protégé falls in love with a girl in his ballet. Marian Marsh, who played *Trilby*, is again the feminine lead and is beautiful, as well as convincing.

**THE MAD
PARADE—**
Liberty Prod.



BEFORE you swear off all war pictures forever, see this and get a final thrill. It's that all-woman war film you've been hearing about. This tale of women's hearts is even more poignant than any picturization of what war did to men. Evelyn Brent, brilliant as a diamond, gives a grand performance. June Clyde steals second dramatic honors. Lilyan Tashman, Louise Fazenda, Fritzi Ridgeway rate special praise.

**UP POPS THE
DEVIL—**
Paramount



STEVE, a young man tied to an advertising desk, thinks he could write the Great American Novel if he had time. Anne, his wife, secures a job in the chorus. He stays home and tries to write. Norman Foster is fine as *Steve* and Carole Lombard wins sympathy for *Anne*. Skeets Gallagher, Stuart Erwin and Lilyan Tashman help along. Sprightly dialogue and a fine portrayal of the spirit of today.

The First and Best Talkie Reviews!

**YOUNG AS
YOU FEEL—
Fox**



ANOTHER grand Will Rogers film, funny enough to make you forget a toothache. In this Will is a drab, middle-aged business man who suddenly discovers that a little dash of champagne and Fifi Dorsay are enough to make him younger than his sons. You'll hear plenty of *risqué* lines, but no viciousness. Good cast, with Lucien Littlefield a scream, and Fifi doing her best work.

**TRAVELING
HUSBANDS—
Radio Pictures**



YOU'VE heard the story about the traveling salesman—now's your chance to see if it's true. They're a pretty naughty lot, but they're funny. The picture is *risqué* without being smutty, humorous and yet dramatic. The scene between Evelyn Brent, the woman-on-the-road, and Dorothy Peterson, the wife, is worth the price of admission. Top-notch acting; a completely new story. Go see it.

**JUST A
GIGOLO—
M-G-M**



OOOOOH, naughty, naughty . . . !—but amusing. It deals with the theory of a young bachelor that no woman is a "no-woman" to him. He sets out to prove that, within thirty days, he can have his way with the damsel chosen as his fiancée by his uncle. You'll get a new idea of William Haines' ability as an actor. The children should stay home and listen to the radio.

**KICK IN—
Paramount**



POOOR Clara Bow. They tried to make her dramatic and sympathetic and emotional in this one, but it's a pretty sorry attempt. Of course, it might have been better if the story were not about a couple of young racketeers who try to follow the straight and narrow path. Old as last year's hat. Regis Toomey is great, but the film just doesn't click. Good try, Clara; tough luck.

**CHANCES—
First National**



YOUNG Doug's first starring picture is a war thriller—an emotion-twisting tale of two brothers' love for the same girl, pictured in a war setting that doubles the force of the story of how the two loves clash—brother-love and woman-love. Not a great picture, yet splendid entertainment. Anthony Bushell ranks nearly as high as Fairbanks. Rose Hobart adds a strangely fascinating characterization.

**WOMEN OF
ALL NATIONS
—Fox**



FOLLOWING a preview, club women raised such a fuss that it was taken back to the studio to be toned down. Edmund Lowe and Victor McLaglen as *Quirt* and *Flagg* of "What Price Glory" fame, continue their adventures. The picture has been carefully produced and the situations objected to are left to be finished in the minds of the audience. Not a family picture.

[ADDITIONAL REVIEWS ON PAGE 107]

Out on the set, Hector found a long-haired writer who talked his language. "You're not givin' me any news, kid," he told Hector. "Dig out all the old films this dame has been in and kinda meld them together. That way you'll write something they liked once, anyway"



Contact

By
Charles
Francis Coe

THE Associate Producer dropped thoughtfully into the judge's chair which tilted invitingly behind an expansive walnut desk decorated with expensive inkwells, gold pens, crystal ash trays and nondescript but important appearing papers. The harassed executive looked over this monumental array of equipment into the somewhat doleful eyes of a long-haired individual whose features were draped in the habiliments of continuous and unending disappointment.

"You see how it is, Hector," the executive pointed out. "I don't say your story is a bad one. I simply say that it does not fit into our production schedule. In the first place, we haven't

a star for it. The picture business is changing all the time. Developing and expanding. It is an art now."

He leaned forward so that the chair creaked. He reached across the great desk and opened a silver cigarette box. He helped himself and glanced inquiringly at the stricken author, who declined with a doleful shake of the head.

"Yes," the Associate Producer continued through a smoke-cloud which wreathed his face, "pictures have now reached the status of art. Each of us producers is an expert in our line. We are turning out picture plays on schedule. In order to do this, we must be practical as well as artistic. Certain actors



Proving that, in Hollywood as everyplace else, it isn't what you do but it's the way you do it

Illustrated by Frank Godwin

"That isn't necessarily love," the producer snapped.

"They married for love," Hector argued gently. "There was no money involved in the theme or any of the other causes for marriage." He paused a moment and the producer puffed at his cigarette.

"If love is a human, underlying emotion," Hector suggested quietly, "I presume also that hate would be so classified."

"Oh," the producer exploded, "lay off hate, Hector! We can't do nothing with hate."

"Why not?"

"Censors. Boy, what censors do when we show hate on the screen!"

"I have given such matters a great deal of study," Hector went on quietly, "and I am convinced that the fundamental thing is always simple. My story is a good, old-fashioned, simple love story. I figured if the director wanted to throw in a few modest boudoir scenes with an electric kiss every ten feet in the picture, he could do that himself."

"It all depends on who the actors are. Maybe your story's too simple. It just don't click, anyway," the producer insisted impatiently.

"The greatest pictures ever made had the simplest stories," Hector said.

The producer leaned forward and began rustling the convenient pile of papers on his desk. Hector reached sorrowfully for his manuscript and hat.

"I still think there's a good picture in this script," he said stubbornly. "Sooner or later, somebody's going to see it and make it."

"Mebbe so," the producer shrugged. "As it is, though, I wouldn't pay you a thousand dollars for it."

"All I'm asking is five," Hector said. "What's five thousand dollars for a story out of which you're going to spend three or four hundred thousand making a picture?"

"Well," the producer grinned tolerantly. "Try again, Hector, if you like. We'll always be glad to read your stuff."

"MAYBE if you happened to like this one and sent it to somebody else, they wouldn't. Then what would I do?"

Once again, the Associate Producer shrugged.

"The trouble is," Hector argued, "that the real creative people out here sit up nights and struggle to create something new. And the money people, those who actually make the pictures, refuse to make anything that hasn't been made before and proved successful. The result is that all pictures are exactly alike. All producers blind themselves to the real reason and go on hollering for some new angle."

fit certain parts. And we educate the public to expect those actors in those parts.

"Unfortunately, your story, which I must confess is creaky in several points but might be bolstered up, cannot, in any event, be made to fit our stars." He shrugged and smiled as benignly as was possible under the circumstances. The author dampened his lips with a darting tongue.

"Couldn't it be changed, sir?" he asked.

"I hardly see how, Hector. What we must have in pictures is a portrayal of the fundamental and underlying human emotions."

"What are they?" Hector asked timidly.

"Well," the producer shrugged, "you know that as well as I do."

"Unfortunately, I don't," Hector insisted mildly.

The Associate Producer seemed somewhat embarrassed.

"Well," he drawled, "for instance, love."

"Isn't there love in my story?"

"Well, I suppose there is. But you really didn't get it across."

"How does anybody get love across?" Hector asked. "My two people got married, didn't they?"

"This story of mine is a good, sound, dramatic story with a pretty little love interest all the way through. It deals absolutely with fundamental things and you couldn't go wrong with it. It won't be a record-breaking picture, but it's bound to be a profitable one."

The producer rattled the papers again more suggestively. He smiled through cigarette smoke at the disappointed author.

"I'm sorry, Hector, that it don't please us. But it isn't goin' to help things to have you stand there and argue with me. After all, if I gotta take the time to read your stories and after that argue about them, I might better not pay any attention to them at all. I read this story and I don't see a picture in it for us. I hope you'll be able to sell it to somebody else. Honestly, I speak right from the heart, kid, when I say to you that if I hear next week that somebody has paid a fabulous price for 'The Old Mill,' I'll be happier than you are."

By this time the author was at the door. He wet his lips again and turned as though to offer further comment. In this, however, he desisted and the producer said:

"I'll tell you, Hector, authors don't understand business very well. Why don't you get yourself an agent?"

"Agent?" Hector asked. "What good would an agent do me?"

"Well," the producer said, "you'd be surprised. I was going through the records of the studio here a short time ago and I found that of the stories we bought through our Scenario Department, almost seventy per cent came to us through agents. They understand about what we want, you see, and they know the sort of stories to hand us."

"YOU think," Hector asked, "that an agent would have a better chance of selling 'The Old Mill' for me than I have myself?"

"Well, as a matter of fact, I do."

"But I don't know any agents."

"Well," the producer said tolerantly, "why don't you drop in and see Sol Sluffin? He's a live wire. Tell him I said that

you've really got something that will come out sooner or later."

"All right," Hector said thoughtfully. "I guess I'll do that. May I say you sent me?"

"Sure, that's all right. I think you've got something in you which experience will bring out."

* * *

SOL SLUFFIN, in turn, sat behind his desk and looked at the doleful Hector. The author had a rolled manuscript under his arm and stood before the agent characteristically moistening his lips with a darting tongue.

"You understand the purpose of my visit, Mr. Sluffin," he began.

"Oh, yes," the agent nodded. "Sure, I know what you're here to talk about. Sit down, boy."

"I've brought the story with me," Hector said. "I don't suppose you could talk intelligently until you read it."

Sol shrugged his shoulders. An undulating vibration ran up the sides of his thick neck and across an array of four chins.

"Sure, I oughta read the story," he said, "but you sit there and gimme the highlights."

Briefly as he could, Hector outlined the plot of "The Old Mill."

"No synopsis is ever a satisfactory description, Mr. Sluffin," he finished. "But that gives you the general idea. I hope you'll read the story."

"Sure thing," Sol nodded violently. "Throw it over here. I'm the kind of a guy that reads a story very fast. How many pages you got here?" He unrolled the manuscript and examined it. His eyebrows rose in surprise.

"What!" he exclaimed. "You got twenty-six typewritten pages just for one short story? My God, lad, there ain't a producer in Hollywood ever read twenty-six pages of any story in the world!"

"It only runs about seven thousand words," Hector said. "Most of the magazines of the better grade print stories of that length."

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A smiling million—right to the penny, for that's what the combined yearly salary of this beaming group of 17 Paramount stars amounts to. In case the sight of so much money has made you blink, we'll identify them for you. Top row, left to right: Stuart Erwin, Eugene Pallette, Clive Brook, Kay Francis, Gary Cooper, Jack Oakie, Skeets Gallagher, William Boyd. Second row: Richard Arlen, Carole Lombard, Wynne Gibson, Rosita Moreno, Norman Foster, Sylvia Sidney, Lilyan Tashman. Mitzi Green and Jackie Searl are the youngsters in front

"Give Arbuckle a Chance!"

By
James R. Quirk

That's the unanimous verdict
of the motion picture democracy
but organized moralists and
reformers are relentless and
unforgiving



He made the cleanest comedies ever made and gave humanity a billion laughs

THE motion picture public—that vast army which pays the freight and makes the movies possible—has given PHOTOPLAY its answer to the question of Roscoe (Fatty) Arbuckle's return to the screen.

And its answer—a unanimous answer—is: Let Arbuckle come back.

Out of thousands of letters received by PHOTOPLAY Magazine as a result of a story in the March issue and a nation-wide broadcast, in which the editor of PHOTOPLAY made an appeal to the motion picture public to express its opinion on the Arbuckle question, there was not one dissenting voice. As one person they wrote in to approve Fatty's return.

The only dissenters—and we must admit this was not unexpected—were the good folks who were responsible for having him barred from the screen ten years ago. They are still unrelenting and unforgiving—and there is nothing quite so unrelenting and unforgiving as a professional moralist.

In the article in the March issue Arbuckle was quoted as saying that all he wants is a chance to work. In a letter to the editor of PHOTOPLAY he says:

"I have no desire to return to the screen as an actor. In the dark hours of my life it was a consolation to know that I had given happiness to millions of people. There doesn't seem to be much chance of happiness for me. No man can live and be happy without work, and all I want is to be permitted to use whatever talents and training I have in the writing and direction of pictures under my own name."

That doesn't seem to be much to ask. The motion picture public has given its decision by its astonishing response to PHOTOPLAY's appeal, astonishing not only in the number of letters received, but in the absolute unanimity of expression.

ONLY the Good Folks dissent. They may preach the precept, "To err is human, to forgive, divine," but they don't practice it.

The attitude of Canon William S. Chase, one of the most active figures in the world of organized reform, is typical. He says:

"I have no personal animosity toward this man, but I think it very unwise to have him restored at this time to what I consider a very important moral influence in this country."

Most of the others avoided the issue and declined to answer PHOTO-

PLAY's question, but Mrs. R. L. Sisson, of the Women's Federated Club, Potsdam, New York, replied:

"There are too many good artists. I have no desire to see one of such notoriety."

On the other hand, those men who were most active at Arbuckle's court trials, the prosecuting attorney and jurymen, come forward with a fine exhibition of fair play.

Nat Friedman, a juror at the second trial, who voted guilty, says:

"I feel that Arbuckle is a victim of circumstances. He has every right to use his own name in moving pictures and make his own income."

AND August Fritze, foreman of the first jury that tried Arbuckle, says:

"He is more than entitled to the opportunity to resume his theatrical career. I was foreman of the first jury that tried him. If it had not been for one woman, he would have walked out of court a free man. He has taken a lot of undeserved punishment. What is there to gain by keeping a stigma over Arbuckle's head?"

"Officially, he is innocent. Three juries failed to prove him guilty. It surely is not fair to condemn him for what someone *thinks* he did. Arbuckle's contributions to the screen were always commendable. In the name of Americanism, he should be permitted to go his own way untroubled."

PHOTOPLAY feels that the verdict of the motion picture public and the men quoted above, who were made familiar with every phase of the charges against Arbuckle and the three trials that resulted from them, should be accepted as final and that Roscoe Arbuckle is entitled to work under his own name.

He is now working in a minor capacity in the studios in Hollywood under another name. There is no question that Arbuckle is one of the greatest masters of picture comedy in Hollywood, and in these times we need laughter.

NO one ever accused Arbuckle of making a picture that wasn't clean. Even the relentless reformers have to admit that. He was a favorite of the children and that is brought out forcibly in scores of letters received from parents who are readers of PHOTOPLAY and who have taken the trouble to write in and say that he should be given a chance to work.

And now there is a still greater
[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 112]

MATHEW BRADY, San Francisco district attorney, who prosecuted Arbuckle bitterly through three trials, seeking his conviction, says Fatty should be permitted to go into business and earn his own living.

"The prosecution at the time of the trial gave to the jury and the court every bit of evidence it had against him," says Mr. Brady. "After three trials the jury brought in a verdict of 'not guilty.' After that absolution Arbuckle should be entitled to make his own living in his own way."

And that from the man who fought with all the power of the State of California behind him, with only one purpose in mind—to put Roscoe behind the bars!



Clara Bow had good reason to fear newspaper publicity

Hollywood's

A revealing story of the terrors that beset the stars and turn their hard won successes into worrisome burdens of unhappiness

By Ruth Biery

HOLLYWOOD'S Age of Fear is the Age of Success. It is when the stars have reached the summit that the horrors of a terrific nightmare harass them and fright of the future becomes an obsession. Ironically enough, it is when they should be most happy that they become most unhappy.

Years ago when Gloria Swanson and her first husband, Wallace Beery, rode around Hollywood in a great yellow car to attract attention they were happy. Their seventy-five dollars a week offered security in the present and encouragement for the future.

When Gloria Swanson, with her third husband, the Marquis de la Falaise, listened to the acclaim of all Hollywood at the première of "Madame Sans Gene," she was a frightened and unhappy woman. She was afraid to accept \$20,000 a week from Paramount because of the bad stories that might be rushed into production to guarantee the proper returns upon such a colossal salary.

Wallace Beery suffered from the same experience Gloria had feared. He made "Behind the Front" and "We're in the Navy Now" for Paramount. They were sensations. He says:

"**E**ACH cost \$500,000. They were well produced. The exhibitors made a lot of money. The producers saw a chance to clean up. 'We don't care whether we kill Beery and Hatton,' they reasoned, 'we'll make three or four in a hurry, sell them at a big increase in price, and clean up.' They did. Such silly things as 'Fireman, Save My Child.' And they killed the team of Beery and Hatton.

"When M-G-M released 'Min and Bill' I begged them not to kill Dressler and Beery. 'Wait six or eight months and then let us turn out another one as good or better. Don't wash the welcome off the door-mat,' I said. Thank heavens they are waiting."

Climbing the Hollywood ladder you don't have the same fear. Mary Pickford summarized it the other day when she said: "While you are climbing everyone helps you. When you are there, the reverse is true. On the top you

must make your own decisions. It is not enough to have acting ability. You must be a clever executive and able to judge and manage your every movement shrewdly."

The greater the heights, the greater the fear. I doubt if anyone has had more fears than Mary. When Doug, Jr., married Joan, Mary objected. She dreaded the thought of "America's Sweetheart" becoming a grandmother.

"America's Sweetheart."

"Queen of the Movies."

"Mistress of Pickfair."

Think of the titles she has had to live up to.

"**A**ND I didn't choose one," she says plaintively. "The press even named 'Pickfair' for us. And it was one Christmas night when I was playing 'Good Little Devil' in Baltimore that I first heard myself called 'Queen of the Movies.' I hated it. I turned to my mother and said, 'It makes me feel like a snake charmer.'"

Yet, she has been afraid *not* to live up to the titles that an adoring public heaped upon her.

"When abroad," she went on, "I was introduced to titled people. They entertained us. When they come to this country it is only courteous for me to entertain them."

But in doing so she has feared the effect of this "royalty complex" upon the American people.

Life is comparatively simple for Anita Page, Carole Lombard, Joan Marsh, Frank Albertson, William Bakewell and dozens of others who are on the lower or middle steps of the ladder. They are living in hope, waiting for the one big rôle that will make them.

LEW AYRES knew nothing of real fear until "All Quiet on the Western Front" was released and he was trade-marked a sensation, for fear of the next meal is small compared to fear of losing an income of thousands weekly. For three years Charlie Farrell won the popularity contest of a New York newspaper. This year Lew Ayres nosed Charlie to second place. "The Doorway to Hell," another good picture, helped him win the



Wallace Beery feared bad stories would ruin the success good ones had earned

Age Of FEAR



Greta Garbo fears the harm the wagging of friends' tongues will do

competition. Now he wonders: "Will my next picture be as great?" He asks himself:

DARE I MARRY LOLA LANE OR ANY OTHER YOUNG WOMAN? WILL IT HURT MY POPULARITY TO GET MARRIED?

HE has many examples. If he reaches the heights of the John Gilbert of silent pictures, every move of his marital life will be followed and marked for or against him.

Sue Carol reached the \$1,750 a week class. Then she married Nick Stuart. Radio Pictures did not renew Sue's contract in May. I heard a well known Hollywood actress tell Sue the other day, "If you will pardon me, dear, there has been too much of Sue and Nick. It has hurt your sex appeal on the screen."

How much Vilma Banky's and Rod La Rocque's marriage had to do with their turn of fortunes is problematical, but it had its share of responsibility.

As long as Johnny Mack Brown remains a leading man his wife is not tremendously important. If he becomes a Gilbert or a Colman or a Valentino, he will be unable to keep her out of the picture.

The public was trained to accept Joan Crawford and Doug, Jr.'s, marriage by Joan's cleverness. They told the public they were *afraid*, until the public pitied and begged them to marry.

Marriage is a common fear of the Hollywood successful.

DARE I MAKE FRIENDS?

FRIENDS are a Hollywood menace. They know too much.

I am certain Greta Garbo would have liked turning gangster and taking some of her friends for a ride when they talked about her.

Adrian, the designer for Metro, is a friend of Greta. I learned, accidentally, that Garbo had sent Adrian flowers when she saw the clothes he had made her for "Romance." I went to him to check the story.

"Please don't print it," he asked. "I wish to keep her friendship."

"I've had to sweat pretty hard for my success," says Charlie Chaplin, "but the trouble of it is that things don't get any easier. It's difficult to get to the top of any tree, but what's more difficult is to stay there. One's got to go on beating one's self all the time."

I chatted with Mrs. Jacques Feyder, wife of the director who is frequently seen with Garbo. Mrs. Feyder pointed with pride to a picture of the star on her mantel. "I wish I could talk about her," she said simply, "but Miss Garbo comes over and plays with the children. The children adore her. She would not come any more if I talked about her."

I doubt if there is a really successful man or woman in Hollywood who is not afraid of his intimates. I know there are many who keep certain intimates only because they are afraid of them.

WHAT SHALL I DO WITH MY MONEY? SHALL I PUT IT INTO GET-RICH-QUICK SCHEMES AND GAMBLE ON A FORTUNE WHILE MY INCOME IS HERE, OR SHALL I PUT IT INTO GILT-EDGED BONDS AND RUN THE RISK OF MY CAREER LASTING UNTIL THERE IS AN INCOME SUFFICIENT TO TAKE CARE OF ME?

RICHARD DIX took the gamble. Dix had a few good pictures, "The Christian," for example.

"Then I did a long series of 'walk throughs,'" he recounted. "I'd kiss my grandmother and make an exit. But after all is said and done, it's the check every pay day that counts. I continued to do them because of fear I'd lose the check. I invested in get-rich-quick schemes because I was afraid the checks would stop from bad pictures and I wanted financial protection.

"I have a horror of being broke—and here I am, broke. But to be broke after you've made it! To get used to four figures a week and then be constantly afraid it won't last long enough to give you financial independence is a frantic experience.

"The fear on \$3 a week is nothing compared with the fear on \$3,000!"

Three years ago Greta Garbo, at the end of her first three

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Richard Dix feared the big salary checks would stop before he became financially independent



Lew Ayres fears what marriage will do to the popularity his sudden success has brought



Hal Phyfe

WHEN Louise Bernhardt arrived in Los Angeles to appear as soloist with the Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra, following Schumann-Heink and other opera folks, producers deluged her with contracts. Young, beautiful and gifted with a remarkable contralto voice, she proved a magnificent screen subject in several shorts, notably "A Tribute to Mother." Note the diversity of her personality in these pictures, both taken at the same sitting. In one she has the lure of a Garbo or Dietrich; in the other the ingénue quality of a Gaynor or Mary Brian.

Two Girls in One!

See GARBO First

Author of "Hollywood with a Spy-Glass," discoverer of the knot-hole in Greta Garbo's back fence

By
Leonard
Hall

NO doubt, readers, you are now planning That Little Trip for this summer—something to fill those precious two weeks Away From the Grind.

Perchance you are figuring on Yellowstone Park, The Grand Canyon, Coney Island or a visit to Tony's—ring twice, ask for Gus and tell him Mr. Hossefross sent you.

These journeys are all very well in their way, but they are primarily for the dullard, the conventional soul who is content to hand six feet of green ticket to the conductor, sink back on the cushions and let the railroad company do the rest.

Are you one in whom the spirit of adventure still throbs, like galloping toothache of the soul? Are you willing to risk all for a thrill? Are you of the bulldog breed which rode in covered wagons for Paramount back in '25 and fought the redskins and canned-corn ptomaine along The Big Trail (Fox, '30)?

Then forget the silly trips to the mountains, the shore, the shanties in the hills!

See Garbo First!

It's the most exciting adventure left to desk-chained Americans today. The hunt for Villa was just a game of tag to tracking down and laying dazzled eyes on the Secretive Swede.

The sands and boulevards of Hollywood are white with the bleaching bones of ferocious flappers who perished of starvation while waiting for Garbo to emerge from her Santa Monica deadfall and go down to the store for a pint of milk. Thousands have drowned while lurking behind shrubbery in the hope of seeing her come out for a walk in the rain.

Few living men can boast of having seen the Scandinavian Hermitess. I have seen Greta Garbo—a sight never vouchsafed Admiral Byrd, Robert Ripley or any other of eternity's famous gate crashers!

Perhaps you are willing to give all, dare all, do all to witness this eye-blistering sight. If you want something easy, go chase the wall-eyed wallaby through the Australian bush! But if you have the heart of a lion, the patience of a saint and the curiosity of a film censor, take up the pursuit of our Stockholm Siren.

Mother and I trekked into the Hollywood jungles, not long ago, with this one avowed purpose. We would see Garbo!

Our safari was equipped with express rifles, field-glasses, trout-flies, butterfly nets and many cans of Swedish antipasto as bait.

We had one idea. Other matters—a possible hair-pulling bout between Connie Bennett and Lil Tashman, for instance—could wait.

We stalked Garbo as a hobo stalks cherry pies.

By bribing a studio press-agent with a ticket for the movies, we managed to rig up an electric gong signal at the head of Mother's bed. Whenever Garbo issued from the Metro lot bound for location, the bell rang, a red rocket went up and Mother and I leaped for the long, red automobile that puffed and pawed the ground, twenty-four hours a day, at the hotel door.

Once we lost her in the Nevada desert—we learned later that Garbo had fooled us that time by turning into a coyote and howling for her mate. Once, with a police escort on motorcycles, we roared to Santa Monica in four minutes, eight seconds, only to find that the supposed Greta was only some unknown blonde digging her pinkies into the sand. Her boy friend threw stones at us and chased us away.

AGAIN, I bought the newsstand where Garbo was said to come, at dead of night, to buy her copy of the *Stockholm Njews-Tjimes*. I cursed when I learned that she had, that morning, given up reading for Lent. I hired out as grocer's boy, and was bitten by a large dog next door.

One day Mother and I thought we had her. Garbo was having a bowl of bean soup at Ye Olde Beverlye Hillse Sandwiche Nooke. Mother guarded the front door—I the rear. Two hours later we found that the star had been carried out on a tray, covered with a napkin. I even

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 113]

We shot several guards named Nils, Sven and Moscha. Then the portal opened slowly and a tall, rather awkward figure stood before us



\$5,000⁰⁰ in Prizes

1. Seventy cash prizes will be paid by PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, as follows:

First Prize.....	\$1,000.00
Second Prize.....	750.00
Third Prize.....	500.00
Fourth Prize.....	300.00
Fifth Prize.....	200.00
Twenty-five Prizes of \$50 each.....	1,250.00
Forty Prizes of \$25 each..	1,000.00

2. In four issues (the June, July, August and September numbers) PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE in publishing puzzle pictures of well-known motion picture actors and actresses. Eight complete puzzle pictures appear in each issue. Each puzzle picture will consist of the lower face and shoulders of one player, the nose and eyes of another, and the upper face of a third. When completed, eight portraits may be produced. \$5,000.00 in prizes, as specified in rule No. 1, will be paid to the persons sending in the nearest correctly named and most neatly arranged set of thirty-two portraits.

3. Do not submit any solutions or answers until after the fourth set of puzzle pictures has appeared in the September issue. Completed puzzle pictures must be submitted in sets of thirty-two only. Identifying names should be written or typewritten below each assembled portrait. At the conclusion of the contest all pictures should be sent to PICTURE PUZZLE EDITORS, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Be sure that your full name and complete address is written on, or attached to, your entry; that your entry is securely packed to guard against damage in transit; and that it carries sufficient postage to avoid delay.

Read the Rules Carefully Before Starting Work

4. Contestants can obtain help in solving the puzzle pictures by carefully studying the poems appearing below the pictures in each issue. Each eight-line verse refers to the two sets of puzzle pictures appearing directly above it. The six-line verse applies generally to the four sets on that page. Bear in mind that it costs absolutely nothing to enter this contest. Indeed, the contest is purely an amusement. You do not need to be a subscriber or reader of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE to compete. You do not have to buy a single issue. You may copy or trace the pictures from the originals in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE and assemble the pictures from the copies. Copies of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE may be examined at the New York and Chicago offices of the publication, or at public libraries, free of charge.

5. Aside from accuracy in completing and identifying puzzle pictures, neatness and originality in contestants' methods of submitting solutions will be considered in awarding prizes. The thirty-two puzzle pictures, or their drawn duplicates, when completed, must have the name of the player written or typewritten below.

6. The judges will be a committee of members of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE's staff. Their decision will be final. No relatives or members of the household of anyone connected with this

publication can submit solutions. Otherwise, the contest is open to everyone everywhere.

7. In the case of ties for any of the prizes offered the full amount of the prize tied for will be given to each tying contestant.

8. The contest will close at midnight on September 20th. All solutions received from the time the fourth set of pictures appears to the moment of midnight on September 20th will be considered by the judges. No responsibility in the matter of mail delays or losses will rest with PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. Send your answers as soon as possible after the last set of puzzle pictures appears in the September issue, which will be for sale on the newsstands on or about August 15th. The prize winners will be announced in the January, 1932, issue of PHOTOPLAY.

9. Because of the time and labor required to re-pack and re-ship thousands of entries, it will be impossible to return any of them. They will be sent to hospitals and orphanages to gladden the hearts of sick and homeless children.

Suggestions Contestants should study the poems appearing in connection with the puzzle pictures. These are the indicators for identifying the contest puzzle pictures and winning prizes.

It is suggested that contestants merely pin their solutions together until the four sets of pictures are complete. This will permit the shifting and changing about of pictures as the contest progresses—and will give time for lengthy consideration and study.

Each puzzle picture is a portrait of a well-known motion picture actor or actress.

70 Readers Must Win

Follow the Arrows





PHOTOGRAPHER STAGG dresses up a charming portrait of George Arliss and Doris Kenyon, who plays opposite him in "Alexander Hamilton," in the spirit of the new picture

This Way to Puzzles



Turn Over

Photoplay Magazine's New \$5,000.00 Puzzle Contest



Upper

The hair is deep auburn—no commonplace red!
The eyes had their chance due to Barrie;
The mouth is the college boy's idol, they say
She's the choice of each Tom, Dick and Harry!

Lower

The hair has a son who's about a year old,
The eyes are already twice wed;
The mouth is from Texas, she's just twenty-three,
And she'll go a long way, it is said.

Upper

The hair's from Chicago, the town of gang wars,
The eyes were Canadian raised;
The mouth has known tragedy out of the sky,
And her courage can't be over-praised!

Lower

The hair had a part in an Ina Claire film,
The eyes never played on the stage;
The mouth was discovered by Douglas MacLean,
And her triumphs would fill a whole page.

RESUME

Three of them are known to their fans by screen names,
And only one's medium tall;
None of them has blonde hair, and one is unwed,
And one came from quaint Montreal.
Not one went to college nor knew the legit,
And all of the four of them surely have "it"!



Upper

The hair came to us from the Empire State,
The eyes from a warmer land came;
The mouth entered pictures in nineteen-fifteen,
'Twas a war play that brought him his fame!

Lower

The hair claims his birthplace as Al Smith's home town,
The eyes wed a blonde star in haste,
The mouth knew the stage for a number of years,
But he finds the screen more to his taste

Upper

The hair has been married to three charming girls,
The eyes have a daughter and son,
The mouth started out as a dancer, and now
On a singing career he's begun

Lower

The hair had ten brothers and sisters—how's that?
The eyes are first starred in "Shipmates"
The mouth has been seen in many screen thrillers,
For his next picture everyone waits

RESUMI

Three have been married, and one never was
All four of them have hair that's brown
Two of them are sons of the East, and just one
Was born in a small Western town
Three of them are daddies, and two have light eyes
And each one has known a spectacular rise

Those Amazing Bennett



AMAZER Number One. That girl Constance, svelte, sophisticated, charming, and making it pay her \$30,000 a week. Earning twenty times what her veteran stage father does, and known to more people in a few years than her dad in his stage lifetime, she is virtually the head of the clan



SISTER JOAN is lovely, beguiling, youthful, a different type than the enchantress beside her, yet a star in her own right, collecting \$2,000 a week, and a mother. She pursues her career with the same intensity that moves Constance and seems only to be getting into stride now on her upward climb

Girls—and Their Pappy

By

Harry Lang



Even being happily married is amazing when one of the Bennett girls does it, and Barbara amazes as the wife of Morton Downey, content with a career of love and domesticity

IT'S a powerfully overworked word in these days of tabloid reporting—that word “amazing!” But it's the one word that inevitably pops and keeps popping into your mind when you give thought to this Bennett family. The Barrymores, now, are interesting—sometimes startling, and not infrequently downright shocking. But the Bennetts are simply amazing!

And just at this particular moment, things have come to a particularly amazing pass in the amazing Bennett family. For out at the Warner Bros. movie lot, Papa Richard Bennett—that audience-damning, stormy petrel of the stage—has offhandedly cast away his richly earned stardom and taken a completely subordinate rôle in support of the straw-haired kid he used to bounce on his knee not so many years ago—his daughter Constance.

Richard Bennett—the Richard Bennett!—is just another actor in the cast of Connie's starring picture “Bought.” And although he's getting the not-to-be-sneezed-at pay of \$1,500 a week, it pales into nothingness compared with the fact that Daughter Constance is getting just *twenty* times what they're paying papa. Constance is getting \$30,000 a week from Warners. And what that makes Papa Bennett is just another of those things that can happen only in Hollywood.

You might think, without reading any further, that Bennett père is a bit chagrined at the situation. You might think he's looking for a hole to crawl into at the thought that the snub-nosed brat he used to spank is getting thirty grand a week while he's getting only one-twentieth of that.

BUT he isn't. On the contrary, he's as proud as a million peacocks! “It's the proudest moment of my life”—those are his very own words. And that's merely another amazing manifestation of these amazing Bennetts—they appear to lack that notorious professional jealousy that has broken up so many theatrical homes.

Oh, there's been gossip buzzing around Hollywood to the effect that the Bennetts hate the sight of each other. That Papa Bennett won't speak to Constance, and Constance won't speak to Joan and so on and so on and so on. But it isn't true.

You know the customary gesture when you want to illustrate how close friends two pals are?—you hold up two fingers close together and say “they're like that.” Well, with the Bennett clan

you can hold up a hand with all four fingers stuck tighter than adhesive tape, and you can truthfully say “they're just like that, those amazing Bennetts—Richard and Constance and Joan and even Barbara.”

YES—even Barbara. For, if there's some tinge of incompleteness in the Bennett professional pride, it has to do with Barbara. Barbara prefers matrimony and domesticity to a career—and that seems, somehow, to irk the other Bennetts just a trifle. But it's a very wee trifle and Papa Richard staunchly defends his odd daughter—the one who stays married when the others didn't; the one whose hair is dark while the others is golden; the one whose name isn't up in electric lights on theater marquees everywhere.

“Barbara?” he echoes when you mention her name—“Barbara? Well, I've always had to force her. She approached everything with fear and trembling, and then she finally met Morton Downey. She seems to love him. Oh, she's had offers, but Morton doesn't want her to play on the stage or screen—matrimony, domesticity, that's her career. You know, to my state of mind, she's doing just as well as her sisters because, after all, she's happy, isn't she?”

You wonder if she's a disappointment to him—when he compares Barbara with Joan who's making \$2,000 a week with the Fox company on a long-term contract, and Constance, with that hair-raising \$30,000-a-week arrangement with the Warners and that \$25,000-a-week business with RKO-Pathe. So you ask him if Barbara is a disappointment to him. “Disappointment? I should say not. She's made her mark in pictures. Why, she was the very first of the Bennett sisters to make a success in films, several years ago. But after all, she's just a girl who wants to be married and have a family. So she's doing that. Why, I'm sure that if Barbara liked the stage or screen as much as Constance or Joan does, she could make as good as either of them. But her hobby is domesticity and if that's what she wants, let her make a success of that!”

And that disposes of Barbara, the wife. It's just another of the amazing facts of the Bennett clan that Barbara, in contrast with her sisters, should be the wife-type while both Joan and Constance are immeasurably more successful as ex-wives!

Of course, Constance is the big thrill of the outfit. Constance is [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 130]



And here's Bennett, père, that fascinating stormy petrel of the stage, thirty years a star and yet proud as a peacock to act in support of Constance

Four Newcomers Who



A New Type of Sex Appeal

"YOUR ears stick out—
"Your hair isn't curly—
"You aren't good looking—"

This is the song producers sang to Clark Gable six years ago when he tried crashing the movies.

Today, they are singing a different tune—to the sum of \$750 weekly and a five-year contract with Metro.

The styles in movie heroes change. *Then*, the sheik reigned, Valentino. *Now*, it's the big he-man with the rough and tumble personality, Clark Gable.

They wouldn't give him a chance then. Now, he's completed: "The Painted Desert," "The Easiest Way," "The Mob," "Dance Fools, Dance," "The Secret Six," "A Free Soul" and "Laughing Sinners," in which he took Johnny Mack Brown's part opposite Joan Crawford. At the moment he is Garbo's newest leading man, playing opposite her in "Susan Lenox."

His entire thirty years have unwittingly developed that he-man angle. He was on his own at fourteen; drilling oil at twenty. One time he threw all he had at a station agent with, "How far will this take me?"

It took him to Butte, Montana, where he joined other unemployed. A pawnbroker gave him seven dollars for his "other" suit when he couldn't get a job. He rode the rods to Oregon. Lumber camps. Out of work again. A wandering stock troupe without pay—a split of profits when there were any.

HE liked the gamble of stage life and he stuck to it. Played *Sergeant Quirt* with Louis Wolheim in Los Angeles, and the newspaper reporter in "Chicago" with Nancy Carroll.

Hit Broadway as he had hit Butte. They needed a he-man for "Machinal." He looked the part and got it.

In Hollywood, the girls rate him with sex-appeal. Even Joan Crawford.

His two wives have nothing to do with it. The *ex* teaches school in Los Angeles.

The current Mrs. Gable was a stock-professional.



She's Hard To Know

WYNNE GIBSON is the kind of girl you never feel you can quite know. Oh, she's cordial, and a good fellow, but those who work and play with her feel that behind it all, she's hiding something, or pushing something back inside her.

"She's clowning around so much that you just feel it's not the real Wynne—that she's just covering up," is the way they put it.

Well, maybe—but Wynne says it isn't so. She's red-haired and cute and Irish. She came to Paramount without any great hurrah, but after she'd played in a few pictures everybody began to ask who she was, and now they feel she's got a great future ahead of her. They compare her with Nancy Carroll, Ruth Chatterton and even say sometimes that she's a feminine Jack Oakie—but none of them fit her.

She's a trouper if ever there was one. Other actresses want their dressing-rooms primped up, but Wynne is satisfied as long as hers is clean. She doesn't spend money on clothes and jewelry, but she goes for automobiles in a big way. She has a special car now that cost more than a half-dozen stenographers could make in a year.

SHE was born in New York and ran away from home because her parents wouldn't let her be an actress. Her stage career wasn't a great success. She came to Hollywood on a Paramount contract in 1930, and has been climbing ever since.

Has never been married, and Hollywood sees no signs of her getting that way. "It's uncanny for a girl that pretty not to be seen out with men friends," Hollywood says. But the fact remains that when you see her at lunch or out places, it's usually with some woman friend.

She loves to play practical jokes and make wisecracks, but won't talk much about herself. Interviewing her is lots of fun, but you don't get any information about Wynne. She's not beautiful, but she has an attractive personality. They're trying to get her to dress herself and her hair so as to appear less cute and more Chattertony.

Are On The Up *and* Up



He Likes to Be Lazy



This Gal's A Real Trouper

JOEL McCREA is his real name. He is twenty-five years old, six feet, two, has curly brown hair, blue eyes, and lazy as nobody's business. That's why he's in pictures. . . .

When he graduated from Pomona College, not far from Los Angeles, he tried to figure out what he could make the most money at by doing least.

The answer seemed to be the movies, and Joel hasn't found any reason yet to believe he was wrong.

He's making around \$750 a week now, and not working half as hard as a lot of people who are getting maybe \$35 or so.

He went into pictures deliberately. He knew he was good looking, and what it would do to the fannettes' hearts. But even Joel didn't know what it would do to stars' hearts, too. Joel is one of Hollywood's outstanding ladies' men, and he gets a bit peevish if you mention it.

He and Dorothy Mackaill were quite exclusive about each other for a while; she used to call him "Softy," for a pet name. More recently, he's been going places much with Constance Bennett while the Marquis Henri de la Falaise says, more or less cheerfully, that it's "all right and Joel is my best friend."

JOEL is under a long-term contract to Radio Pictures, but he plays for a lot of other companies because famous stars like Connie Bennett ask for him as their leading man. Radio loans him out.

He dresses well, is always a perfect gentleman, swears very little, takes himself quite seriously, hopes to be a great movie star some day.

Although he admits he's lazy, he does work hard when in production. But the rest of the time, he likes to loaf around the beach.

Plays tennis and rides a bit. Prefers outdoor life, but fits well in a drawing-room.

He's proud of his success, of course, but insists he'll never get a swelled head or show other symptoms of having gone badly Hollywood. Reason?—"I've got too darn nice a family," he says.

WHEN John McCormick, ex-husband of Colleen Moore, sailed for Honolulu, he said, "I will not marry Mae Clarke or anyone else." But, since then, he evidently changed his mind about the "anyone else" for he married Mrs. Janet Gattis, of Washington, D. C. For eight months Mae was engaged to marry him, but there was more than that to her love. They were friends, first; sweethearts afterwards.

Having been divorced from Lew Brice, she thought that she had achieved the perfect companionship with John.

But she's a valiant little soul and she knows how to take 'em on the chin. She and Barbara Stanwyck began together in the chorus and both—they were all of sixteen—swore that some day they'd be great actresses. Barbara has proved herself conclusively, and if Mae gets a few more parts like the one she has in "The Front Page" there won't be any doubt about her. John McCormick having failed her, she has thrown herself headlong into her work.

SHE started in amateur theatricals in Atlantic City. Earl Lindsay, the producer, discovered her and induced her to turn professional. She sang in night clubs, went into vaudeville to get experience, and got a part as a dancer in "Gay Paree," a musical production.

Unashamed of her humble beginning, she runs through a funny little scrap-book of snapshots and clippings she saved when she was in the chorus.

"Barbara would die if she knew I had some of these old pictures," she said. "See the funny look I've got—that crooked sinister smile? That was because I'd had a tooth pulled and I didn't have enough money to get one put in properly. I could only smile out of one corner of my mouth."

But those hard times are ended. One of the brightest of the newer batch of players, she has bought a home in Westwood and her mother, father and kid brother and sister live with her. Her father was a theater organist. Then came the talkies and the old ill wind blew fame and fortune in Mae's direction.



One of the strange cases B—Madge Bellamy who didn't pull with the public sufficiently to warrant continued starring. She is living in Europe now, her back turned firmly on any future screen offers



Was it temperament? Betty Bronson says not. It's just another sad case of limited box-office appeal

Bellamy Bronson Borden

By Katherine Albert

NAMES, names, names! That's the cry of the producers. Names to string in electric lights. Names to lure the wayward fans inside the theaters. Names to quicken the pulse of the American public.

The studios look for new faces, new personalities. They build up stars only to let them drop. What causes this? Three young women come quickly to mind. They have well-known names. They are good actresses. But they have done almost no screen work in the last couple of years. Why?

They are Betty Bronson, Madge Bellamy and Olive Borden. There are many more, but these may be considered three cases B. Why have these girls failed? Let us consider both sides—producer versus star.

FIRST case on the docket—Betty Bronson.

After her great success in "Peter Pan," Paramount gave her a long-term contract. Now, not having worked for a number of months, she is playing a second lead in a picture at Columbia. Why?

We'll hear the producers' side first. They say she is temperamental. One picture in which she was cast required that she wear lounging pajamas, and this was in the day when pajamas were still *risqué* as a French postcard. Betty refused.

Three names dimmed. Read why these once-famous stars are not so popular today

Again, she was told to smoke a cigarette before the camera. Betty refused. Or rather, Betty's mother refused. Mother invariably took the rap for Betty and quarreled with the executives about working hours, money, type of rôles and all the other things movie mamas interest themselves in. At last the girl's contract was allowed to lapse.

When it was understood that the option would not be renewed, Mrs. Bronson ate a goodly portion of humble pie.

Why, if necessary, Betty would smoke a black cigar. But this vigorous change of heart came too late. Betty was through.

She went to M-G-M for "The Bellamy Trial" and might have done something else there had she not suddenly gone to England.

It appears that a young man named Joe Pendergrast was being graduated from Oxford and Betty wanted to see the deed done.

Upon her return, she was cast in the famous Al Jolson picture, "The Singing Fool." Jolson didn't take to her.

Now, for Betty's side. Betty said that the reason she would not wear the pajamas and smoke the cigarette upon the screen was because she was not the type, her fans would disapprove and such gestures would cause her professional death. She explained the European trip by saying she was stagnating in Hollywood and had to get away. She also claimed that she had not the slightest notion why Jolson didn't like her, for she had tried to be nice and do whatever was necessary. Never was she temperamental.

The case of Betty Bronson rests for a moment.

NOW, for Madge Bellamy.

Here is the complaint of the producer. It was said that she, too, was temperamental, that she put on the grand robes of stardom, attempted to dictate to her bosses and refused to work with a certain director assigned to her. This last was the immediate cause of the breaking of her contract.

Madge, herself, tells another story. She was not temperamental. It is true that she never really liked her pictures. For all her baby-doll face, she has a good head, and she felt that her program pictures were not bringing out the talent she had to offer.

She was promised, by the highest executive, the rôle of *Diane* in "7th Heaven." During a trip to Europe, she was photographed upon the battlefields of France to prepare herself. She returned to find Janet Gaynor playing it. This hurt Madge. She felt it was unfair. But she went on and did what she was



Olive Borden is another star that took a toboggan ride. Temperament was the excuse given—but again that old devil box-office was the reason

assigned to do. She did "Mother Knows Best" and one other. Then she was called into the executive office one day and told the name of her next director.

"Oh, but I can't work with him," she said. "He was assistant director on my set once and he took a dislike to me. There is something that must pass between star and director—a mutual understanding that is necessary for the success of a film. I simply cannot work with him, for I know we'd make a failure—his hating me as he does."

"YOU can't tell us who shall direct you," said the producer. "And if you don't like it, you can quit."

"All right," said Madge. "I quit."

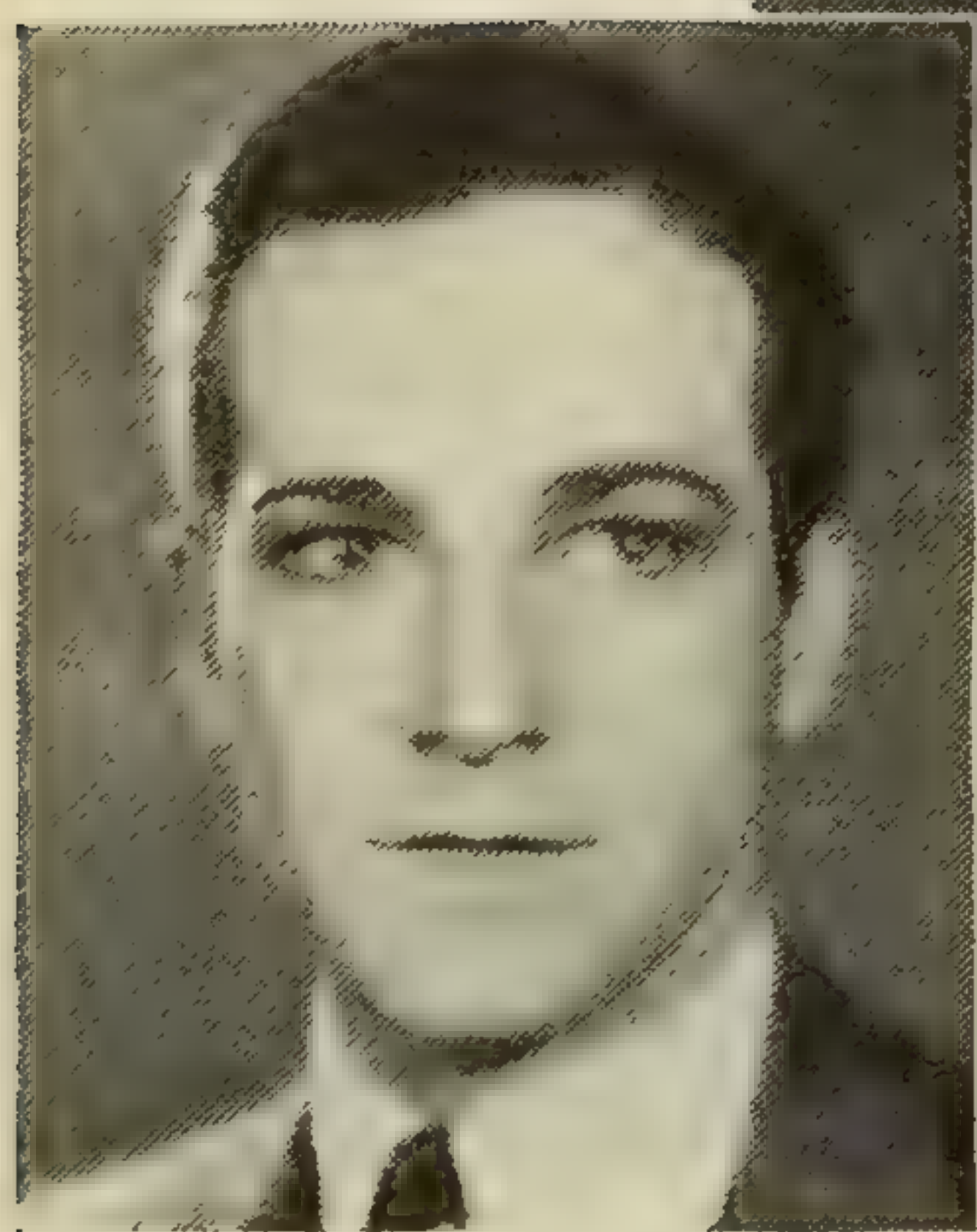
Perhaps they were only trying to bring her to task and make her take a cut in salary, since she had been with the studio for a number of years and the figure was high.

But Madge had wanted to retire, had wanted to have time to do a little studying and thinking. She promised to consider the matter over night. After having talked it over with her mother, she came to the studio the next day, only to leave.

That was two years ago.

When the newspapers came out [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 110]

Last Call *for* Your Story



David Manners, who will play opposite Miss Marsh in "Beauty and the Boss." He has already won praise and recognition with his work in "Journey's End," "Sweet Mama," and "The Right to Love"



Marian Marsh, who has already been selected to play the heroine in "Beauty and the Boss." Rising rapidly in the movie heavens, it might be your story that will put her among the leading screen actresses

You may have all the story ideas in the world, but unless you get busy on that typewriter they are never born

To win that \$2,000.00 prize or sell your story for the same amount you must get your manuscript in by July 15

DELUGING PHOTOPLAY'S offices, a flood of manuscripts have already been received in the PHOTOPLAY-Warner Bros. Contest for a story to fit the title, "Beauty and the Boss." Seeking the \$2,000 check which goes to the winner, as well as the nine other \$2,000 checks for successful picture stories, hundreds of contestants have poured their stories in upon us.

Evidently, there is no drought of ideas anywhere, for stories have come in from all over the country. Several have come from Europe, one from far-off Turkey.

If your story is not among them, get busy now. You still have plenty of time, for the contest does not close until midnight of July 15. It is original, modern-day stories that Warner Bros. are seeking, and for which \$2,000 will be awarded for each one accepted. It might be the very story you always intended to write, but never did, that they are looking for. So get to work and get your story into PHOTOPLAY'S office before the deadline.

You don't have to be a literary genius or even an experienced writer. Don't try for literary effects. Just sit down and tell your own story in your own way, clearly, simply and completely. Don't look to recent books, plays

or short stories for your ideas. Be original, because it is *your* story that is wanted.

Since the last announcement of this contest, letters have come in asking if it is all right to submit a brief outline, or "sketch of a story." Others have said that they are unable to put their story idea into scenario form. Still others have pleaded that they are unable to write the dialogue which they feel is necessary for talking pictures.

Now, don't worry about too many things. Never mind scenarios, dialogue, or anything else. What is wanted is a story with a basic idea, your story. Write it as a story in the best way you can, but be sure that it is complete.

"Sketches," as some have called them, are too often inclined to be incomplete and vague, leaving too much to be filled in by others. Make all your characters whole and complete, put them in whatever setting you have selected, and tell your story with them or through them. But turn out a complete plot job.

In past issues of PHOTOPLAY Jacob Wilk, manager of the story department of Warner Bros.-First National, has given you some advice and outlined the kind of stories that are wanted. If you have these back numbers glance over them again and act on [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 135]

**Study Rules of Contest
on Page 118 Carefully**

"Smooth white arms and shoulders are more precious than pearls and diamonds"

says

MRS NORMAN OGDEN WHITEHOUSE



Smooth, lovely skin is easily won by the use of POND'S four preparations (at right)

NEWPORT for the brilliant summer season . . . a whirl of early autumn festivities in New York, then on to Melton Mowbray, England, for the fox-hunting . . . winter in Italy or Egypt . . . spring in Paris . . . such is the gay round of this charming cosmopolitan, Mrs. Norman Ogden Whitehouse.

To the education of a princess Mrs. Whitehouse owes subtle secrets of charm and chic, for before her marriage she was the Princess Tamara Bragation Moukrahnsky, of Georgia, in Russia. Petite and piquante, she is dark and very lovely, always smartly dressed and exquisitely groomed.

Her clear pale ivory complexion bespeaks unflinching care. "After all, what is so important as a beautiful skin?" she asks. "A fresh, fair complexion gives chic to one's simplest frock. Smooth white arms and shoulders are more precious than diamonds and pearls when one is in evening dress."

LIKE many other society beauties, Mrs. Whitehouse is devoted to Pond's. "No wonder fastidious women prize the four delightful preparations, and follow the Pond's Method every day," she says. "The four steps make it so easy to keep one's skin lovely!"

You, too, must know this wonderful easy way to keep your skin always glowing with youth:

1—For immaculate cleansing, apply Pond's Cold Cream generously several times daily, always after exposure. Pat in with upward, outward strokes, letting the fine, light oils sink deep into the pores and float the dirt to the surface.

2—With Pond's Cleansing Tissues wipe away cream, dirt, make-up and powder. These *softer* Tissues are 52% more absorbent than ordinary tissues, by laboratory test. White or peach.

3—With Pond's Skin Freshener, briskly pat your skin until it is pleasantly aglow—to banish oiliness, close and reduce pores, bring lovely, natural color to faded, sallow cheeks.

4—Now smooth on a delicate film of Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base, protection, and an exquisite finish . . . Use it on neck, shoulders and arms—wherever you powder . . . Marvelous, too, to keep hands smooth and white.

At bedtime: always cleanse face and neck with Cold Cream and remove with Tissues.

Tune in on Pond's Program Friday evening at 9:30 P. M. D. S. T. Reisman's Orchestra of Central Park Casino. WEAf and N. B. C. Network.

SEND 10¢ FOR POND'S FOUR PREPARATIONS

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. U

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"Why look your SAYS BILLIE BURKE

*Famous stage Beauty declares no woman
needs look her age*

"I REALLY am 39 years old!" says Billie Burke. "And I don't see why any woman should look her age.

"We on the stage, of course, *must* keep our youthful freshness—it wins and holds the public as nothing else can. To do this it is important above everything else to guard complexion beauty—keep one's skin temptingly fresh and smooth.

"For years I have used Lux Toilet Soap regularly. Its lather is beautifully smooth and so delicately fragrant. And it leaves my skin amazingly clear and soft."

. . .

At 39 Billie Burke has just signed up for a series of motion pictures in Hollywood! What a tribute to her youthful freshness! She will find the Hollywood actresses, like the stage stars, are devoted to Lux Toilet Soap.

Actually 605 of the 613 important ones use this fragrant white soap to

guard complexion beauty—*regularly!* Surely *your* skin should have the protection of this gentle, luxurious care!



BILLIE BURKE, wife of a prominent theatrical manager and the mother of a beloved young daughter. Her charm is never more compelling than when she is presiding as the amazingly youthful mistress of her luxurious home.

LUX

age? I am 39!"

**BILLIE BURKE**

As this photograph plainly shows, the years have only increased her irresistible appeal! This year she has added to her long list of stage triumphs, "The Truth Game." She says: "To keep youthful charm, it is important above everything else to guard complexion beauty. For years I have used Lux Toilet Soap *regularly*."

Toilet Soap 10¢

Vote Now!



IF you haven't cast your vote for the best picture of 1930, get right to it now.

The annual award of the PHOTOPLAY Medal of Honor, the highest and most coveted honor in the world of motion pictures, is made on the selection of picture fans themselves, and it is your duty to take your part in making the award.

This is the eleventh annual awarding of this distinguished prize. The ten previous winners, which are printed on this page, show what a brilliant line of film accomplishments have gone before.

It is a real privilege, as well as your duty as a patron of better moving pictures, to encourage fine screen achievements of this type by casting your vote today.

Since the first award was made to "Humoresque" back in 1920, pictures have made astounding progress. Every branch of films has advanced, and in addition sound has come along to bring new technical advantages, as well as new delights, to the screen.

"DISRAELI," which won last year's medal, was the first talking picture to be so honored.

Since then the talkies have progressed to a fine state of perfection, and the industry is definitely committed to the talking screen.

In voting you have your opportunity to express your approval of the progress that has been made in this direction.

As in the past, we ask you to be thoughtful and comprehensive in your judgment, that personalities be forgotten in the broader duty of considering all of the ingredients that go into the making of a picture worthy of this high award.

Winners of Photoplay Medal

1920

"Humoresque"

1921

"Tol'able David"

1922

"Robin Hood"

1923

"The Covered Wagon"

1924

"Abraham Lincoln"

1925

"The Big Parade"

1926

"Beau Geste"

1927

"7th Heaven"

1928

"Four Sons"

1929

"Disraeli"



It is your duty to
vote for the best
picture of the year

Story, directing, acting and the spirit behind its making should all go into the scales for judgment. The picture makers themselves, in awaiting this vote of approval from you, want all aspects of the picture taken into consideration.

For your convenience a ballot is printed on this page. Use it. You will also find a list of fifty notable pictures released last year. Of course, you are not limited to select one of them.

Vote for any picture of 1930 that you think entitled to this high honor. All are eligible.

The PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal of Honor is of solid gold, weighing 123½ pennyweights and is two and one half inches in diameter.

Each medal is made and designed by Tiffany and Company, of New York.

Remember that this award goes directly from the millions of film fans to the makers of pictures, and you, as a representative picture-goer, should cast your ballot.

It is the one great gift of motion-picture-goers to those who serve them well, and surely it is a privilege to have a voice in the giving.

In the past your votes have not only rewarded fine screen efforts, but served to encourage the upward trend in quality.

IF you want pictures to continue to improve, here is your chance to do your share by expressing your opinion through your vote.

Send it in! And may the worthiest win!

Fifty Pictures Released in 1930

Abraham Lincoln	Free and Easy
All Quiet on the Western Front	General Crack
Animal Crackers	Green Goddess, The
Anna Christie	Grumpy
Big House, The	Hell's Angels
Big Trail, The	Holiday
Case of Sergeant Grischa, The	Journey's End
Caught Short	King of Jazz
Check and Double Check	Ladies of Leisure
Common Clay	Laughter
Dawn Patrol, The	Let Us Be Gay
Devil May Care	Lummox
Devil's Holiday, The	Manslaughter
Divorcee, The	Men Without Women
Doorway to Hell, The	Min and Bill
Feet First	Moby Dick
	Monte Carlo
	Office Wife, The

Old English
Outward Bound
Rogue Song, The
Romance
Sarah and Son
Seven Days' Leave
Song o' My Heart
So This Is London
Street of Chance
Tom Sawyer
Unholy Three, The
Vagabond King, The
White Hell of Pitz Palu
Whoopee
With Byrd at the South Pole
Young Man of Manhattan

Photoplay Medal of Honor Ballot

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

221 W. 57th Street, New York City

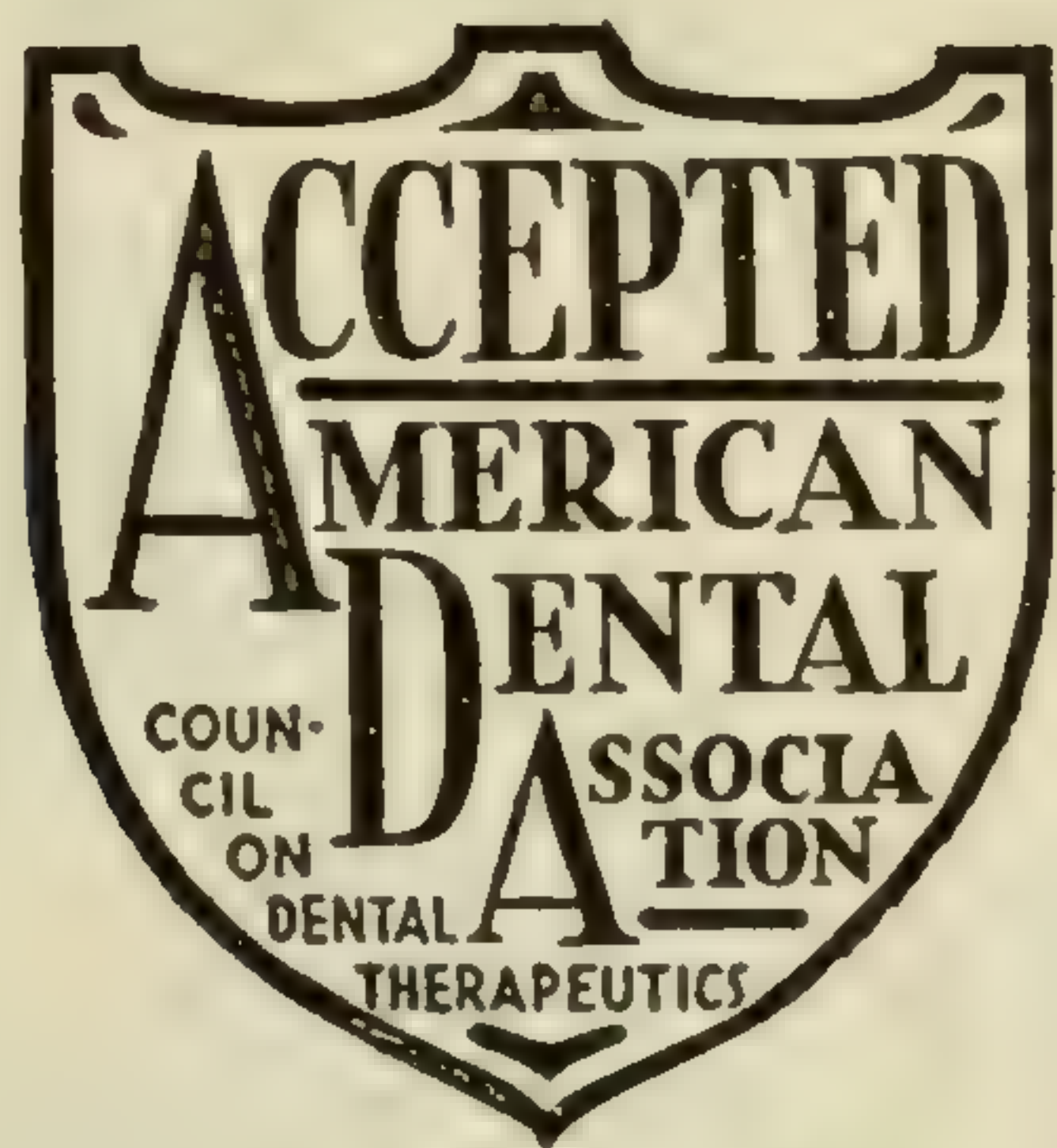
In my opinion the picture named below is the best motion picture production released in 1930.

NAME OF PICTURE

Name

Address

It Stands Alone



See if the seal of acceptance is on the toothpaste you buy



and Colgate's
costs but . . .

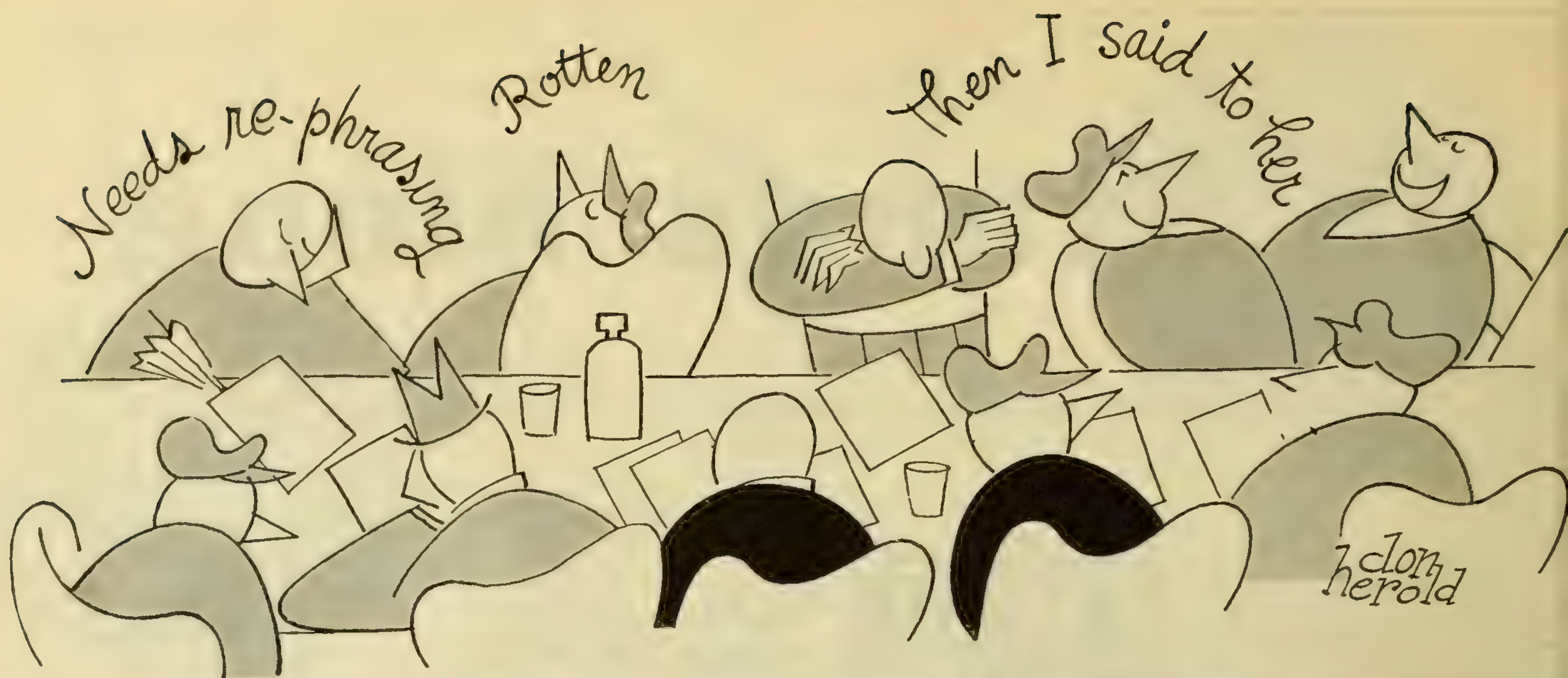
25c

COLGATE'S toothpaste has *healthfully* and *completely* cleansed more people's teeth than any other toothpaste the world has ever known.

COLGATE'S has been more universally recommended by dentists through the years than any other dentifrice ever made.

COLGATE'S now—climaxing 30 years of leadership—has been accepted by the American Dental Association, Council on Dental Therapeutics. The seal signifies that the composition of the product has been submitted to the Council and that the claims have been found acceptable to the Council.

COLGATE'S sells for 25 cents because more people use it than any other make. The price is important—but the quality, not the price, has held Colgate leadership for 30 years.



The result of the conference is usually a joke that appeared in *Punch* in 1874

Yo! Ho! and a Bottle of Gin

Or Ten Men on a Dead Movie's Chest

IT takes ten men to write a joke in Hollywood, most of them with caps on. And then it usually turns out to be a joke which appeared in *Punch* in 1874.

I visit friends in studios frequently, usually writers, and I have never found less than ten persons doing any one thing (usually, yo ho, with a bottle of gin in their midst). In fact, I once helped nine other men write the titles of a picture, back in the old silent days. The company used three of my words—for which I got \$600. This helps explain why nickel pictures are now seventy-five cents.

Early in the history of movies somebody was tremendously impressed by the good old epigram to the effect that two heads are better than one, and it was reasoned, then, that ten men ought to be five times as good as two, and ten men (at least) it has been ever since, most of them with caps on. After several years of working in tens, movie writers and other movie workers have, I guess, developed a type of cloisterphobia.

THEY think in tens, are inspired in tens, write in tens, and go to the water cooler in tens.

"Mr. Johnstone says to come right up to Room 204 in the writing plant," says the ogre in the reception foyer, and you look forward to a quiet, pleasant fifteen minutes with Jim, discussing old times, and then lunch. But you find him in a room full of ten humorists (several of them with caps on) writing a funny joke for the Five Mocks Bros. (They ought to go great in

Hollywood because there are five of them instead of merely one or two.)

And you wonder how Shakespeare wrote Shakespeare, and how Michelangelo painted the Sistine ceiling all by himself.

You wonder if there has really ever been Art until just here recently. Can there be Art with less than ten people in on it?

And, for that matter, how did Newton discover the law of gravity without calling a conference?

IT is not only in the writing plant that movie misery loves multiplicity. It takes five men to go get a screwdriver. It takes twenty men to operate two cameras. It takes seven men to hold a tinfoil reflector and about forty men to manipulate six lights. So when you see "a million dollar production" advertised, it doesn't mean anything, just picture a lot of guys with caps on, sitting around wasting a million dollars' worth of time.

I suppose if a picture employee were told to go into a room by himself and work something out, he would scream with loneliness.

Frankly, if you ask me and nine other fellows for our reactions, I can't help feeling, sometimes (speaking for myself, as one of ten, understand), when I see the finished product, that the many geniuses behind the picture have certainly done a swell job of neutralizing each other. And maybe that's exactly what the producers are after. Maybe it takes one-hundred per cent nullification of creative impulses to make a one-hundred per cent box office success.

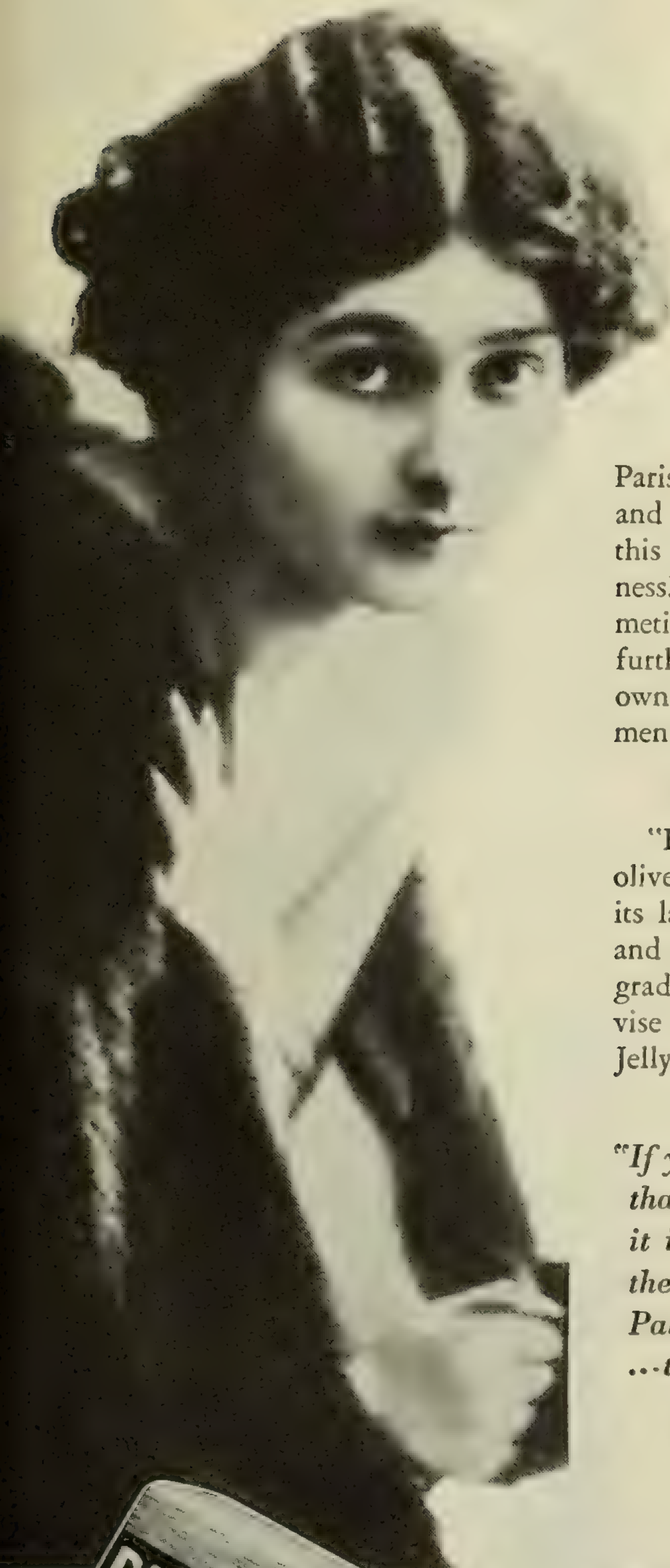


If a writer or director, or even a studio carpenter were told to go into a room by himself and work something out, he would scream with loneliness

By Don Herold

In 64 cities of France alone—Beauty experts advise this way to keep that schoolgirl complexion

Lovely LINA CAVALIERI *of Paris* tells why she advises Palmolive



YOU'VE never known any beauty formula as widespread as this! France, herself, so wise in the ways that lead to loveliness, has enthusiastically adopted the daily use of Palmolive Soap . . . because experts assure her there's no better way of keeping that schoolgirl complexion.

Lina Cavalieri, with salons in Paris, Cannes, Biarritz, Monte Carlo and Le Touquet, is a leading figure in this movement toward natural loveliness. She recommends her own cosmetics, of course. But with them, to further the work so well begun in her own studios, she is careful to recommend Palmolive.

Mme. Cavalieri's advice

"Before retiring, of course, use Palmolive," says Mme. Cavalieri. "Massage its lather gently into the skin of face and throat. Rinse with warm water, gradually changing to cold. Then I advise the application of my Camphorated Jelly No. 5.

"If you have the mistaken notion that soap may harm your skin, it is because you are not using the right soap. Next time try Palmolive. I heartily advise it . . . to keep skin smooth and lovely."

Lina Cavalieri

"In the morning cleanse the skin thoroughly with this same soap. Then use my 'Lotion Onctueuse' No. 7 before applying my Cream No. 2 for neutral skins.

"By following this simple treatment, you will keep that schoolgirl complexion."

Paris leads! 63 other French cities follow. And throughout the world, in over 1600 cities, beauty is now being safeguarded because specialists have discovered and recommended Palmolive daily care.



YOUTH is precious! Keep it! Keep every outward sign of it. Begin with that schoolgirl complexion. Lovely Parisiennes have a smooth, creamy complexion that is fostered by the use of the oils of olive and palm as embodied in Palmolive Soap.

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., Eastern Standard time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Central Standard time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Mountain Standard time; 5:30 to 6:30 p. m., Pacific Coast Standard time—over WEA and 39 Stations associated with The National Broadcasting Co.

Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion



Retail Price 10c

The New Colleen Moore



Hal Phyfe



Hal Phyfe

Above—The new Colleen in her new personality, photographed for PHOTO-PLAY on the day her divorce became final. Below—The Colleen who blossomed from an extra girl into one of the greatest of stars—and then retired with two million dollars



What? Can this be the erstwhile demure little Colleen who made the Dutch bob famous all over the world? It is, and Hal Phyfe's veracious camera herewith proves it. When Colleen returns to the screen soon she may display that gorgeous figure she has been hiding for years. Constance Bennett, Joan Crawford, and Norma Shearer—look to your laurels!



This dentifrice for lustrous white teeth

—its economy is an added pleasure

our teeth will respond immediately to the remarkable qualities of Listerine Tooth Paste. You'll tell the same story that millions of others tell.

Cleansing agents in a new-discovered formula speed away all traces of tartar and discolorations. Brilliant whiteness, that attractive *well-looked* look, shows how thoroughly this dentifrice does its job. Its gentle action polishes your teeth as effectively as it cleans them.

The tooth enamel is fully protected, because there is no ingredient in Listerine Tooth Paste harsh enough to impair or scratch the natural hardness of teeth. We have kept it free from all gritty substances injurious to the precious enamel surface.

Notice, too, how fresh, how

consciously invigorated, your mouth feels after each brushing. The same pleasant sensation that you prefer in Listerine is present in this other newly-perfected Listerine product.

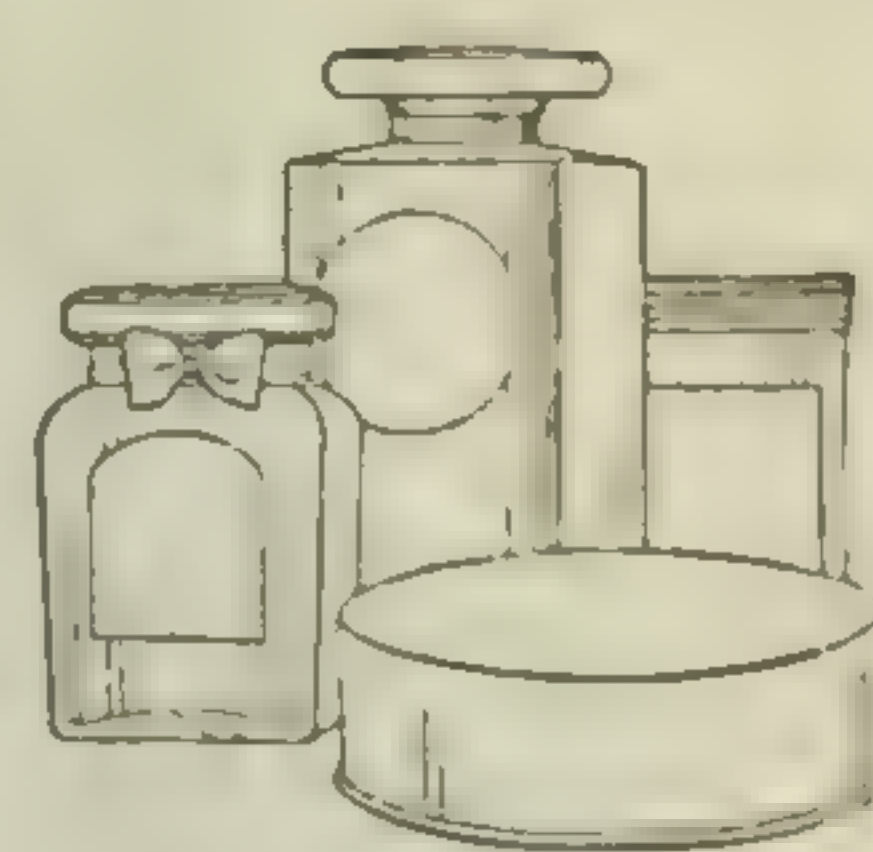
Of course, you wouldn't deliberately buy a less expensive tooth paste, simply to save money. Teeth are far too important for unwise economy. But—realize that Listerine Tooth Paste, at no sacrifice in quality, saves you just about half your former outlay. That's something pleasant to think about. Who isn't glad to have \$3 extra every year, for every member of the family? Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

The makers of Listerine Tooth Paste
recommend

**Pro-phy-lac-tic
Tooth Brushes**



**With that \$3 you save
buy beauty lotions . . .**



You can find a hundred uses for the \$3 that Listerine Tooth Paste saves for you. We mention face creams merely as a suggestion.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE 25¢

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41]



"Oh, Animal Crackers!" disrespectfully shout three little Marx boys as they line up in front of Papa Samuel Marx—Harpo, that silent fourth, just snaps his suspenders. This family group was shot at Paramount where Harpo, Groucho, Chico and Zeppo are making "Monkey Business" for Paramount

THEY tell this story on Harold Lloyd:

He came home to his million-dollar mansion one evening and found a strange man in evening dress in the hall.

"Come in and have a drink," Lloyd said hospitably, and led him into one of the lower drawing rooms.

During the drink, Lloyd thought they might as well get acquainted.

"Who are you?" he asked genially.

"I'm the new footman, sir."

You couldn't blame Lloyd if he did get his servants and guests mixed. It's quite impossible for one human to keep track of either. They are too numerous.

MIRIAM HOPKINS and Claudette Colbert are just too sweet to each other since they slapped it out on the set at the Paramount Studio on Long Island. In fact, they're so sweet, that one can't help wondering. Each declares the other's "a lovely girl."

IT'S tough enough usually to find human actors for retakes on a picture.

But for retakes on "Skippy," they had to have the turtle that Skippy carries in a box in his pocket during some of the picture's action. The turtle, in the meantime, had been released in the goldfish pool on the Paramount lot.

It took a squad of five propmen and "grips" three hours to find the turtle before retakes could be taken.

ONE of the most amazing household tricks in Hollywood is in the beautiful home of Cedric Gibbons and Dolores Del Rio. Cedric, who is the most famous art director in pictures, designed it all in ultra modern style. Cedric's room is on one floor, Dolores' on another, but there is a secret stairway that leads from the dressing room of one to the other and there's a trap door in Dolores' dressing room that opens on to the stairs. How's that for mystery and romance, Elinor Glyn?

GENEVIEVE TOBIN lives at a fashionable apartment hotel, with mama. And mama is like so many maters of the old days, namely, Maters Pickford, Talmadge, etc. She keeps a close eye on the ambitions of her daughter.

Genevieve goes to the Midwick Country

Club and mixes with the elite who play polo. She keeps fit *a la* tennis. In shorts, if you please.

She goes out with boys who play tennis; such as Charles Webb, writer; and Monroe Owsley, actor. She also has a couple of millionaires for real social functions. We understand there were two from New York to escort her to the opening of her first big picture.

JUST once did Genevieve go where it was not, perhaps, necessary. A press dinner. Mama didn't like it and told the publicity department so the next morning. While Genevieve said: "I think, after all, Maude Adams was right. It is what one does before the public which counts—one does not need to go places."

Well, Genevieve, maybe Maude Adams and mama are right. But it takes a newcomer a long time to establish herself as the heir to even the offstage rights of Maude Adams.

Genevieve's one real passion is football. She never misses a game. And although the story of her experience at the Notre Dame-Southern California one of last year has been told before, it's so good we're going to repeat it.

She was sitting next to a Catholic priest. She grabbed him: "Oh, Lord, what a play!"

"Yes, wasn't it?" the priest answered. "But next time, just call me Father."

GENEVIEVE, transplanted from Broadway stardom to secondary rôles in Hollywood in an attempt to build her into a picture star, has been quoted as saying that she doesn't know a thing about pictures and isn't trying to learn. But that young lady doesn't need to worry. Her producers took mighty good care of her in "Seed."

In one of Lois Wilson's biggest scenes, where Lois, as the mother of five children, battles it out

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 86]



The line will form to the right, ladies. This is Georges Metaxa who has made cold British hearts flutter and promises to keep it up over here. Mr. Metaxa is a favorite of the London musical stage who will make his American debut in Paramount's "Secrets of a Secretary," starring Claudette Colbert



A daring young aviator told me, "My ideal girl has courage, first of all. Then she's likeable and *natural*—with a clear, fresh skin that looks nice even with all the make-up blown off!"

IS HIS *Dream Girl*...YOU?

94 out of 100 bachelors, interviewed during the past few months, told me, "The wife I'm looking for is *natural*."

Are you the kind of girl these men describe—with the *natural* charm of a nice complexion? Or have "beauty" experiments given your skin a slightly hothouse, artificial look?

Let me tell you what medical authorities have to say about skin care.

73 dermatologists approve Camay

73 dermatologists (doctors who specialize in skin treatment) advise regular soap-and-water cleansing; and approve Camay as an unusually gentle soap, safe for even delicate skins.

No other soap has such medical approval! It means that you can safely trust your precious complexion to Camay's soothing gentleness.

Try Camay for a week. Revel in its sculptured smoothness, its deep-piled fragrant lather. How exquisitely soft your skin is after Camay's use—how fresh and clean!

Can't you see it a little more clearly, there in your mirror—the *natural* charm men love to dream about?

CAMAY



Helen Chase

for the fresh **NATURAL** skin men admire



**BETTER
BRAN FLAKES**

A matchless combination

ROMP THROUGH the joyous hours of summer with energy in your muscles and pep in your spirit. Eat heartily and healthfully of Kellogg's PEP Bran Flakes.

The first taste tells you these are *better bran flakes*. They're a matchless combination with a matchless flavor. Every bowlful is packed with three vital elements. Each sun-brown flake is filled with *whole-wheat* nourishment. Each serving contains just enough *bran* to be mildly laxative. And each spoonful is brimful of the marvelous flavor of PEP — that crisp, delicious taste that only Kellogg's PEP Bran Flakes have.

What a wonderful lunch these better bran flakes are when the day is hot! How good and nourishing for the children after school and at supper! And what a treat for the men-folks when they're served for a late evening snack! Every one loves their glorious flavor.

In the red-and-green package. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.



Kellogg's
PEP
BRAN FLAKES

Beef Stew à la Cody

"Just a dash more seasoning, James!" Here you see Lew Cody and his famous chef, James, sampling a bit of that good stew



ASK anyone who frequents dinner parties at Lew Cody's what the favorite dish of that establishment is and you will get the surprising answer—"beef stew." You would think as suave and sophisticated a lad as Lew would go in for elaborate dishes in the French manner—never such humble fare as beef stew. But, you see, there you are wrong, for the culinary *pièce de résistance* is the savory stew which has become as well known as the genial host who serves it.

A typical menu for one of these dinners will include:

Fruit Cocktail
—
Beef Stew
Biscuits with Currant Jelly
Cole Slaw
—
An Ice for Dessert
Coffee

Here is how the stew is made—try it for some of your out-

door suppers these evenings. It will add a new jewel to your cooking crown!

Beef Stew

Place two pounds of beef cut in squares, into cold water. Bring to a boil. Let simmer for several hours, or until the meat falls apart. Add barley and juice from one can of tomatoes. Add chopped carrots, celery, onions, parsley, green beans and any other vegetables in season. To thicken the stew, sear brown butter, thicken a little water with flour and add to the stew pan.

If you should ever be one of the fortunate "beef stew" dinner guests, don't fail to add your name to the hundreds of other signatures carved by famous people on the door of Lew's study in Beverly Hills. All endorsing more beef stew when made by the Cody formula!

FOR a delectable looking and tasty hot weather dish, try Irene Rich's salad recipe.

Salad à la Philippine

1 head endive	A narrow strip green pepper
½ grapefruit	A narrow strip red pepper
½ orange	2 tablespoons olive oil
2 halves fresh pears	The fruit's juice
	Salt and paprika

Remove the pulp from the grapefruit and orange without breaking the membrane. Cut the pear in lengthwise slices. Cut the endive in halves, discard the outer leaves and wash with care.

Dispose the endive in halves on plates, set the pear fan shape over these.

Back of the pears place a section of orange pulp, and a section of grapefruit just above the tips of the leaves.

To the fruit juice add the olive oil and salt; beat vigorously, and pour over the salad. This is a recipe for two, of course.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me a copy of PHOTOPLAY'S FAMOUS COOK BOOK, containing 150 favorite recipes of the stars. I am enclosing twenty-five cents.

Be sure to write name and address plainly.
You may send either stamps or coin.

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82]



Does your husband know about this, Joan? Young Mrs. Fairbanks, Jr., is starting rumors, we fear, by appearing in this chummy pose with that screen villain, Monroe Owsley. It's all in the day's work, though, for you will see Joan Crawford and Monroe in her new picture. The public is taking to Owsley

with Tobin for her husband's love, poor Lois is so upstaged that she had to talk with the back of her head to the camera, while Miss Tobin got full-face.

WESLEY RUGGLES tells the one about a famous New York actress who came to Hollywood and was at last given an interview with one of the executives. The executive asked her a hundred questions about her capabilities, which annoyed her a little.

At last he said, "Say, what's your name?"

The girl answered flippantly, "Dumbbell."

The executive shook his head, "No, no, that won't do. If you want to go into pictures you'll have to change your name!"

GLORIA SWANSON was leaving for New York. We visited her home just as the trunks were being loaded. We counted ten.

We made inquiries. Ten trunks for two weeks in New York!

Then we investigated. "It costs Gloria \$2,500 as a minimum for a little trip like that. She can't go in anything but a drawing room. Think what the passengers would say! She can't get one room at a hotel. She must have a suite. Imagine reporters visiting her in one little room. The story would go out immediately that she was broke. She doesn't even dare go without a maid. And her clothes must be not only the latest but since it is Gloria, even a little in advance of the latest."

The penalties of fame.

THERE are new experiences under the sun even for newspaper reporters.

One of Hollywood's most agile read in his

newspaper's telegraphic reports that Nils Asther had become a daddy. He promptly telephoned Nils (recently returned to the old Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer homestead) for confirmation. Nils insisted he knew nothing about it and implied he didn't quite believe it. The reporter gasped. "I have been the first to announce impending divorce to one of the principals and even impending marriages," he said, "but this is the first time I've been called upon to convince a star he was really a father."

CECIL DE MILLE'S contract with M-G-M is ended. He plans to go to Europe with his wife for an "indefinite stay." And this may mark the passing from Hollywood of one of the greatest showmen and masters of hokum *de luxe* the films have ever known. It was on the De Mille lot that the "yes man" bloomed and flourished.

He will discover that in German it's *ja*, in French it's *oui*, in Spain they say it *si*—and so on.

WHEN Doug, Jr., was awakened out of a sound sleep by the telephone and the operator said, "Just a minute, Rome, Italy, calling," he thought it was a gag. But it wasn't. His father had put through a call from Rome to Mary in Hollywood, but when he called for the Fairbanks residence the local operator got it mixed and rang Doug, Jr., instead. When father heard son's voice he was so annoyed at the extra toll charge that he didn't even say "hello" to him.

CERTAIN wise ones within the Paramount sanctum insist that red-headed Wynne Gibson is headed for stardom.

"When she sobs—she sobs. It isn't technique with her as it is with Chatterton, for instance.

"Of course—she'll have to be tamed a bit"—a reluctant admission.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 88]



A movie child grown up. Madge Evans who was reared in the silent days of the screen, now talks as feminine lead for Ramon Novarro in "Son of India" — a new M-G-M picture

marvellous! new!! effective!!!

INSTANT ODO•RO•NO

*solves every problem
of perspiration control*

1 INSTANT PROTECTION

This amazing new Instant Odorono may be applied to the underarms *any time*—day or night. It stops perspiration *instantly!* Then your gowns are safe from perspiration damage. And no underarm odor—so repellent to others—can sully your charming freshness!

2 APPLY IT WITH THE NEW INSTANT APPLICATOR

Attached to the cap of the Instant Odorono bottle is a convenient sanitary sponge applicator. Just a few swift strokes suffice! No need to use cotton! Nothing messy or greasy. Nothing to leave a tell-tale odor of its own.

3 NEW QUICK-DRYING FORMULA

Because of its quick-drying formula Instant Odorono becomes one of your simplest dressing table rites. Before you have finished with cream, powder and lipstick—it's dry! And you are ready for your frock.

4 ALL THE FAMOUS ODORONO DEPENDABILITY

Depend upon Instant Odorono for 1 to 3 days' complete protection. Do not confuse it with ineffective preparations... designed merely to offset odor. Instant Odorono, a liquid, is a deodorant and non-perspirant that keeps the underarm absolutely dry and odorless.



the editor of Vogue is on the air

Every Thursday morning at 11:30 Eastern Daylight Time, over WJZ and associated N. B. C. stations, Mrs. Edna Woolman Chase, the talented Editor-in-Chief of Vogue, will give her advice on what to wear and how to wear it.

Tune in on this Instant Odorono broadcast, and, as you think of your clothes, don't forget that Instant Odorono is the best means of protecting the finest dresses that you own. For where there is perspiration, beware of clothes damage.



FAMILIAR TRAGEDIES #1

THE GENEROUS HOST SPENT . . \$28

SHE RUINED HER GOWN \$69

He took her to dinner and the theatre . . . she was flattered to death to go. She wore the best stitch she had . . . and looked lovely. But the theatre was stuffy, and she perspired under the arms. So her best gown was ruined . . . stained and faded by the acids of perspiration—to say nothing of the offense this perspiration odor gave to her escort. Oh well, and a-lack-a-day! There are plenty of good men in the world . . . but good dresses are hard to find. A really smart girl would have used Instant Odorono . . . and saved herself such troubles.

THE ODORONO COMPANY, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86]



The best film footage of the month! Reading from top to bottom you will find thirty-five, count them, reasons why Lilyan Tashman keeps her standing as one of the best dressed women on the screen. Note the boudoir slippers on the third shelf—same design but different color combinations

Well, when Clara Bow sobs, she sobs, too. The most natural born actress among us. And Paramount's bearded ones have been trying to tame her for—how long?

VARIETY tells the story of a studio head who turned down a writer's story and was asked why by the author.

"I don't like it," replied the executive.

"What was the trouble?" insisted the writer.

"That's an unfair question," replied the executive.

KEEPING up with the color of Hollywood girls' hair is as difficult as keeping up with their amorous adventures. Joan Crawford is

a blonde now. You'll see the crowning glory in "This Modern Age."

The other day Joan sighed, "I wish I'd stay between pictures just long enough to go to bed for three nights without a hair net on." She has her hair finger-waved every evening so that it will be perfect for the next day's work. A hairdresser comes to her house every night and sometimes, if Joan has to catch a preview, the star's head is worked on while she's nibbling a sandwich from a tray.

THE D. A. R. laid itself open to a bit of kidding by protesting against the casting of Alan Mowbray, young English actor, as *George Washington* in the George Arliss picture "Alexander Hamilton." It seems someone objected to an Englishman playing the rôle of the Father of Our Country.

But they forgot that George Washington was an English citizen!

EDDIE QUILLAN is telling the story (and try to stop him) about the comedy writer who was seized by two burglars and tied to the bed post. One of the thieves said, "How about a gag?"

The writer smiled. "Swell," he said, "have you heard the one about . . ."

Then the lead pipe fell.

WE learned something new the other day. A number of stars hire their own stand-ins. Not doubles, mind you, but the boys and girls who are measured for camera distances, etc. And you don't count until you have one, either.

Joan Crawford's present stand-in girl is the ex-wife of her brother, Hal Le Sueur.

THREE Items Entitled "Film Fame":

1—For a joke, Jack Pickford walked onto the stage where "Once in a Lifetime" was being played in San Francisco. He appeared for several minutes as one of the *Schlepkin Brothers* in the farce. **NOBODY IN THE AUDIENCE RECOGNIZED HIM!**

2—Bryant Washburn ran down a child in Los Angeles the other day. She was slightly bruised. He drove her to her home, and turned her over to her parents, and left his name. When the police got an official report of it from the girl's mother, she only remembered that the man's name was "Washboard, or something like that!"

3—Years ago, Gertrude Robinson was a star in Biograph films. Today she works at the studios as "stand-in" for Betty Compson.

AN earnest salesman of Universal stories (publicity department!) was telling a reporter of the burial of Yogi Hamid Bey, 29-year-old Egyptian mystery man, on the Universal lot. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 92]



Lend an ear to this! Signet earrings are the newest Hollywood fad. Wynne Gibson shows you how it's done here. The first initial goes on the right earring, the second on the left one

Your Simplest Snapshot may win a \$10,000 Prize



Any snapshot made in May, June, July or August, 1931, stands a chance in Kodak's \$100,000 Competition for Amateur Picture-Takers

HERE'S your chance to win world renown, and a \$10,000 international grand award—with a simple snapshot! Kodak is offering \$100,000 in an international competition for interesting pictures.

1,000 prizes totaling \$25,000 are for pictures from the United States alone. There are 141 prizes in each of six picture classes that cover every conceivable picture subject.

The first-prize winner in each class automatically enters the international judging at Geneva, Switzerland, where \$16,000 more will be awarded.

This contest is for amateurs only. Experience is not needed. Picture interest is what counts. Anyone with a Brownie, a Hawk-Eye

or the simplest Kodak has the same chance as users of costly cameras.

Winners of the U. S. prizes will be determined by a committee of distinguished judges consisting of Rear Admiral Richard E. Byrd, Mary Roberts Rinehart, Rudolf Eickemeyer, eminent photographer; Howard Chandler Christy, celebrated artist; Kenneth Wilson Williams, editor of "Kodakery."

Ask your dealer for rules leaflet or write to Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N.Y. Make lots of snapshots. Clip the entry blank. Enter to win.

* * *

Tune in for news of the contest over N. B. C. Red Network every Friday at 10 p.m. Eastern daylight saving time. Pacific Coast program, 9:30 p.m. Pacific time.



Kodak Film in the familiar yellow box, or the new Kodak Verichrome Film in the yellow box with checkered stripes, gives pictures of the prize-winning kind.

\$25,000 in U. S. Prizes

SIX PICTURE CLASSES

1,000 Chances to Win!

YOU may submit pictures of any subject in this contest. Prizes will be awarded in 6 classes, and your entries will be placed for judging in the classes in which they are most likely to win.

A. *Children.* Any picture in which the principal interest is a child or children.

B. *Scenes.* Landscapes, marine views, city, street, travel or country scenes, etc.

C. *Games, Sports, Pastimes, Occupations.* Baseball, tennis, golf, fishing, gardening, carpentry, etc.

D. *Still Life and Nature Subjects, Architecture and Architectural Detail, Interiors.* Art objects, curios, cut flowers, or any still life object in artistic arrangement, any nature subject, etc. Exteriors or interiors of homes, churches, schools, offices, libraries; statues, etc.

E. *Informal Portraits.* Close-up or full figure of a person or persons, excepting pictures in which the principal interest is a child or children. (See Class A above.)

F. *Animals, Pets, Birds.* Pets (dogs, cats, etc.); farm animals or fowls; wild animals or birds, either at large or in zoos.

Prizes for United States

GRAND PRIZE: Bronze Medal and \$2,500

141 PRIZES IN EACH CLASS

For the best picture in each class.....	\$500
For the next picture in each class.....	250
For the next picture in each class.....	100
For each of next 5 pictures in each class..	25
For each of next 133 pictures in each class	10
(847 prizes, totaling \$16,330)	

STATE PRIZES FOR CHILD PICTURES

For the best child pictures made and entered in May and June from each of the 48 states, also the District of Columbia, Hawaii and Alaska:

First Prize, each state.....	\$100
Second Prize, each state.....	50
Third Prize, each state.....	20
(153 state, territorial prizes, totaling \$8,670)	

International Awards

The best picture in each class from each country will automatically enter the International Competition to be judged for later awards at Geneva, Switzerland.

GRAND AWARD: Silver Trophy and \$10,000

SIX CLASS AWARDS: Best picture in each class, a Gold Medal and \$1,000

* * *

Total U. S. Prize Money.....	\$25,000
International Awards.....	16,000
Prize Money for rest of world.....	59,000

NOTE that one picture may win a \$500 class prize, the \$2,500 grand prize for U. S. A. . . . plus a \$1,000 international class award and the \$10,000 international grand award . . . a total of \$14,000 for a single snapshot.

Entry Blank — Clip it Now!

Mail blank with your entries to Prize Contest Office, Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y. Do not place your name on either the front or back of any picture.

Name _____ (Please Print)

Street Address _____

Town and State _____

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Make of Film _____ Number of pictures accompanying this blank _____

P. 7

KODAK INTERNATIONAL \$100,000 COMPETITION *for Amateur Picture-Takers*



IT'S WRITTEN in the STARS

*Leo's crown fits him
better than ever!*



IF only you could take a peek through the telescope with Leo, what a thrill you would have watching M-G-M's brilliant stars, directors, writers and technical experts—all busy on the greatest production program in the history of this company. Week after week during the coming season new M-G-M hits will come out of that miracle city known as the M-G-M Studio. Mighty productions that are destined to take their place with such M-G-M triumphs of past seasons as "The Secret Six," "Reducing," "Our Dancing Daughters," "Anna Christie," "The Divorcee," "Min and Bill," "Paid," "Strangers May Kiss," "Trader Horn." *It's written in the stars* that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer will again prove during 1931-1932 that it is the greatest producing organization in motion pictures.

*"More Stars Than
There are in Heaven"*

METRO-



1931-1932 Will Be M-G-M's CROWNING GLORY

These famous stars and featured players will make the coming year the greatest in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer history:

Marion DAVIES **Wallace BEERY** **Joan CRAWFORD**
Marie DRESSLER **Greta GARBO** **John GILBERT**
William HAINES **Buster KEATON** **Robert MONTGOMERY**
Ramon NOVARRO **Norma SHEARER** **Lawrence TIBBETT**
Alfred LUNT **Lynn FONTAINE**

Dorothy Appleby	Reginald Denny	Neil Hamilton	John Miljan	Irene Purcell
Lionel Barrymore	Kent Douglass	Helen Hayes	Ray Milland	Marjorie Rambeau
Edwin Bartlett	James Durante	Leila Hyams	C. Montenegro	C. Aubrey Smith
William Bakewell	Cliff Edwards	Jean Hersholt	Polly Moran	Ruth Selwyn
Charles Bickford	Phyllis Elgar	Hedda Hopper	Karen Morely	Gus Shy
Lilian Bond	Madge Evans	Leslie Howard	Conrad Nagel	Lewis Stone
Edwina Booth	Clark Gable	Dorothy Jordan	Ivor Novello	Ernest Torrence
John Mack Brown	Ralph Graves	Joan Marsh	Monroe Owsley	Lester Vail
Janet Currie	Charlotte Greenwood	Adolphe Menjou	Anita Page	Robert Young

In stories by the world's most brilliant writers. Directed by men who are making screen history.

You'll Soon APPLAUD

Marion DAVIES
in "Five and Ten"

Norma SHEARER
in "A Free Soul"

Marie DRESSLER
Polly MORAN
in "Politics"

Robert MONTGOMERY
in "The Man in Possession"

Greta GARBO
in "Susan Lenox, Her Fall
and Rise"

and many others



GOLDWYN-MAYER

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88]



Ruth Etting puts across one of those low, so blue, croons for the benefit of the mike. You will hear this expression in Vitaphone's "Freshman Love"

"They actually buried him alive for two hours—"

"Hey, what's so unusual about that," a man standing nearby interrupted. "Some executives have been buried alive for years out here. Put that in the paper."

As he rushed from the room, he turned his head.

"But for heaven's sake don't print who said it. I work here. I *know*. But I want to work here in the future."

HOLLYWOOD—and eighteen women—can keep a secret.

Recently the fifteen members of the Hollywood Women's Press Club and three star hostesses—Evelyn Brent, June Collyer and Lucille Gleason—gave a benefit bridge party for a certain actress in desperate financial straits.

Her name was withheld. And not one of those eighteen girls cheeped.

Old Cal knows, and even he can keep a secret when the publication of her name would cause embarrassment to the lady who needed the money.

THERE'S been a rumor floating around loose, as rumors are wont to float, that Doug, Jr., has discarded his well-known battered green hat for the high hat, now that he's become a star.

But I'm making a little side bet that that

rumor is all wrong. Doug's a smart kid—what's more, he uses his head. He knows, for instance, that, although he has star billing, he needs good stories to make the grade. He's working toward that.

He's not taking just anything that comes his way and if that's being high hat make the most of it.

I think it's being just plenty smart.

WE were talking with a Los Angeles lady about "Seed."

"I've seen it four times," she said, "and cried harder each one. Oh, I had such a lovely time."

We wondered if that shouldn't tell the producers something. Women *do have* a lovely time whenever they cry!

SEYMOUR, PHOTOPLAY's fashion guide, went to see Tallulah Bankhead in "Tarnished Lady" for entertainment and came back mumbling about the waste of real beauty it was to let her look as she did.

Here are a few of the things wrong with this glamorous lady, according to Seymour's critical sixth fashion sense.

You may not agree, but—

He says the length of her hair is not smart and certainly not becoming.

Her face is too long to have her hair cling so flatly to its sides.

It emphasizes all the bad contours. Under the small hats which Miss Bankhead wears, the dangling locks look simply uncombed. Bad, growls Seymour. Very bad.

THEN, it seems that Tallulah's clothes are not all that they should be. The lines are frequently bad, stressing the figure where they shouldn't. And the hats, which in practically every case are close fitting, only tend to make her face look long and square across the cheek bones.

Her make-up doesn't measure up to Seymour's standards, either. Miss Bankhead's mouth appears overly large and rather shapeless when she laughs. And her naturally beautiful eyes are spoiled by eye shadow and a bad line to the eyebrows.

Tallulah is a personality and a beauty—but she needs a skilled hand in make-up and costuming as a guide for her next screen appearance.

ONE constantly hears the ever recurring question:

What's become of so-and-so?

Well, we found out the other day what has become of Ella Hall, curly headed little star of yesterday.

She's working as a saleslady at \$25 a week to support her three children because her husband failed on his alimony.

CARMAN BARNES wrote "School Girl." She is under age. She was considered a genius.

Someone in the East saw her and decided she was Movie material.

They signed her at \$1,000 a week now; \$1,250 a week in a few months, and \$5,000 a week at the end of three years—provided the options are taken up.

First, she was to star in her own writings. "With and By Carman Barnes." A good thought, but when they came to adapt her story, this was discarded.

Then she was to play the part of a Southern debutante.

Well, she's finally playing the rôle of a tattered gal of the South—sort of a white trash interpretation in "Strangers and Lovers."

AND here's the funny side. Eight weeks are allowed on the production schedule for a not-too-big picture. When three weeks is a long shooting schedule for pictures in this day of hurry-up talkies.

And the eight weeks are to furnish ample time for proper photography. The girl's lines need much camera attention.

She has one lucky break.

Tom Douglas of stage fame has been cast opposite her.

He can teach her much—and we understand he is willing and so is she!

DOROTHY SEBASTIAN, in Hollywood, called Alice Terry, in Nice, France, over long distance telephone—just, if you please, to chat a bit, and the two friends were so thrilled at hearing each other's voices that all they did—for fifty dollars' worth of miracle—was to squeal at each other in glee.

NILS ASTHER has returned to M-G-M under a long-term contract. What will happen now?

It was at that studio, before the talkies came, that Nils' first astonishing popularity began to grow. No other male player—with the exception of Jack Gilbert—was more in demand than he.

Then came the microphone. Nils had a strong Swedish accent, Jack a constrained voice.

Both were hurt by that little device.

But other foreign actors have succeeded—notably Paul Lukas. They say Nils has a good chance of coming back strong. He had expected to join his wife, Vivian Duncan, and the

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 103]



Where's the grass skirt, Mr. Ziegfeld? Here's how Reri, the South Sea island beauty of "Tabu," actually looked upon arrival in San Francisco. Later, she arrived in New York garbed in a grass skirt to join the Ziegfeld chorus—misplaced enthusiasm of the press agent

CATALINA SWIM SUITS

*Worn by the
Stars
of Hollywood*



When "movies" get away from megaphones and "mikes", Catalina Swim Suits come in for their inning! Here is JOAN CRAWFORD M-G-M Star, fresh from her triumphs in "Torch Song"; DOROTHY JORDAN who does some nice, nauti-cal work in "Ship-mates"; LEILA HYAMS who smiles her way through M-G-M's "Cheri Bibi"; MARY DORAN—a big feature all by herself; JOHN MACK BROWN, a big shot in M-G-M's latest thriller, "Secret Six."

*You, too, can wear the swim suits
that screen stars say are smart!*

How often have you admired one of your screen favorites in an alluring, form-fitting swim suit as she appeared in some bathing scene . . . or at her California beach club . . . or at some gay swimming pool party!

Perhaps you have wished that you, too, might wear such a suit . . . the last word in water-wear . . . fresh from the style-studios of Hollywood. Well, your wish can now come true! For, thanks to Catalina, you can now wear the suits that screen stars choose for their very own.

Here are suits into which has been crafted the style-sense, the romance, the imagery of Hollywood—suits with the spirit of youth and the spirit of play! In one piece models! Two piece suits! Ensembles!

Colors? Here are colors that have captured the gold of sun and sand . . . the blues and greens of the sea . . . colors cool and clean as the breath of the trade winds!

If you want to look your swim-suit-best this year, be sure to see the new Catalinas at your dealer's. Learn how you, too, can enjoy the "freedom of the seas" in the most style-full, color-full suit you've ever had on. No bag or sag—no mar or wrinkle—in the water or out. For each Catalina is cut *by hand* and rightly, tightly knit-to-fit by our original Ribstitch process.

If your dealer does not have them in stock, write us direct and we'll see that you are promptly supplied. Pacific Knitting Mills, 443 S. San Pedro St., Los Angeles.

Questions & Answers

Read This Before Asking Questions

Avoid questions that call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address. If you want a personal reply, be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.



Marlene Dietrich seated at the piano in her Berlin home. This was taken shortly before she came to America to win success in the talkies

Casts and Addresses

As these take up much space, we treat such subjects in a different way from other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, addressed envelope must always be sent. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

MUSIC! Music! Music! Imagine my surprise this month when hundreds of letters came in from all parts of the world, asking the name of the music that Marlene Dietrich played in "Dishonored." It certainly caused a flutter in the hearts of music lovers. I won't keep you in suspense any longer. It is an old Viennese composition called "Danube Waves Waltz." And Marlene, being an accomplished musician, needed no double to do the playing for her. In April she returned from a vacation in Europe, bringing her little daughter, Maria, back with her.

RUTH LEE COOK, NARBETH, PENNA.: Ruth, your big handsome hero, Lawrence Tibbett, made his debut into this world of ours via Bakersfield, Calif. The gala day was November 16. Larry is married to Grace Mackey Smith and they have twin sons about ten years old. When not making pictures Larry spends his time singing in opera and in the bath-tub.

VIRGINIA STEVENS, CHARLOTTE, N. C.: If you will look back through your previous issues of PHOTOPLAY, you will find that we printed a picture of Mr. and Mrs. Chester Morris in July, 1929, and one of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Montgomery in June, 1931. The Montgomerys have one daughter and the Morrisses have a son and daughter.

MARCIA LENTZ, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.: Now, Marcia, don't be trying to form another triangle. Gary Cooper and Lupe Velez still love each other, according to latest reports. Gary is 6 feet, 2, and has black hair and blue eyes.

IRVIN MELBECK, WELLSTON, MO.: You're wrong, Irv, Edna Wallace Hopper and Hedda Hopper are not the same person. Edna was the third wife of De Wolf Hopper, and Hedda was his fifth wife. Yes, and there was a sixth wife, too.

KATHERINE HILE, OCEAN PARK, CALIF.: I see you're going in for altitude records now. Well, here they are: Richard Dix and William Haines are each 6 feet tall; Ramon Novarro is 5 feet, 10, and Charles Chaplin stops at 5 feet, 4. Sylvia Beecher was the cute girl who played opposite the smiling Chevalier in "Innocents of Paris." She just seemed to drop out of sight after that.

B. RAVENAL, MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA: Thanx for all the good wishes. It was Nils Asther who played the rôle of *Raoul Duval* in "The Loves of an Actress," starring Pola Negri. Pola, by the way, is back in Hollywood ready to start on a talkie.

GAY, SACRAMENTO, CALIF.: Gay, here's the first-aid treatment for that high blood pressure of yours. James Rennie played in both "Illicit" and "Girl of the Golden West." In the first mentioned, he was known as *Dick Ives* and in the other he was the Mexican bandit. Harry Bannister, who played the rôle of the sheriff in "Girl of the Golden West," is the husband of Ann Harding.

FLORENCE OSTERMEIER, SPRINGFIELD, ILL.: Sorry, Flo, but I don't know of any stars who are selling their old clothes. If I did, I'd buy a couple of suits. The costumes worn by Joan Crawford in "Dance Fools, Dance," were designed by Adrian.

LOIS LYTLE, ENID, OKLA.: I can assure you that Clark Gable has caused a riot in more states than Oklahoma. How the ladies have fallen for that boy! Here's the low-down on him. Born in Cadiz, Ohio, February 1, 1901, stands 6 feet, 1; weighs 190 and has brown hair and grey eyes. Has several years of stage experience back of him. Believe it or not, he broke into the talkies as a bad, bold bandit in "The Painted Desert." Other pictures since then are "Dance Fools, Dance," "The Easiest Way," "The Secret Six," and "A Free Soul." And now for the grand surprise. He will be seen opposite the gorgeous Garbo in "The Rise and Fall of Susan Lenox."

KITTY OF OSHKOSH: Rin-Tin-Tin most certainly is going to continue with his movie career. He is starting a serial picture titled "The Lightning Warrior." When Rinty was in New York in the early Spring, he made his radio debut. Just another aspirant to Rudy Vallée's title "Sweetheart of the Air."

MRS. E. LAWALL, ALLENTOWN, PENNA.: Charles (ex-Buddy) Rogers is really too busy making pictures and personal appearances to devote much time to any one young lady. His latest picture is "The Lawyer's Secret."

HELEN DRAGUSH, TRENTON, N. J.: Donald Dillaway is a newcomer to the screen. He entered pictures in 1930 and has appeared in "Min and Bill," "Cimarron," and "Body and Soul." Don was born in New York City in 1908, on St. Patrick's Day, to be exact. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 150, and has brown hair and brown eyes. Attended the University of Buffalo. Had eight years of stage work before going cinematic.

THERESA WELLNER, PATERSON, N. J.: That tough little gangster, pardon me, I mean Edward G. Robinson, appeared in five pictures before "Little Caesar"—all since 1928.

JOYCE AUSTIN, FREDONIA, N. Y.: Helen Kane's last picture was "Heads Up" with Charles (ex-Buddy) Rogers. She is boop-pa-dooping again on the stage.

BETTY AND GLADYS, PHOENIX, ARIZ.: Betty wins the wooden kimono. Una Merkel was the cute girl who played in "Eyes of the World." She's a native of Covington, Kentucky, stands 5 feet, 5, weighs 110, and is just 23 years old. Una appeared on the silent screen about seven years ago, deserted it for the stage, but returned again in 1930, making her talkie debut in "Abraham Lincoln." Since then she has appeared in "The Bat Whispers," "The Command Performance," "Don't Bet on Women" and "Fame."

A. N. BOGART, OTTAWA, CANADA: Now that summer is here, why worry whether the outdoor swimming pools in Hollywood are heated during the winter? At this writing there is no talk of re-issuing the late Jeanne Eagel's talking films.

M. C. A., WETHERSFIELD, CONN.: John Darrow is not a newcomer to the screen. He entered pictures in 1926, but didn't get much of a break until the talkies. John was born in New York City, July 17, 1907. He is 5 feet, 11½; weighs 165, and has brown hair and brown eyes. His latest pictures are "Fame," and "Everything's Rosie."

THOS. PAONE, ARCHBALD, PENNA.: Those funny Marx Brothers, known professionally as Groucho, Harpo, Chico and Zeppo, were really tagged Julius, Arthur, Leonard and Herbert, respectively. Their next talkie will be "Monkey Business." Can you imagine what that will be like?

MARY LOU, HONOLULU: Your suggestion came too late, Mary Lou. Helen Twelvetrees recently changed her name to Mrs. Frank Woody. Your idea of calling her Helen FOREST wasn't bad. However, 12 TREES won't make a FOREST but it makes it WOODY.

KAREN HANSEN, BRIDGEPORT, CONN.: That very capable actress, Marjorie Rambeau, first saw light in San Francisco, Calif., in 1889. She made her first stage appearance as a child in 1901. Entered pictures in 1917, devoting part of her time to the screen and the rest of it to the stage. Made her talkie debut in 1930 in "Her Man." After that came "Min and Bill," "Inspiration," "The Easiest Way," and several others. Marjorie has a five-year contract with M-G-M, so we will see many more pictures of her in the future.

Six stars... and loveliness in a garden

by Frances Ingram

THERE I found her—in Atlanta, in the *loveliest* of gardens . . . head bare, hands busy among her flowers. And we talked on and on of another day, in another garden—in Spain.

"Do you know, after I met you that April, I carried Milkweed Cream all over the world with me? It kept my skin so perfectly cleansed—even in the dirtiest cities and the dustiest trains of those hot countries father has such a passion for. And when I came home, and my husband was afraid I'd spoil my complexion working in my own garden—I just smiled, and kept right on using Milkweed Cream every single night . . ."

Her skin was *lovely*. As soft and fresh and delicately tinted as her own Georgia peaches and cream, with not a single line to say "She's past thirty!"

It isn't only my friends who have followed my starred way to new skin loveliness. Thousands of women write me about what it has done for *them*.

Won't *you* try it? You have only to keep your skin *immaculately clean*, deep into the pores, by spreading Milkweed Cream generously over it, each night. Then—follow the instructions below. Even within a few days there'll be a dramatic difference in your skin!

And won't you listen in on my radio program, "Through the looking-glass with Frances Ingram," Tuesday mornings at 10:15 E.D.S.T., over WJZ and associated N.B.C. stations?



IS YOUR SKIN AS LOVELY AS MY MANNEQUIN'S?

"Only a healthy skin can stay young"

★ THE FOREHEAD—To guard against lines and wrinkles here apply Milkweed Cream, stroking with fingertips, outward from the center of brow.

★ THE EYES—To avoid aging crows' feet, smooth Ingram's about the eyes, stroke with a feather touch outward over brow and inward under lower lids.

★ THE MOUTH—Drooping lines are easily defeated by placing thumbs under the chin and stroking with index fingers upward and outward toward the ears.

★ THE THROAT—To keep your throat from flabbiness, cover generously with Milkweed Cream, and from the hollow at the base, stroke upward toward the chin.

★ THE NECK AND CHIN—To prevent a sagging chin, stroke with fingertips from under the chin outward, under the jawbone, toward the ears. Then pat firmly under the chin and along the jaw contours.

★ THE SHOULDERS—To have shoulders that are blemish-free and firmly smooth, massage with palm of hand in rotary motion with plenty of cream.



MY INTRODUCTORY TUBE AND MY BEAUTY BOOKLET WILL DELIGHT YOU

FRANCES INGRAM, Dept. A-71
108 Washington Street, New York
(Check in square below)

☐ Please send me your introductory Milkweed Cream treatment and your booklet, "Why Only a Healthy Skin Can Stay Young." I enclose 4 cents in stamps to cover cost of mailing.

☐ Please send me your booklet, "Why Only a Healthy Skin Can Stay Young," which is free.

Name _____

Address _____

INGRAM'S

Milkweed Cream

HOLD FAST the charm of 21



THE precious creams and unguents of the cosmetician's art—priceless aids though they are—cannot hide a sallow skin, dull eyes, lack of verve and sparkle in your manner. Charm, attraction for others, good looks themselves are impossible without *internal cleanliness*.

You can't be at your best while poisons in the system cloud your skin, weary your body, depress your spirits. Don't just miss being alert, clear-eyed, good-looking.

Keep clean internally. The saline way Sal Hepatica offers, is a simple, effective one.

Europeans of fashion travel hundreds of miles to take the "saline cure" at Continental spas. But you can have its benefits here at home—through Sal Hepatica, the practical American equivalent of these health springs. It frees the body of poisons, restoring the brightness to your eyes, clearing your skin, warding off colds.

Begin this saline method with Sal Hepatica today. In a month you'll feel better, look younger, regain your natural charm.

Write Bristol-Myers Co., Dept. G-71, 71 West St., New York City, for a free booklet, "To Clarice in Quest of Her Youth."



SAL HEPATICA

Girls' Problems

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18]

Even your favorite moving picture star chooses her play clothes with an eye to comfort rather than dramatic effect. I remember Vilma Banky once telling me that she looked forward all year to an annual fishing trip with her husband, because she could wear trousers all day!

As I was saying, packing suitable clothes depends so much upon where you are going and what you will be doing. If you vacation in the mountains, you will want to take along sweaters and woolen things that you would not need for the seashore or some nearby lake. And if you should go out West to a ranch, you won't need any of the frilly afternoon and evening things that you would take to a resort. At a ranch everyone lives in riding habits or blue jeans from breakfast to bedtime. Don't burden yourself with clothes, but take along enough to feel at ease.

Did you ever stop to think that half the joy of a holiday is getting into the spirit of it? You can carry along the smartest wardrobe in the world, look your prettiest every moment, but unless you have that gay enthusiasm, you are certain to lose out on the fun of it.

I saw that happen to a very attractive young girl last summer. She went to a beautiful place in the mountains, stayed at an expensive inn—and then proceeded to fret the days away because there did not happen to be as many young people there as she had expected. Glorious scenery and the delightful surroundings about her were simply wasted. Of course, she returned from the trip feeling that she had been cheated. Don't let that happen to you—have a really "beautiful" time!

TOOTSIE:

Your question about personality interested me very much. Every day I receive letters from girls who seem to think that personal beauty is more important than any other attribute. Did you know that the great authorities on beauty list personality first, and perfection of figure and face, second? Many of the world's most famous women have not been beautiful, even though they have had a reputation for great personal attractiveness. It was the charm, the individuality that came from within them that made them seem so.

To acquire personality you must be natural, first of all. A pose of any sort is too difficult to keep, and does not ring true. Be interesting, but never force yourself on anyone—a certain amount of reserve is always desirable.

Enthusiasm is essential to personality, I think. I am appalled by young girls who think it is amusing to appear bored and sophisticated. The fresh charm of their youth is so wasted. Poise, good manners, a smart appearance and health are all parts of personality.

Exposure to the sun often streaks hair. If it is not very apparent, I would leave it alone. Try massaging the scalp. Some of the roots may not be getting the proper amount of stimulation. Send me a stamped, self-addressed envelope and ask for my complexion leaflet.

CAROL B.:

I don't think you have a real problem at all in your coloring. It would seem that you are far more fortunate than most girls who have a decided coloring because you can wear a variety of color combinations which will cleverly bring out either the green or the grey tones in your eyes. Your long, dark lashes help in this respect; they give a definite emphasis to the eyes.

Use a warm shade of rouge, one that has a rose tint. Stress the lips carefully with a lipstick in a medium shade. Then choose such shades as: green in both medium and bright tones, warm browns accented with yellow, green or white, a tomato red, rose and black

with a color or white. In the evening you could wear green, clear red and turquoise blue. Black is always correct. However, when you wear it, I would suggest either a brighter make-up or a color accent in your accessories.

I like your complete black and white color scheme for the suit; it is very smart this year. Why don't you vary the material of your blouse rather than the color?

You should weigh about 134 pounds for your height and age.

LYS:

Hair that is very straight and unruly is rather a problem, I know. Have you tried having a permanent? It is a great convenience for summer and does wonders with difficult hair. A good hairdresser will quickly tell you how your hair will respond to a wave.

You do not state what color your eyes are so it is difficult to advise you exactly as to your colors. However, if you are a true brunette, I would suggest the following: green, yellow, clear shades of red a soft rose, brown, blue, white alone or with an accent of color, and black with touches of white.

You are slightly overweight; you should weigh about 125 pounds.

CELESTE:

Jeanne Morgan is 22 years old, but I am sorry that I can not give you her height. Her sister, Marian Marsh, is 17 years old and is 5 feet, 2 inches tall.

Since the longer bob with softly curled ends is so popular now, I would suggest it for you. Parting your hair in the middle will make your face appear slimmer, I think I would prefer it to the type of bob which you mentioned. You have to be a decided type to wear that style.

Light tan powder, a bright red rouge and an orange-red lipstick would be becoming make-up. Of course, in making up for the stage, your colors will be emphasized more strongly than for ordinary occasions.

The colors that should be most becoming to you are shades of green, most shades of blue, deep orchid, warm browns, burnt-orange, tomato red, pink and rose, black with a color or white, and all white.

Your little sisters are all too young to bother about either height or weight. In the next few years they will develop so rapidly that any lack of size or weight will be naturally adjusted.

BRENDA:

I think a great many girls today are troubled by the fact that their legs are slightly larger than they wish. If you are slender, however, I do not think that it is any handicap at all. Especially when longer skirts make it so easy to conceal much of the extra weight of the legs. You can improve the line of the legs by exercise. I would suggest the following!

First, stand straight, head up, chest high, shoulders back, abdomen flat, feet together and hands on hips. With your right leg supporting the weight of the body, swing the left leg forward and backward like the pendulum of a clock, going as far as possible, holding the left leg so lightly that it can swing easily. Do this about a dozen times and repeat with the other foot, weight on the left leg, swinging the right.

AMY:

If you will send me a stamped, self-addressed envelope and ask for my complexion leaflet, you will find the treatment which will help you.

I cannot advise you in regard to the little red veins beneath your skin, as that is a matter about which you will have to consult your physician. I do not believe that arching the eyebrows has any effect upon the eyesight. The natural line of the brows is much more desirable, however.



"Now . . . I can stand the Public Gaze" . . . Can You?

At a swimming party, you slip your beach-coat from your shoulders—and suddenly your bathing-suit seems all too brief... At a dance, you raise your arms to pin back a stray lock, forgetting that your dress is sleeveless. These moments, in fact any moment, in public, need not be embarrassing if your skin is free of disfiguring hair.

And it's really easy to keep your underarms,* forearms and legs smooth and hair-free if you use Del-a-tone Cream.

Like most fastidious moderns, you are probably particular about what you put on your skin. Consequently, Del-a-tone will appeal to you because:

... it is not only a *white* cream, but it is made according to our exclusive formula—the result of over 23 years experience

in the manufacture of depilatories . . . it is made of the finest ingredients money can buy . . . faintly fragrant, it is as easy to use as cold cream . . . it removes hair in 3 minutes or less . . . it leaves your skin velvety-smooth.

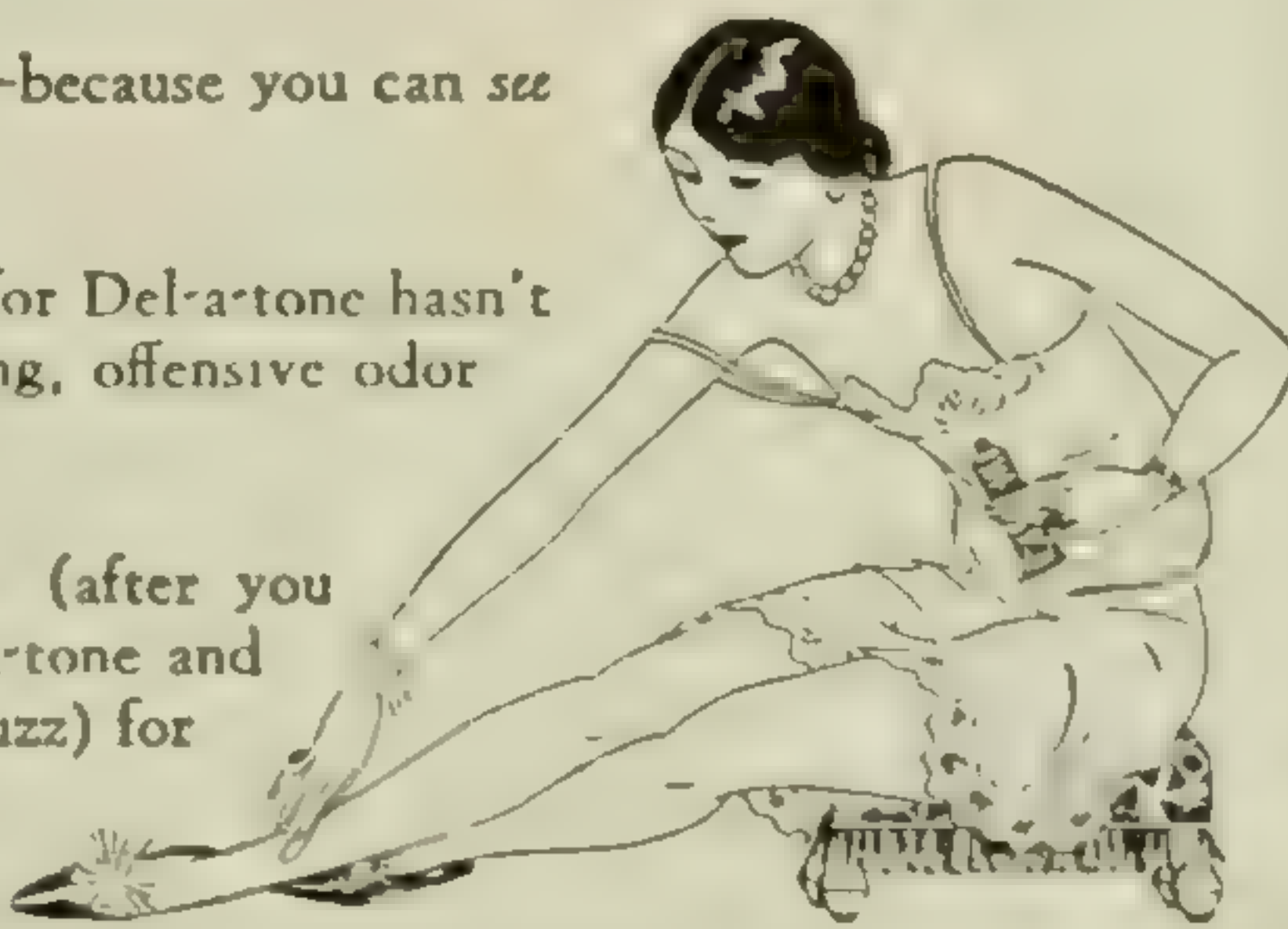
Thousands upon thousands of dainty women have turned to Del-a-tone to solve their superfluous hair problem. As one young woman writes me: "Del-a-tone leaves my skin so much smoother and cleaner than after removing hair any other way."

Let this creamy-white depilatory keep you daintily feminine . . . Let Del-a-tone give your skin that alluring smoothness that adds so much to a woman's charm.

Mildred Hadley

Here's the triple-proof of DEL-A-TONE's superiority:

- 1 Your eyes will tell you—because you can see how creamy-white it is.
- 2 Your nose will tell you, for Del-a-tone hasn't any of that over-powering, offensive odor of ordinary depilatories.
- 3 Your skin will tell you (after you have rinsed off the Del-a-tone and along with it, the ugly fuzz) for it will have an alluring, velvety-smoothness.



P. S.—I almost forgot to tell you that Del-a-tone is sold on a Money-Back Guarantee. We have seen Del-a-tone win wide popularity on real merit alone, that's why we offer to refund your money cheerfully if you are not satisfied with this dainty depilatory. By the way, I hope you've noticed that no extravagant claims have ever been made regarding Del-a-tone.

*Removal of underarm hair lessens perspiration odor, you know.



Alluringly lovely . . . charming . . . totally at ease because Del-a-tone has left her skin satiny smooth and free of all traces of disfiguring hair.

NOW COMES
IN TWO SIZES

50¢ \$1.00

NEW LARGER

Del-a-tone Cream, 50c and \$1 (also Del-a-tone Powder, \$1 size only) at drug and department stores. Or sent prepaid in U. S. in plain wrapper. Money back if desired. (Trial tube, 10c—use coupon at right.) Write Miss Mildred Hadley, The Delatone Co., (Est. 1908) The Delatone Bldg., Dept. 87, 233 East Ontario Street, Chicago, Illinois.



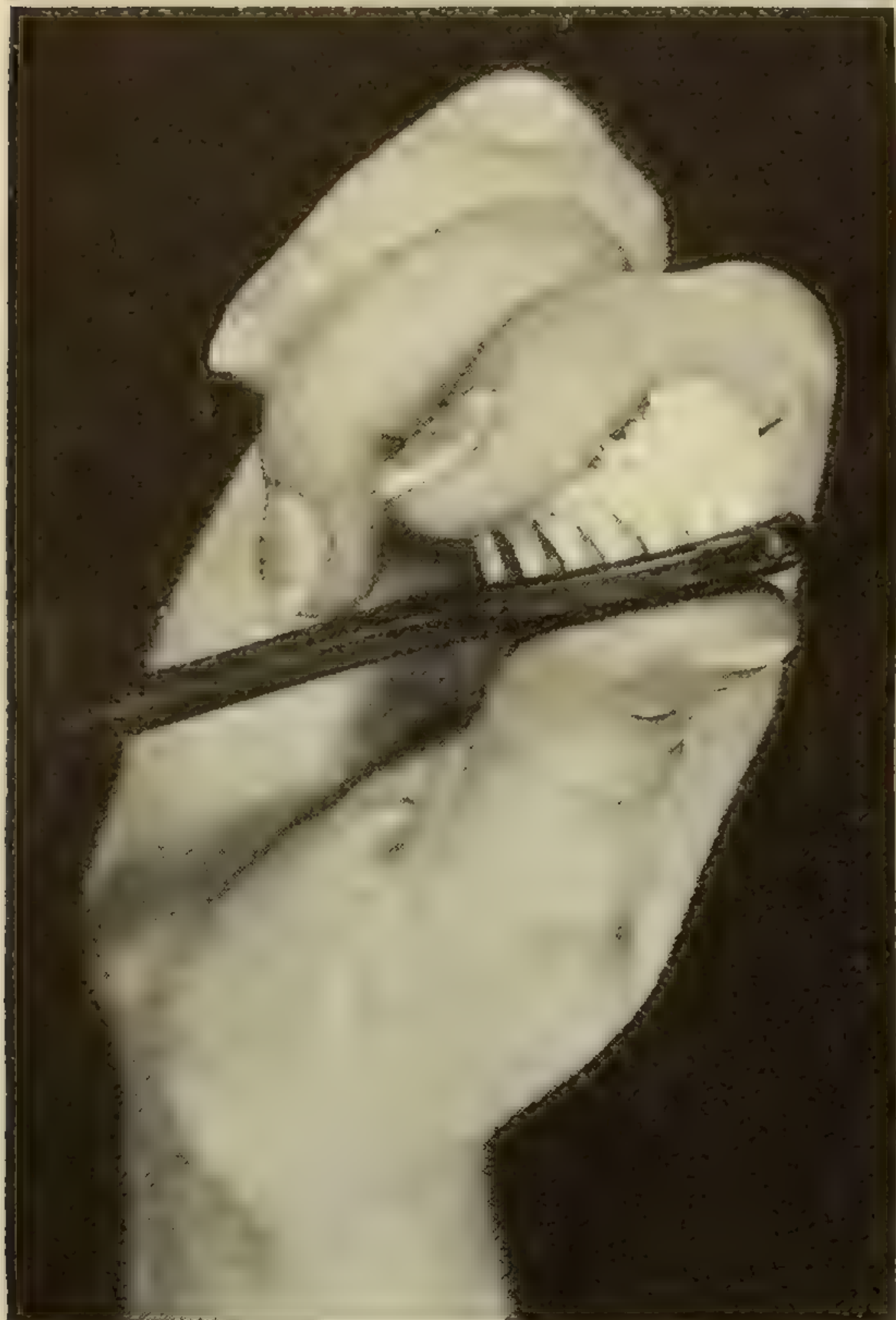
DEL-A-TONE

The White Cream Hair-remover

Miss Mildred Hadley, The Delatone Company
Dept. 87, Delatone Bldg., 233 E. Ontario Street, Chicago, Ill.
Please send me in plain wrapper prepaid, generous trial tube of Del-a-tone Cream, for which I enclose 10c.
Name
Street
City

MORE SPRING

for quick,
easy cleaning!



Better Bristles—trimmed and tufted into the most efficient form for cleansing your teeth and massaging your gums. Tek's bristles keep their resiliency even after months of brushing and daily drenching in water. Tek is a pleasant, effective change from old style brushes.

Tek's double value is its **Better Shape and Better Bristles**, at no extra cost. Sterilized and Cellophane-sealed, at your dealer's, Tek 50c; Tek Jr., 35c. A guaranteed product of the world's largest makers of dental accessories.



Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY

Short Subjects of the Month



Bobby Jones takes as naturally to the camera as he does to a National Open Tournament. And he's one Hollywoodite who doesn't have to be told how to do his stuff by a director

HOW I PLAY GOLF: THE PUTTER

Warners-Vitaphone

Bobby Jones' first short. A million dollars' worth of instruction for golf nuts. And almost as much fun and entertainment for those who aren't. Joe E. Brown and Frank Craven are hilarious. There's also a flash of Dick Barthelmess. The best sport short yet.

THE COUNTY SEAT

Radio Pictures

Here's your old pal, Chic Sale, in a top-notch short. And don't be alarmed, for it won't shock anybody. Chic is the small town loafer who wins against all odds. Beautifully directed. Fine entertainment.

A CLEAN-UP ON THE CURB

Radio Pictures

W-w-w-well Roscoe Ates fixes everything up just d-d-d-dandy and it's all pretty f-f-f-funny. Your favorite stuttering comedian plays the part of a janitor who tries to commit suicide but saves a lady in a pent house instead. Vivian Oakland is the lady. Right smart fun.

DOWN TO DAMASCUS

Fox Movietone

A celluloid journey to this ancient city, which shows the natives in their colorful daily surroundings, bargaining in the bazaars and working at their ancient trades. Also a camel journey out into the desert to visit a real sheik, who looks nothing like Valentino or Novarro. Fine travelogue.

BEAUTY SECRETS FROM HOLLYWOOD

Paramount

Here you are, girls, a detailed account of the proper way to make up for the street. You'll find this very instructive and the boy friend won't mind looking at the gals who illustrate. The Technicolor is lovely. Geraldine DeVorak, Garbo's ex-double, is in the cast of four.

THE STRIFE OF THE PARTY

Radio Pictures

Mark up another clever picture directed by Mark Sandrich. This one is a domestic comedy, featuring that splendid actor, Ned Sparks, a husband who is kept on the jump to meet the expenses of his wife and her sister. Addie McPhail and Roberta Gale are the women. Plenty of laughs.

HOW I PLAY GOLF: CHIP SHOTS

Warners-Vitaphone

Bobby Jones' second, and a worthy successor to the first. Not as many laughs, but Jones' wizardry with his irons is even more amazing and instructive. Charles Winninger, John Halliday, Bill Davidson and Robert Elliott help out.

MOTHER GOOSE MELODIES

Columbia

A Walt Disney Silly Symphony that is the perfect short for the kiddies and grown-ups, too. With King Cole as the central character, most of the other Mother Goose characters come to life to a fetching variety of tunes. Expertly and cleverly done.

BETTY CO-ED

Paramount

A good melodious short, with plenty of college atmosphere. Rudy Vallée and his Connecticut Yankees furnish the musical accompaniment. Rudy also delivers a solo with the dancing ball keeping time for the audience to join in. The young folks will like this one.

HERE'S LUCK

Universal

Slim Summerville again, in a rollicking soldier comedy with gruff Tom Kennedy as the top sergeant. Laid in Germany, you will have a long laugh when Slim tinkers with a huge shell, which goes off and blows up the brewery, flooding the A. E. F. with beer.

Indiscreet

*Through one indiscretion—a woman with
a future became a woman with a past*

A new **year** A new **life**

So Jerry Trent (Gloria Swanson) made her
New Year's **resolution** Her past was a closed book
..... Her **romance** with Jim Woodward was forgotten
..... On fresh, clean pages she'd write
the story of a
new and
greater
love ... But the
winds of **fate** blew ...
Love demanded a **sacrifice** ...

Joseph M. Schenck presents

A DeSYLVA, BROWN and HENDERSON
Production

GLORIA SWANSON

in

"INDISCREET"

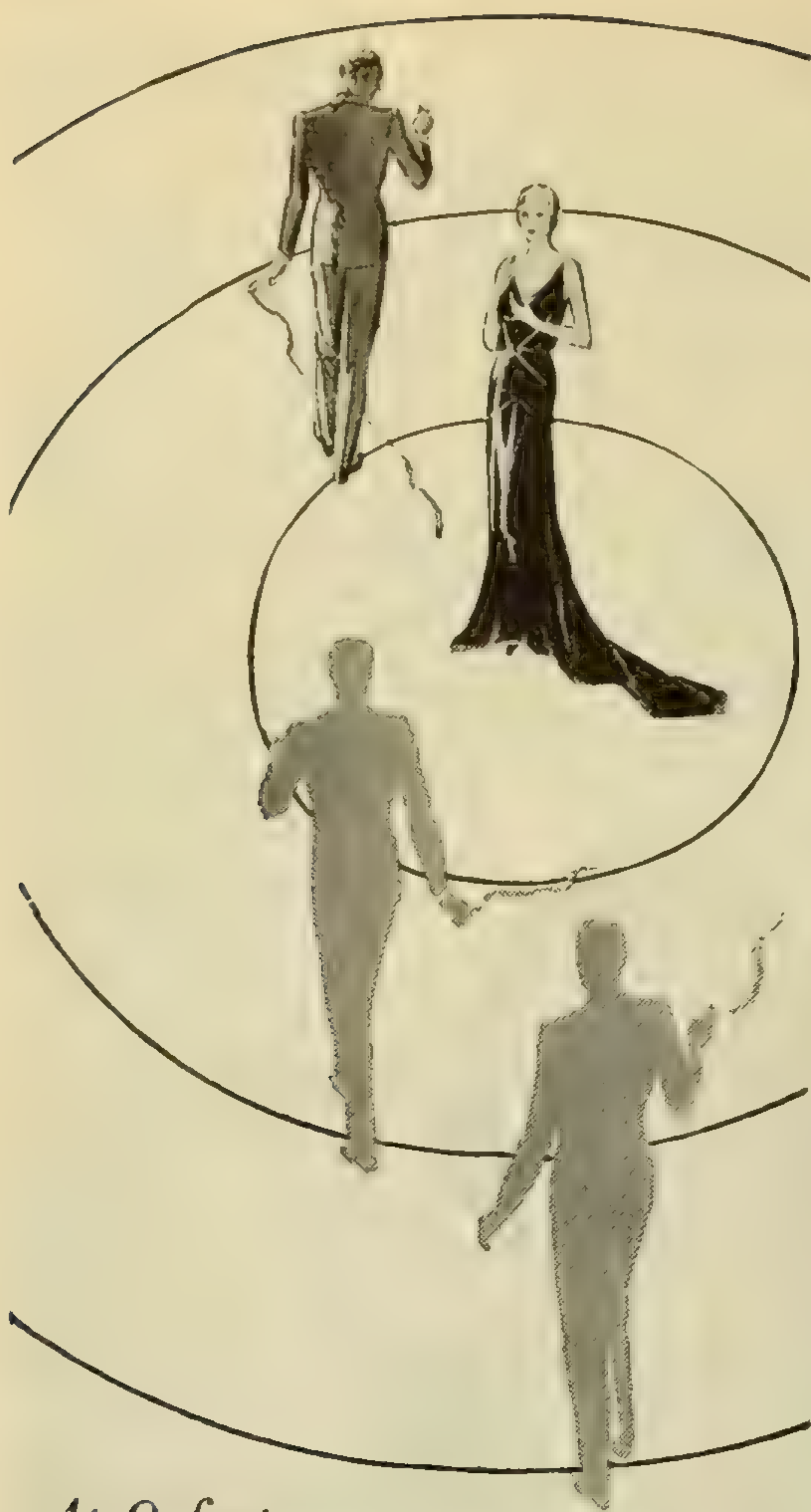
with

Ben Lyon Arthur Lake

Directed by Leo McCarey

A UNITED ARTISTS PICTURE
"UNITED FOR YOUR ENTERTAINMENT"

Addresses of the Stars



At 9 feet—

HOW CHARMING!

At 6 feet—

IRRESISTIBLE!

At 3 feet—

HOW DISAPPOINTING!

Outside the three-foot circle, one is reasonably safe from giving offense. Inside it, even a trace of armpit odor spoils one's charm.

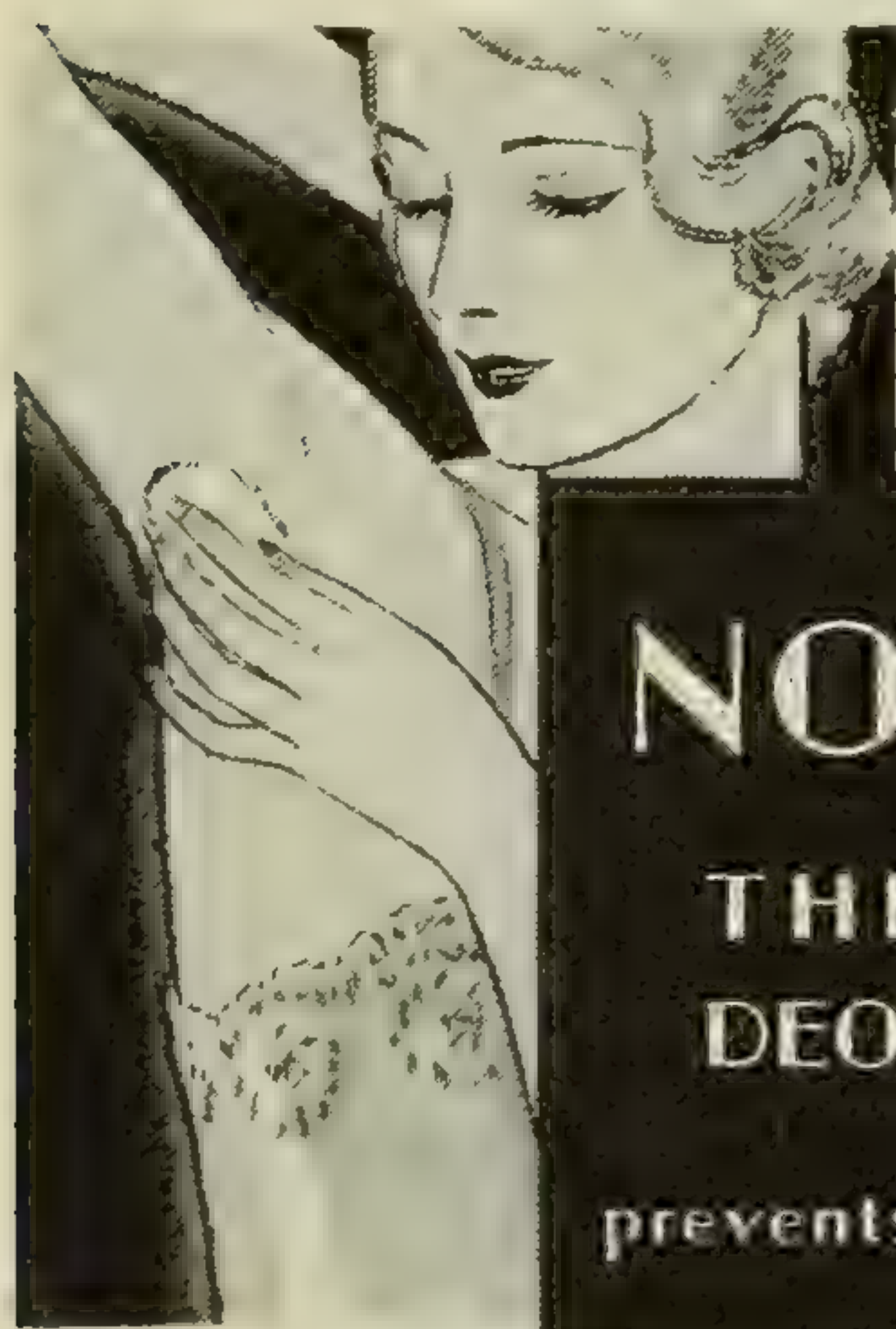
To make sure you pass the 3-Foot Circle Test—use Nonspi.

This deodorant is entirely harmless. Yet it is so thorough in preventing underarm perspiration that you need to apply it only twice a week. An ingredient used *only* in Nonspi makes this possible.

Nonspi is a deodorant which has been pronounced both safe and effective by competent medical authority. Use it, and worry no more about armpit odor or costly frocks

ruined by perspiration stains!

Send 10¢ with coupon below for generous sample.



NONSPI

**THE SAFE
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prevents perspiration

TRIAL OFFER—Send 10¢ for Physician's Sample—enough for 3 weeks—Nonspi Company, 113 West 18th St., Department 7-E, New York, N. Y.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Hollywood, Calif.

Paramount Publix Studios

Richard Arlen
Jean Arthur
George Bancroft
Carman Barnes
Clara Bow
Mary Brian
Martin Burton
Ruth Chatterton
June Collyer
Juliette Compton
Jackie Coogan
Robert Coogan
Gary Cooper
Frances Dee
Marlene Dietrich
Leon Errol
Stuart Erwin
Stanley Fields

Kay Francis
Skeets Gallagher
Mitzi Green
Phillips Holmes
Carole Lombard
Paul Lukas
Marcia Manners
Cyril Maude
Rosita Moreno
Jack Oakie
Guy Oliver
Eugene Pallette
Ramon Pereda
Charles Rogers
Lilyan Tashman
Regis Toomey
Fay Wray

Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave.

Frank Albertson
Luana Alcaniz
Michael Bartlett
Warner Baxter
Joan Bennett
Humphrey Bogart
El Brendel
Lucile Browne
Robert Burns
Joan Castle
Virginia Cherrill
Marguerite Churchill
William Collier, Sr.
Joyce Compton
Roxanne Curtis
Donald Dillaway
Fifi Dorsay
Charles Farrell
John Garrick
Janet Gaynor
C. Henry Gordon
Louise Huntington
Warren Hymers
Keating Sisters
Richard Keene
Jane Keith
Nancy Kelly
J. M. Kerrigan
James Kirkwood
Elissa Landi

Dixie Lee
Marion Lessing
George Lewis
Myrna Loy
Edmund Lowe
Claire Luce
Leslie May
Jeanette MacDonald
Kenneth MacKenna
Frances McCoy
Victor McLaglen
Una Merkel
Don Jose Mojica
Goodee Montgomery
Lois Moran
J. Harold Murray
George O'Brien
Maureen O'Sullivan
Gaylord Pendleton
Nat Pendleton
Rosalie Rae
Will Rogers
David Rollins
John Swor
Lee Tracy
Spencer Tracy
Ruth Warren
John Wayne
Marjorie White

Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St.

Robert Ames
Amos and Andy
Henry Armetta
Mary Astor
Roscoe Ates
Joseph Cawthorn
Betty Compson
Ricardo Cortez
John Darrow
Claudia Dell
Richard Dix
Irene Dunne
Eddie Foy, Jr.
Noel Francis
Ralf Harolde
Hugh Herbert

Rita LaRoy
Ivan Lebedeff
Dorothy Lee
Sharon Lynn
Everett Marshall
Joel McCrea
Jack Mulhall
Edna May Oliver
Roberta Robinson
Lowell Sherman
Katya Sorina
Ned Sparks
Leni Stengel
Bert Wheeler
Robert Woolsey

Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd.

George Arliss
John Barrymore
Noah Beery
Joan Blondell
Joe E. Brown
Anthony Bushell
James Cagney
Donald Cook
Bebe Daniels
Irene Delroy
Robert Elliott
Frank Fay

John Halliday
Leon Janney
Evalyn Knapp
Allan Lane
Winnie Lightner
Ben Lyon
David Manners
Marian Marsh
Edward Morgan
William Powell
Barbara Weeks
Jack Whiting

United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

Eddie Cantor
Charles Chaplin
Ina Claire
Ronald Colman
Dolores Del Rio
Douglas Fairbanks
Jean Harlow

Al Jolson
Evelyn Laye
Chester Morris
Mary Pickford
Gloria Swanson
Norma Talmadge

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St.

Richard Cromwell
Constance Cummings
Ralph Graves
Jack Holt
Buck Jones
Margaret Livingston

Bert Lytell
Dorothy Revier
Dorothy Sebastian
Miriam Seegar
Barbara Stanwyck

Culver City, Calif.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

William Bakewell
Lionel Barrymore
Wallace Beery
Edwina Booth
John Mack Brown
Lenore Bushman
Harry Carey
Joan Crawford
Jose Crespo
Marion Davies
Reginald Denny
Kent Douglass
Marie Dressler
Cliff Edwards
Julia Faye
Greta Garbo
John Gilbert
William Haines
Neil Hamilton
Hedda Hopper
Lottice Howell
Leila Hyams
Dorothy Jordan
Buster Keaton
Arnold Korff
Andre Luguet

Ellen McCarthy
Joan Marsh
Adolphe Menjou
John Miljan
Conchita Montenegro
Robert Montgomery
Grace Moore
Polly Moran
Catherine Moylan
Conrad Nagel
Ramon Novarro
Edward Nugent
Monroe Owsley
Anita Page
Lucille Powers
Marie Prevost
Marjorie Rambeau
Duncan Renaldo
Norma Shearer
Gus Shy
Lewis Stone
Lawrence Tibbett
Ernest Torrence
Raquel Torres
Lester Vail

RKO-Pathe Studios

Robert Armstrong
Constance Bennett
Bill Boyd
James and Russell
Gleason

Ann Harding
Eddie Quillan
Helen Twelvetrees

Hal Roach Studios

Charley Chase
Mickey Daniels
Dorothy Granger
Oliver Hardy
Mary Kornman
Harry Langdon

Stan Laurel
Gertie Messinger
Our Gang
David Sharpe
Grady Sutton
Thelma Todd

Universal City, Calif.

Universal Studios

Margaret Adams
Lew Ayres
John Boles
Hoot Gibson
Bela Lugosi

Charles Murray
George Sidney
Slim Summerville
Genevieve Tobin
John Wray

Burbank, Calif.

First National Studios

Richard Barthelmess
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
Joe Frisco
Walter Huston
Fred Kohler
Dorothy Mackaill

Marilyn Miller
Ona Munson
Dorothy Peterson
James Rennie
Otis Skinner
Loretta Young

Long Island City, New York

Paramount New York Studio

Tallulah Bankhead
Clive Brook
Nancy Carroll
Maurice Chevalier
Claudette Colbert
Norman Foster
Miriam Hopkins

Fredric March
Marx Brothers
Frank Morgan
Ginger Rogers
Charlie Ruggles
Charles Starrett
Ed Wynn

Hollywood, Calif.

Robert Agnew, 6357 La Mirada Ave.
Virginia Brown Faire, 1212 Gower St.
Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Bldg.
Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Blvd.
Philippe De Lacy, 904 Guaranty Bldg.

Los Angeles, Calif.

Pat O'Malley, 1832 Taft Ave.
Herbert Rawlinson, 1735 Highland St.
Ruth Roland, 3828 Wilshire Blvd.
Estelle Taylor, 5254 Los Feliz Blvd.

Gilda Gray, 22 E. 60th St., New York
William S. Hart, Horseshoe Ranch, Newhall, Calif.
Patsy Ruth Miller, 808 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.
George K. Arthur and Karl Dane, Beverly Hills, Calif.

THE RADIO TITAN, INDOMITABLE SYMBOL OF SCREEN LEADERSHIP, UNFURLS THE GOLDEN BANNER OF A GLORIOUS NEW SHOW SEASON!



Look To RKO-
RADIO For Your
Pictures Next
Year!... Each A
Star-Strewn Path
to Greater Enter-
tainment!



RICHARD DIX



IRENE DUNNE



DOLORES DEL RIO



LILY DAMITA

When Colossal "CIMARRON" swept triumphantly to the screen, RADIO PICTURES set a new standard for itself and the amusement world!... A standard of artistry and entertainment that inspires RADIO'S 1931-32 program.

Thirty-six superlative productions... among them "THE BIRD OF PARADISE," Richard Walton Tully's immortal play with Dolores Del Rio.

"MARCHETA," Glamorous romance of old Spain and "FRONTIER," companion spectacle to "Cimarron" with its stars, RICHARD DIX and IRENE DUNNE.

Fanny Hurst gives you "SYMPHONY OF SIX MILLION," intriguing story of Hollywood; and Wesley Ruggles, great director, brings a penetrating drama of today, "ARE THESE OUR CHILDREN?" Other attractions of road-show calibre are "MIRACLE CITY" by Howard Estabrook and Willard Mack's "THE DOVE" with Dolores Del Rio.

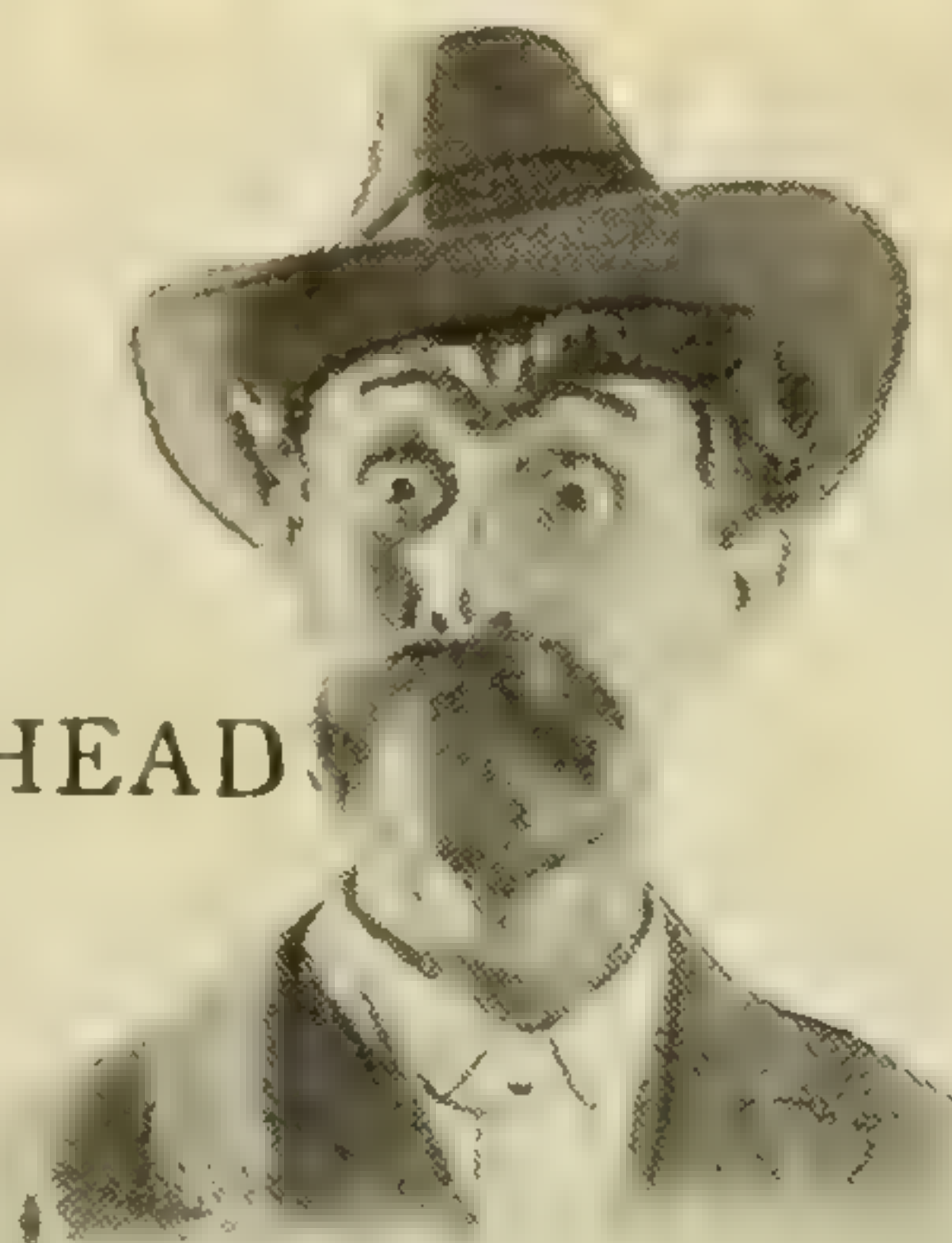
Great Pictures... Great Stars... Great Entertainment, the reward for those who follow the RADIO TITAN on his Triumphant March to New Conquests.



RADIO PICTURES

"Chic" Sale—The Specialist

tells how
Ed now
GITS the
TRAIN AHEAD
of the one
he's after



THERE'S a great moral lurkin' in the life of Ed Tyler who lives in the suburbs of a big city. For thirteen years Ed rode the train to work every mornin' an' didn't even know the station agent's name.

The other passengers would sit around the station laughin' an' jokin', but Ed wouldn't. He would stand there with his nose so high in the air that a sudden rain would have drowned him.

Well sir, Ed got to missin' trains. He would come dashin' up jest as the train pulled out. Maybe he had looked at a Sunday or a Holiday schedule on a week day or maybe he'd waited too long.

Havin' the good of the railroad at heart, the station agent took Ed aside an' talked to him an' gave him some little chocolate tablets from a blue tin box. Now Ed is the most regular passenger on that line. He's friendly, he calls the station agent George, he ain't missed a train for weeks an' sometimes he even gits the train ahead of the one he's after.

"Chic" Sale

WOULDN'T you rather take "those little chocolate tablets" than a laxative that causes you to "make faces"?

Ex-Lax is simply delicious chocolate combined with the scientific ingredient, phenolphthalein, of the right quality, in the right proportion, in the right dose.

Ex-Lax is equally effective for young or old. It's safe, gentle, non-habit forming. It checks on everything your doctor looks for in a laxative. Your druggist has it in 10c, 25c and 50c boxes.

Keep "regular" with
EX-LAX
The Chocolated Laxative

Complete set of
FREE "CHIC" SALE SAYINGS
and sample of Ex-Lax

Name.....

Street and Number.....

City.....State.....

Mail this coupon to The Ex-Lax Co., Dept. PH-71
P. O. Box 170, Times Plaza Sta., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Screen Memories From Photoplay

15 Years Ago



Mabel Normand

STILL flushed by the triumphs of "The Birth of a Nation," David Wark Griffith was the directorial giant of pictures. The second chapter of his life story was printed, telling of his early struggles and disappointments.

Another chapter could be written today, with the same ironic tang to it.

Didn't the movies feel grown up, though? Already they were looking back and we published a "still" of the first picture starring Alice Joyce—an old Kalem Western—under the caption:—"A Relic of the Screen's Medieval Age."

Fannie Ward was interviewed and was coy—even then.

As it was the good old summer time, several pages of bathing suit pictures were run, showing Louise Fazenda, Anita Stewart, Juanita Hansen, Ruth Poland and Norma Talmadge.

Three pages of pictures showed Mabel

Normand at home in Los Angeles. Poor Mabel! Her beautiful, sweet youthfulness shone from every pose.

"Old Doc Cheerful" headed an interview with Douglas Fairbanks. The interviewer knew not how well he wrote when he said: "No recruit from the speaking stage has made good in like proportion to Mr. Fairbanks."

There were no stars' pictures in the gallery. Instead there were eleven beautiful winners of the PHOTOPLAY "Beauty and Brains" Contest to discover new screen talent. The first of all beauty contests, and PHOTOPLAY's last.

Pictures reviewed included: "Susan Rocks the Boat," with Owen Moore and Dorothy Gish; "The Moment Before," with Pauline Frederick; "Maria Rose," with Geraldine Farrar and Wallace Reid, and "The Floorwalker," with Charlie Chaplin.

News items: Mary Miles Minter, wonder child of Metro, has signed a five-year contract with the American Film Co. . . . Francis X. Bushman has installed his family in his new \$65,000 Maryland estate. . . . Theda Bara announces her memoirs will soon be published.

10 Years Ago



Emil Jannings

"DR. CALIGARI'S CABINET" burst like a fantastic kaleidoscope before the eyes of a movie public raised on the plain but substantial fare of Bill Hart, Wally Reid, Douglas Fairbanks and D. W. Griffith.

It was a crazy bit of unconventionality, which excited Mr. Burns Mantle, writing in the July, 1921, Shadow Stage, to remark: "We left the theater believing strongly that the author of the picture was a little mad, the director a little madder, the actors engaged, quite mad indeed."

Another German picture, "Deception," also made a profound impression. It evoked enthusiastic praise of the German actor who played Henry VIII. His name was—and is—Emil Jannings. The German director likewise came in for wide notice. Ernst Lubitsch was his name.

An article headed, "The Messrs. Chaney,"

told of the many characters Lon had created.

Marie Prevost was a comedy queen, turning, so PHOTOPLAY said, "to greater things," and following in the footsteps of Betty Compson, Gloria Swanson and Mary Thurman.

Bebe Daniels, caught doing 56½ miles per hour, was given ten days in jail by a Santa Ana judge. She wrote her jail-house experiences for PHOTOPLAY.

The gallery this month included pictures of Claire Windsor, May Collins, Blanche Sweet, Florence Vidor, Lionel Barrymore.

Pictures reviewed included: "Bob Hampton of Placer," with James Kirkwood, Wesley Barry and Marjorie Daw; "Dream Street," D. W. Griffith's latest; "Peck's Bad Boy," with Jackie Coogan; "The Whistle," starring William S. Hart.

Cal York items: Tom Moore and his new bride, Renee Adoree, were seen dining at the Maison Marcelle in Los Angeles, holding hands under the table. . . . Because of threatened censorship, D. W. Griffith has given up his intended production of "Faust," with John Barrymore in the principal rôle.

5 Years Ago



John Gilbert

"HERE he is," read the caption beneath a glamorous figure in swash-buckler's clothes, "the answer to the maiden's prayer—the reason girls leave home for Hollywood."

And who was it? John Gilbert, of course—dashing Jack—just then revealing in the romantic rôle of "Bardelys the Magnificent." The movies were still dumb—or rather, still silent—and a falsetto hero or a foreign accent had not yet become a studio bugaboo.

Indeed, "The Foreign Legion in Hollywood," was an article that said "foreigners are going through the studios with the speed of mumps through a day nursery."

One of the foreigners was a Swedish actress named Greta Garbo, and PHOTOPLAY said: "She seems destined for the lights."

Jackie Coogan was eleven years old and had to get a haircut. They made a picture of it,

"Johnny Get Your Hair Cut," and our caption read: "Good-bye, little boy, good-bye."

Ronald Colman was an up and coming young man, biting the desert dust in "Beau Geste."

New babies of the month were Monte Blue's daughter, Charlie and Lita Grey Chaplin's son, and Agnes Ayres' daughter.

In the gallery were pictures of Dolores Costello, Irene Rich, Jack Mulhall, Dorothy Hughes and Greta Garbo.

Pictures reviewed included "A Social Celebrity," with Adolphe Menjou and Louise Brooks; "Brown of Harvard," with Bill Haines and Jack Pickford; "Aloma of the South Seas," with Gilda Gray; "Wet Paint," with Raymond Griffith; "Beverly of Graustark," with Antonio Moreno and Marion Davies; and "Mlle. Modiste," with Corinne Griffith.

Cal York items: Lila Lee has come back to Hollywood after a couple of years in New York, with her baby, James Kirkwood, Jr. . . . Lon Chaney became a father-in-law when his son, Creighton Hull Chaney, married Dorothy Musa Hinckley.

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92]

baby—whom he's never seen—in Paris, but now that he has the contract his family are to return to him, even if there are some rumors of a separation.

AND then there's the very smart actor (who says those guys aren't wise?) who wrote additional lines for himself in a film, sold them to the studio and got two weeks' additional work thereby.

AFTER escaping all the perils of travel and the Orient on his recent trip, George O'Brien returned home, went for a swim off Malibu Beach, and got bitten on the knee by a seal!

THE other day Evelyn Brent was in a shop trying on one of the smart tri-corne hats when one of those vera-vera California British actresses breezed in and said, "Ah, how charming, a Louis Quinze, isn't it?"

"No," said Evelyn gently but firmly, "just a grand hat!"

AMAZING how the code of screen morals can be successfully circumvented. Consider, for instance, "The Front Page."

There's a certain phrase which was very popular in the army. It's very popular even now among dub golf players. It's a four-syllabled compound.

It formed an important if shocking line at the finish of the stage version of "The Front Page."

The Hays office would never allow it to be spoken from the screen, although it *was* spoken in the stage version.

So what did Director Milestone and Actor Adolphe Menjou do?

They did it like this: Menjou speaks—"The — — — —"

Then he lets his elbow hit a telephone on the desk. It goes *crash*. And he finishes speaking:—"stole my watch!"

Darned clever, these directors!

NEW item quotes Rudy Vallee as saying he's anxious for a chance to do a screen come-back, but wants only a "two-fisted, he-man rôle."

McLaglen, Bancroft, Beery *et al* don't know whether to laugh or get mad.

IN the Hollywood newspaper advertisements of the run of "Seed," there appeared this line: "JOHN BOLES DOES NOT SING IN THIS PICTURE."

And that, opines John Boles, shows what Hollywood thinks about musicals.

STEPIN FETCHIT'S new baby has been named Jemajo, after Jesus, Mary and Joseph. But Hollywood doesn't know yet whether it's a boy or a girl.

ONE of the reasons Mae Marsh stayed away from the screen so long was because she didn't want to be away from her children.

She's making a picture come-back now. And throughout the very first week of her work at the Fox studio, she didn't see her two children once! She left her home in Flintridge, some fifteen miles from Hollywood, at five each morning before the youngsters were up. And she never got home, due to high-pressure shoot-

GLAZO...

does your fingers a stunning favor

IT began with the very smart world—this new and charming emphasis on fingertips! Yesterday, it was quite enough that a woman's hands be neatly groomed. Today, nature must be aided and abetted.

The very smart and the very young were first to discover Glazo—but soon even the most conservative among American women turned to these unusual preparations for the brilliant perfection of fingertips fashion demands!

The lovely Glazo polishes captured the spotlight because they brush on easily,

dry quickly, and never pile up, peel or turn white at the edges.

The new Glazo Cuticle Remover Crème is far in advance of all others! Do try this soft, gentle crème—to find out how even and smooth it leaves the cuticle edges. Glazo Nail White, Glazo Cuticle Massage Cream, Glazo Nicotine Remover—each plays its part in the perfection of the Glazo manicure.

Just a few minutes a week with Glazo preparations—and your fingers are ten well-mannered little soldiers of charm.

And always ready to go on dress-parade!



(Above)—Perfumed Glazo Liquid Polish comes in Natural, Flame, Geranium or Crimson—large bottle, 50c. Perfumed Glazo Polish Remover, 35c.

(Below)—Glazo Cuticle Remover Crème presents a new and superior method of removing excess cuticle. In a convenient tube, 50c.

(Above)—The famous Glazo twin package contains both Liquid Polish and Polish Remover, 50c. Choice of Natural, Colorless, or Deep Shell.



THE GLAZO COMPANY, Inc. Dept. GQ-71
191 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.

I enclose ten cents. Please send me samples of Glazo Liquid Polish, Polish Remover, and the new Cuticle Remover Crème. (If you live in Canada, address P. O. Box 2320, Montreal.)

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

GLAZO



IT CAN'T MAKE LASHES BRITTLE

In justice to your eyes—take care of your lashes. Color is more brilliant against black. Just so do eyes assume new brilliance and new beauty when your lashes have a touch of darkness . . .

But, of course, your lashes must look *natural*. Of course, they must stay soft and silky . . .

The new Winx gives you just that: lashes which look long, soft and appealing. Its Double Treatment not only darkens lashes; it also softens them. Coarse and brittle lashes—lashes stiff with make-up—are now impossible.

The new Winx (with the Double Treatment) comes in two forms. Liquid—easy to use—waterproof—75c. Cake—packed in a smart, slim, silvery compact—\$1.00. Winx doesn't run or smudge.

For
Lovely
Lashes



ing schedules, until after they were back in bed again!

VICTOR McLAGLEN proved that there's still a dash of Merrie England left in him when he met President Hoover recently. Vic, portrayer of he-man 100-per-cent-American rôles on the screen, kept calling the President "Your Worship," all through their 45-minute interview. A ripping bit o' news, eh, what?

MITZI GREEN is the latest Hollywood scene stealer. Even the kids in the youngster films are saying to each other, "Watch Mitzi. Don't let her have it all." Clever little trouper, Mitzi. She has learned young to protect her own interests in a business where there is no one else to protect them.

SPEAKING of scene stealing, they tell this one on Edmund Lowe—who is considered, according to rumor, one of the best in the business.

In "Scotland Yard" he played a dual rôle. Even played opposite himself in some scenes. They marked off the exact spots where he was to stand and walk so when they dubbed in the other half (himself in the other rôle) the scenes would match exactly.

When contract time arrived Joan thought she should have more money and she knew that she was not wise enough to battle with the smart executives at the studio, so she took unto herself a manager.

She's never had one before.

Phil Berg is the manager's name, and he's Leila Hyams' husband. It was a wise move, and the new contract has been signed at a great big increase in salary.

WELL, anyway—there's a plumber in Hollywood named Hokom. And where'd be a better place for him?

WHEN Marlene Dietrich first came to Hollywood she was assigned one of the simplest dressing rooms on the Paramount lot. Furthermore, she was too timid and felt herself too unimportant to ask for a telephone. But everything changes when money clinks at the box-office. Now Marlene has a new dressing room. It is all done in style *moderne* and has a kitchenette, electric refrigeration, etc., etc., etc.

THEY burned up the telegraph wires and the telephone asking Mrs. Lawrence Tibbett if it were true that the famous Lawrence was in Reno to get a divorce.

Seems that Lawrence was on his way to San

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which contains more than 250 of the latest and very best portraits and short biographical sketches of favorite screen players will help you in solving the puzzles.

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But Eddie is so used to stepping back in a scene so the person playing with him will have to turn his or her back to the camera (a very old trick) that he kept stepping back in "Scotland Yard." He forgot that he was stepping back on *himself*—whom he was playing opposite. In fact, they had to show him the film to prove to him that he was cheating himself out of some very good acting.

RAMON NOVARRO plays some scenes in "Son of India" where he must look peaked; have lines.

He lived on nothing but orange juice for a week so his face would have natural lines.

"Why don't you paint them in?" someone inquired.

"That's not art," Ramon answered.

However, we happen to know Ramon goes without anything to eat but orange juice for at least a week, twice a year.

He thinks it is good training in abstinence and he also believes it is a good rest for the digestive system.

So he combined art with his regular custom in this instance.

NOW that it's all settled the story can be told. For the first time in her life Joan Crawford's been having contract trouble. Although she's been getting good bonuses on her pictures, Joan's salary has not been in any way commensurate with her draw at the box-office.

Francisco to fill a concert engagement. Thinking to get there sooner, he got off the train at Reno to see if arrangements could be made whereby he could finish his journey by airplane.

He found that he could not and climbed back on his train again.

Somebody saw him on the Reno platform and immediately decided that he must, like all the rest of the Nevada town's visitors, be there for a divorce.

Another disappointment for the scandal hounds.

LITTLE Robert Coogan and his mother went to a downtown theater to see the kid's first picture, "Skippy." On their way out Robert was recognized by an autograph hunter who asked for his signature.

Mrs. Coogan was in a hurry and, remembering her experiences with Jackie, knew that if she stopped, a crowd would gather and they'd be a long time getting away. So she said, "I'm sorry, but Robert's such a little boy he can't write."

To which Bobby indignantly piped up, "Why, I can, too. Sure I'll sign. I can print my name."

KEEPING up with Lola Lane and Lew Ayres is a job for one reporter. No one Hollywood couple have broken it off and made it up so often. But it's all right—this month, at least.

He took her to an opening. They must have had an awful quarrel for him to make a gesture like that. He doesn't go to openings—even openings of pictures made by the company he works for.

Incidentally, Lew's love of astronomy is keeping him truly poor. His scientific library is developing into one of the finest amateur ones in the country.

And here we have the real secret of Lew's constant demands for more salary. He must make enough from pictures to maintain a very expensive, although noble, hobby.

RAMON NOVARRO does little entertaining. People sometimes wonder why. Here is the reason:

He had recently completed his own private Little Theater. He decided to give himself a birthday party. "I knew absolutely nothing about American entertaining so I turned it all over to a caterer."

He paid no personal attention whatsoever. "And when we went into the Little Theater," he said, "there were funny little tables with patched table cloths; no flowers anywhere; and the *filet mignon* was not only overdone but cold. I decided I would not become a social light in Hollywood."



That must be a good luck coin that Janet Gaynor is so carefully putting in her bag. Anyway, she is back on the Fox lot and we shall all wait eagerly for her next appearance in "Daddy Long Legs"



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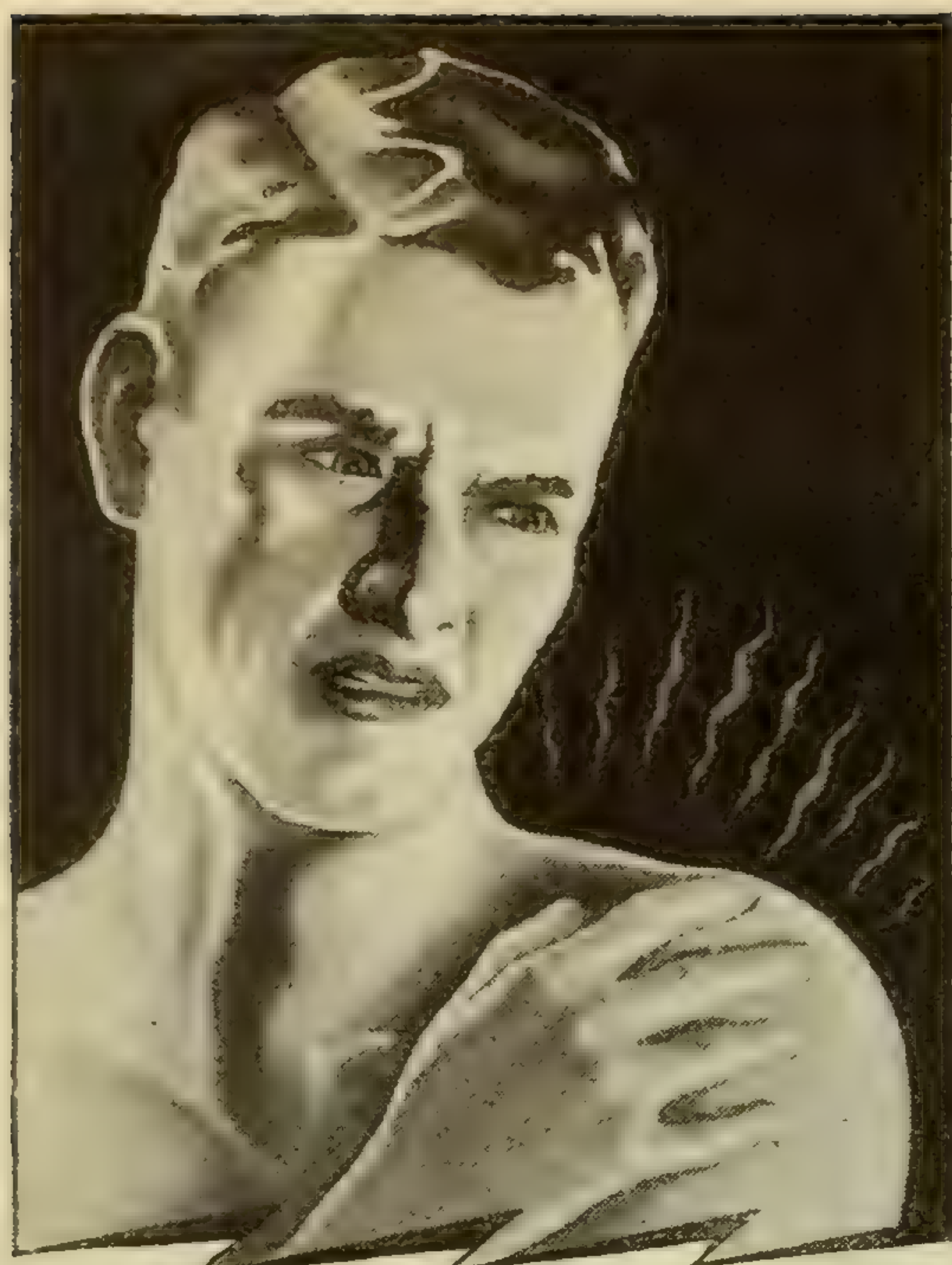
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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

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Now, when he does invite a few friends to dine with him, he reserves a private dining room at Victor Hugo's.

THE suave Conrad Nagel, who holds Hollywood's record for mastering of ceremonies, wasn't so suave the other evening.

He was saying his usual few words before he introduced the cast at the opening of "Seed."

"This industry pays tribute to a great picture like this no matter *what* studio produces it—"

And the studio was Universal; and the opening was staged as still another tribute to Carl Laemmle, Sr.

In all fairness to Conrad, no one was more surprised at the words than he was—or more embarrassed.

SOMEONE around our office told me that Mary Philbin was ill and might have to follow Renee Adoree and Lila Lee to Arizona for a long rest.

As a matter of fact, I have never seen Mary looking better in her life.

Why that girl hasn't been more active in pictures is something I can't understand.

EDWARD EVERETT HORTON, who did such fine work as Douglas Fairbanks' valet in "Reaching for the Moon," and as the fussy reporter in "The Front Page," is evidently embarrassed these days, for every time his name

leave it to Connie Bennett to think up one better.

By the by, naughty old Paramount drew the line at providing real marble tops for Lil's tables.

(Oh, yes, Paramount paid the bills; that is, the principal ones.)

So the only thing we can think of for some rival to do, is to copy Lil's general scheme and then go her one better with real marble instead of really excellent imitation.

EVERYONE'S heard of Hollywood's press-agents.

They're the boys and girls hired by studios and stars to put things into the papers—and keep them out of them.

Press agents work awfully hard in this town to keep the name of our little city and industry holy.

Them press agents have an organization called "The Wampas."

You remember the "Wampas Ball," when thirteen baby stars were chosen for political or other reasons?

Well, those are the boys who did it, and they did it so badly the Wampas baby star idea blew up.

This year they gave a roast instead—a great big dinner (ten dollars a plate and no complimentary tickets) which was supposed to be a take-off on the industry.

But it proved to be a boomerang—the most

Voting Time Is Here

Have a part in selecting the outstanding motion picture that will win the eleventh annual award of the PHOTOPLAY Medal of Honor.

Your ballot awaits you on page 76.

is mentioned in Hollywood someone is bound to bob up and say, "Fine chap, Eddie. He'd make an ideal husband."

Trying to get him married seems to be an obsession.

Eddie has been in Hollywood ten years now and still remains a bachelor. That, in itself, is a Hollywood novelty.

But lest some gay young thing set out to correct this condition let her be warned beforehand.

Eddie is a bachelor, yes, BUT, he's got seven children living with him. They belong to his brothers and sisters.

Also, nine dogs, five cats, 400 chickens, two canaries, 30 turkeys, three cars and a rambling, New England type of house out in Encino that requires ten servants to look after.

THIS is just a suggestion—and meant only in praise of Una Merkel's ability. Una is a great little actress. She's talented enough to stand entirely on her own merits, and her own style.

So it's just a bit galling to see her in "Fame"—doing as obvious an imitation of ZaSu Pitts' stuff as it's possible to do.

Una's too good as Una to have to be someone else!

WELL, we have seen Lil Tashman's new dressing room at last. Now we understand the envy it has caused Paramount's other feminine contenders. Its green and white coolness (who but Tashman would think of using green and white table damask for drapes and couch covers?) makes one think of ice tinkling in tall glasses. And if that isn't the height of sophistication—we'll have to

risqué and unkind entertainment ever dished out in the film industry.

And it was written, directed and presented by the boys who are paid to keep the city clean and decent—at least in the newspapers.

THEY'RE telling the story that during a recent radio talk author Lawrence Stallings declared he had helped King Vidor direct "The Big Parade."

King was listening in and this was big news, but he ran to the nearest telegraph office and filed the following wire, "Be sure to mention that I did NOT help you write 'Old Ironsides.'"

JOHN MILJAN was describing how a camel took to bucking on the set of "Son of India," where Miljan is working.

"The camel is a terrible animal," John added. "He is an excellent example of prohibition—as distorted as the law itself."

"Do you wish to be quoted on that?" a reporter inquired.

"Certainly. I hate prohibition."

BEBE DANIELS' hurried trip to New York was for broadcasting purposes. She admitted that this first separation from her husband would probably be the last. She's decided to stay a blonde as she thinks it photographs better.

A HAIRDRESSER tells us she used to do the hair for the young ladies of the Marlborough school.

You know, *the* young ladies.

And she also tells us that Carole Lombard was among them.

She gives her a social rating that would make New York's *Town Topics* sit up and take notice.

There's just one town in the world where it's wisest to keep a pedigree buried, because it's as out of place as Death Valley Scotty's palace in the barren desert. And Hollywood's that one town.

OUR pictures are progressing, my deahs—really progressing. Mrs. J. Ogden Armour, wife of Chicago's one and only Armour, played as an extra in Radio Pictures' "White Shoulders."

SINCE becoming a Paramount star Miriam Hopkins has acquired a Pierce Arrow. Used to have a Ford when she was on the stage. . . . Frederick Lonsdale, the Englishman who wrote "The Devil to Pay," says he won't do a scenario for Garbo because "she cannot speak good English." . . . Mae Murray's friends tell us she is making \$3,000 a day out of oil on her California property.

BESIDES creating a lot of interest, and annoying some super-fans who think he should never have done it, Charlie Farrell's marriage to Virginia Valli did one other thing.

It added poundage to Charlie Farrell. He was considerably heavier when he returned from his honeymoon than when he left Hollywood a couple of months before! And it is very becoming.

HOLLYWOOD lads are offering marriages of convenience to the poor little foreign actresses that are about to be shipped home by the termination of their six months' admission ticket from the immigration authorities.

There are plenty of marriageable young Americans and Latins floating around who are willing to trade an "I do" for a wife who will do the supporting.

Once married, the girls are not assured citizenship, but they do receive more leniency from the government.

The hope of a Garbo-like success outweighs the lack of romance. And isn't Reno verree convenient?

WELL, Jack Oakie feels he is a big shot now and he and his producers are at it again.

About six months ago Jack drew up his spinal column into indignant ridges and said he wouldn't work unless he got more money.

Wesley Ruggles, director of "Cimarron," had a contract as manager for Jack on which he claimed he was entitled to as much as Jack made.

Jack conferred with another manager who, in turn, battled with Paramount for Oakie.

It was finally settled thusly: Mr. Oakie was to get \$20,000 bonus per picture for two pictures.

When these two were completed he was to receive a bonus commensurate with the profit made by his pictures.

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53]

YOUNG SINNERS—Fox

AN ordinary picture, relieved by the presence of Tommy Meighan, whose Irish brogue seems a little old-fashioned now. It is the old story of modern kids in a jazz and cocktail setting, who act more like inmates of an insane asylum. Meighan, as a physical trainer, takes one of these modern youths in hand and knocks all the foolishness out of him. Dorothy Jordan is featured in a couch wrestling match with the boy, Hardie Albright.

THE SKY RAIDERS—Columbia

NOW they're taking gangsters in the air. This one concerns a group of crooks who plan to rob the air express plane. But it's

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bad complexions get their start."

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move all germ-laden matter with cleansing cream. Authentic tests prove Kleenex 25% more absorbent than other tissues commonly called highly absorbent. That's why such authorities as Miss La Plante insist on Kleenex, in spite of claims made by imitative tissues.

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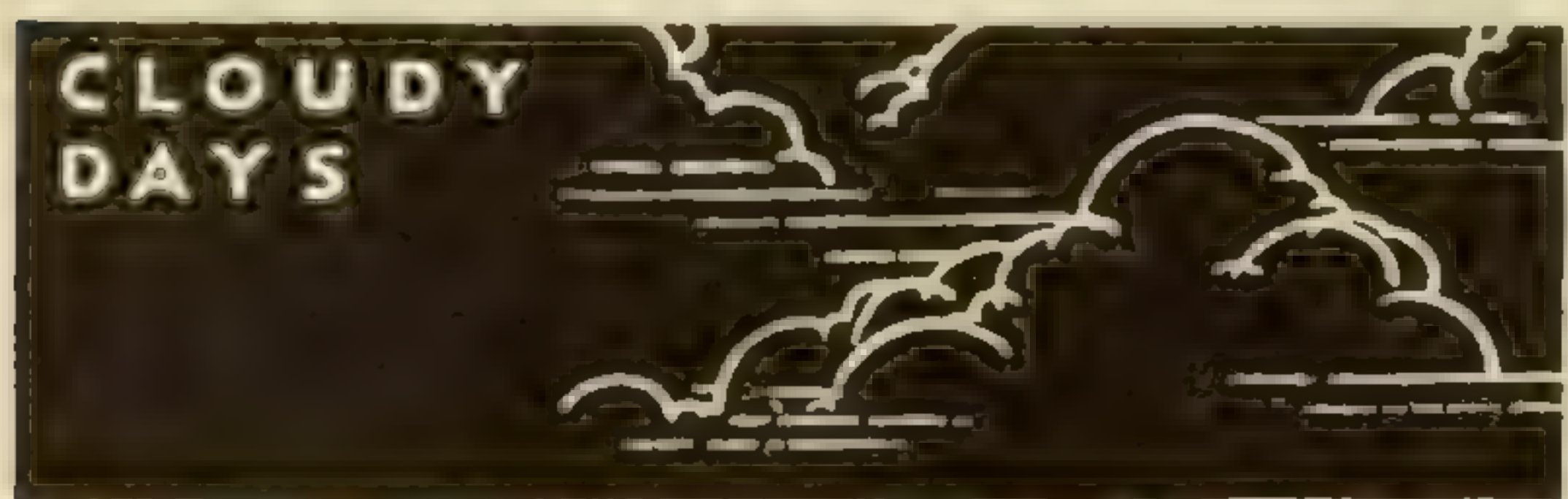


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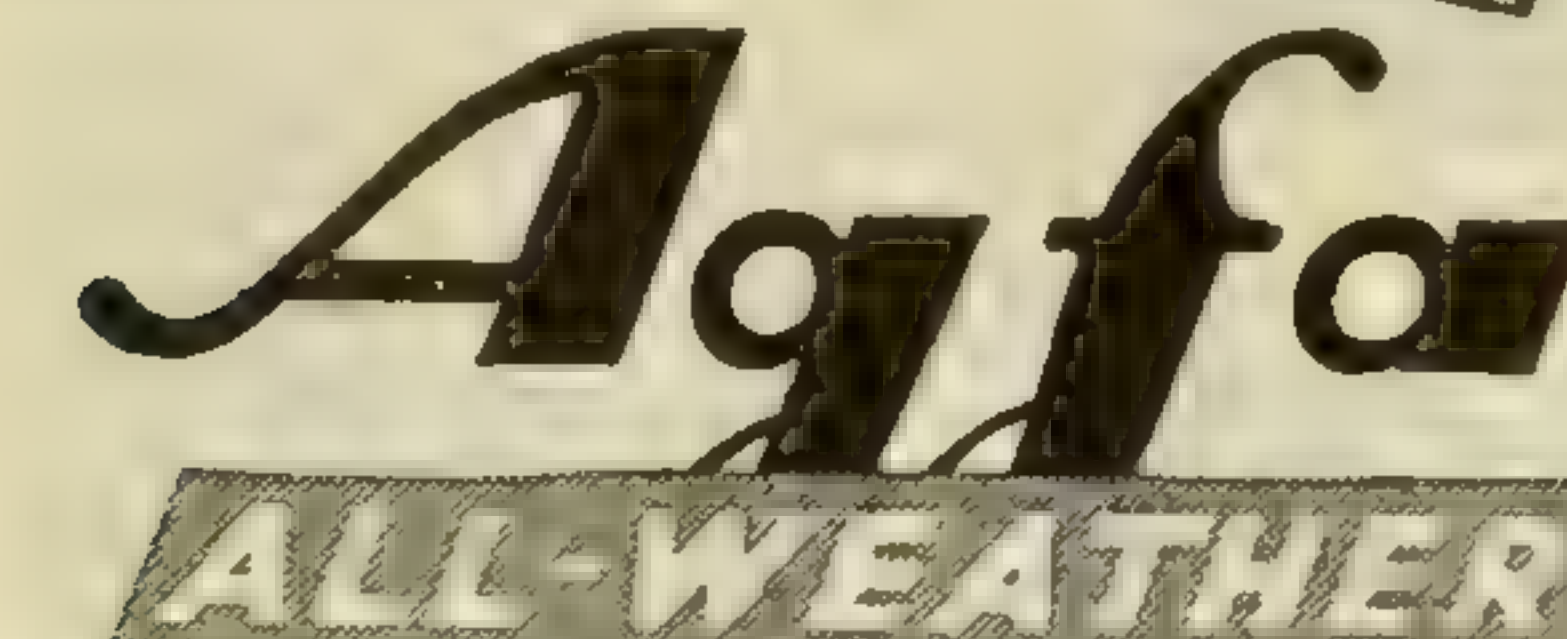
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thrilling stuff. Naturally, it's not as spectacular as "Hell's Angels" and "Dirigible," but it's first-class A-1 entertainment. Lloyd Hughes and Marceline Day play the nice people. Wheeler Oakman is the villain.

UPPER UNDERWORLD—
First National

WHILE this story is of graft and grafters in high places it is quite at variance with the usual racketeering picture, and is guaranteed to make you think. You will like it tremendously or not at all. Walter Huston, Doris Kenyon, Loretta Young and David Manners have the principal rôles and play them superbly. Our prediction is that you will be highly entertained.

A WOMAN OF EXPERIENCE—
RKO-Pathe

AVERAGE entertainment is the best we can give it despite the splendid cast which does collectively fine acting. The preview audience saw the first shots and groaned, "another war picture." They came out of their resigned slump for the end, which is different and exciting. Helen Twelvetrees warranted the applause the flash of her name received, as did ZaSu Pitts, Lew Cody and William Bakewell. Spy stories should be thrilling throughout. This isn't.

THE GOOD BAD GIRL—Columbia

NOTHING new or different here. The old plot of the girl who leaves the racket to marry and go straight. But it's tough going. Front page stories reveal her identity and the future looks black. Mae Clarke is sincere as the girl. James Hall plays the man she marries and Robert Ellis is fine as a smooth crook. Marie Prevost is good as the comedy girl friend.

THE AFFAIRS OF ANNABELLE—Fox

A LAUGHWORTHY farce that sparkles with bright lines—well spoken by a cast of expert talkie makers. Jeanette MacDonald proves herself a clever farceuse and Victor McLaglen, as the husband she fails to recognize, wins a lot of laughs by his own work. Then there are Roland Young, Sam Hardy and the Senior Collier, and others equally capable. Well directed—well played—well photographed.

EVERYTHING'S ROSIE—
Radio Pictures

THE principal difference between this and an hour-long phonograph record is that this is played on a movie projection machine. It's one of the talkiest talkies yet released. And they use the same gags grandfather laughed at. If you want action in movies, don't bother with this. If you like much talk, go ahead and risk it. You'll see Anita Louise, Robert Woolsey and John Darrow.

GOLD DUST GERTIE—Warners

THIS is not one of those ambitious domestic cleaning twins, nor is it a typical gold-digging specimen. It's the exuberant Winnie Lightner, with a marrying complex, hopelessly lost in a bad story. Olsen and Johnson, playing straight, make a sad sight and even with Arthur Caesar's dialogue and Lloyd Bacon's direction, the result is mediocre entertainment.

SUBWAY EXPRESS—Columbia

ONE of the mysteries in connection with "Subway Express" Jack Holt might try to solve is what happened to the entertainment value of this stage mystery thriller in adapting it to the screen. In its present version, it is pretty slow stuff. Jack Holt as the mystery-solving *Inspector Killian*, and the novelty of having all the action take place in a New York subway car, offer the only interest.

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6 CYLINDER LOVE—Fox

THIS is an amusing enough little farce, pretty obvious, but the sort of thing that every husband will enjoy, since it recounts the adventures of a pair of newlyweds who live beyond their means, due to the wife's love of a fine car. Spencer Tracy is a scream in a part all too short. The cast includes El Brendel, William Collier, Sr., Sidney Fox, Edward Everett Horton.

WAITING AT THE CHURCH—Radio Pictures

A PROGRAM picture with an amusing story—the chorus girl who frames the millionaire and later confesses all. The dialogue is pretty bad and the comedy not so funny. The bright spot or rather the lovely pastel harmony of the film is the Technicolor. Mary Brian does good dramatic work and Geoffrey Kerr, from the stage, is fine. Marie Prevost and Johnny Hines cop the laughs.

THIS MODERN AGE—M-G-M

SOMEBODY said, "Joan Crawford has been doing too much dramatic stuff. She should be gay." So they dashed off the most impossible and ridiculous story you have ever heard. Joan—with blonde hair—has never looked more beautiful, nor dressed more lavishly. Good actors, such as Marjorie Rambeau, Neil Hamilton, Monroe Owsley, and gorgeous atmosphere *moderne* are wasted on this bad material.

THE TEXAS RANGER—Columbia

SO this time it's the gal who's accused of the murder and the honest ranger is sent out to find her. But she says it ain't true, which it isn't. She was only trying to avenge the death of her father. The ranger falls in love with the gal and finds the real murderer. Buck Jones is the hero; Carmelita Geraghty, the heroine.

CAPTAIN THUNDER—Warners

THE *Captain* is another of those Robin-Hoodish caballeros whose lawless deeds are always for some good end. Victor Varconi

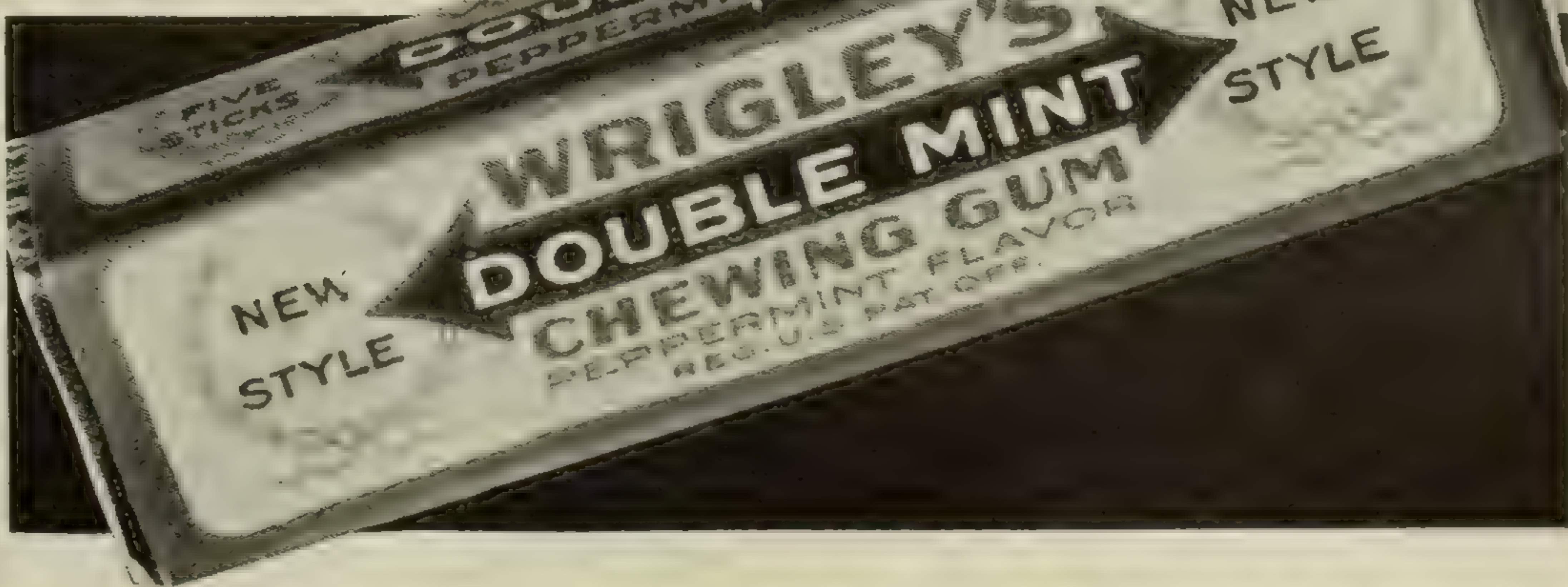


Here's Cinderella, 1931 version. Ruth Hall was only a college freshman from Florida a little over a year ago—now she is putting the romance into the mad Marx' "Monkey Business" out at Paramount



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does well, assisted by Fay Wray and Don Alvarado. But "Captain Thunder" is really a dull story, without even the lightning of good dialogue to strike an audience spark.

WHITE SHOULDERS—Radio Pictures

TWENTY millions is a heap of money. Mary Astor, starving chorus girl, knew it. So when an offer of marriage came with it, she took it. "If you double cross, you'll suffer," was the only stipulation. She broke it. Thus we have the Rex Beach story "White Shoulders" turned into a good program picture. Jack Holt carries twenty million admirably; Ricardo Cortez makes a villainous co-sufferer.

THE FLOOD—Columbia

ELEANOR BOARDMAN, Monte Blue and David Newell, the principals, fight as valiantly to save a weak story, poorly directed, as the young engineer does to stop that Ole Man River from breaking through the levees. It's no use, though. The flood comes—and it's a complete washout. Miss Boardman's beauty and intelligence add what little color there is to this drab would-be melodrama.

MONSTERS OF THE DEEP— Nat. Spitzer Prod.

THE people who were behind notorious old "Ingagi" were interested in this, too—but there's no faking in this fish film. It's an always entertaining and interesting, and sometimes thrilling picture—story of fishing adventure in Magdalena Bay, off the Mexican coast, where mammoth fish abound. Whales, tuna, sharks, sting-rays and even a sinister, giant devil-fish contribute their activities to a beguiling evening's screening.

Bellamy, Bronson, Borden

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71]

with the statement that Madge had been gently eased out of Fox, that she had taken on weight, that she had failed as a talkie actress, Madge wanted to make one more good picture, just to show 'em. A test at M-G-M brought an offer of \$3,000 for one picture, which she indignantly refused. An offer from Universal recently brought the answer that she would not make a test.

She's through with pictures, she says. The furniture of her enormous home has been sold at auction. No doubt, by the time you read this, she will be on her way to Europe, where she and her mother will make their home in a town in Switzerland and will live there for two years, three—perhaps all their lives.

AND now, for Olive Borden. Again, temperament rears its ugly head. She was not popular around the studio. Once, Winfield Sheehan, just returned from Europe, sent for her. She declared, through her secretary, that she was busy. Sheehan had only wanted to give her a very beautiful and expensive doll that he had brought from Paris for her.

Her salary at Fox was \$1,750 a week. Her next increase was to \$2,000. Because business was bad, the studio wanted to renew at the old salary. Olive, with her mother behind her, refused. She said her lawyer could secure \$3,500 a week at United Artists for her services. It was okay with Fox.

Olive then went to RKO. Having discovered that being a grand lady only brought disaster, she decided to be "just plain folks."

Olive declares that she was told to create the background of a great lady.

* * *

SO, now, you see that in every case the producer claims the star is temperamental, and the star counters with a good alibi for that

temperament. What's the answer? Pull up a chair and listen.

Garbo is temperamental. But her options are renewed. The reason is that she draws at the good old box-office. The producers will put up with anything as long as the musical tinkle of nickels and dimes strikes their ears.

When someone is let out at a studio, you hear hundreds of wild rumors. The reason is, simply, that those who are let out do not drag the customers in and make money for the producers that is commensurate with their salaries.

Recently, Paramount has dropped from its contract list, Mary Brian, Fay Wray and Jean Arthur. This came as a shock. Mary had been with the company for six years, Fay for five, Jean for three and a half. Mary received something like \$1,700 a week, Fay about \$1,000.

Both are charming, sweet young women who have never caused a single grey hair in a single producer's head. But they simply didn't draw. Neither is starring material and, although both have a certain fan following and both are capable leading women, their salaries, which increase with every option, overbalance their money-making powers.

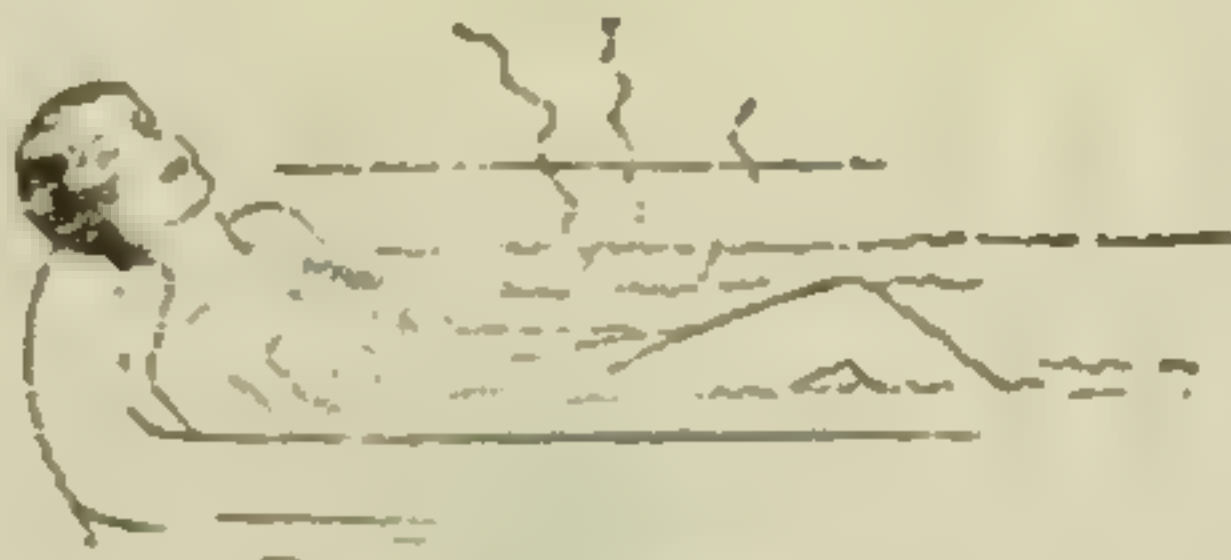
IF Madge Bellamy had been a tremendous money-maker, they would have given her another director. If Betty Bronson had been dragging in the shekels, they would have listened to her mother's arguments. And if you can explain why one star's name in front of a theater means money and another doesn't, then come to Hollywood and make yourself a couple of million dollars.

Mary Philbin is another of those nice little girls who simply did not click at the box-office. In "Merry-Go-Round," she gave, for Director Von Stroheim, one of the loveliest performances ever seen in films. But after that, she somehow became just the sweet, harassed heroine. Even her engagement to Paul Kohner, then an official at Universal, did not help her to better rôles. She has not worked for a number of months. There was no temperament. No trouble. Just no box-office.

One theory, and I believe it's the right one, is that nowadays a star must have glamor. Mary Brian, Fay Wray and Jean Arthur are just like the girl next door—nice and sweet and pretty, but having no breathless excitement, no maddening ecstasy. The great outstanding



To avoid "midsummer wilt" ... depend on these three baths



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The Freshener. Too tired to enjoy your evenings?—try this freshening bath.



No. 2

The After-exercise Bath. Relaxes muscles, prevents soreness, relieves fatigue.



No. 3

The Energizer. A wake-up bath for those dull, tired mornings that follow hot sultry nights.

WILTING heat of mid-summer! When your clothes cling and pull and won't fit right. When every muscle in your body feels tired and your brain refuses to work!

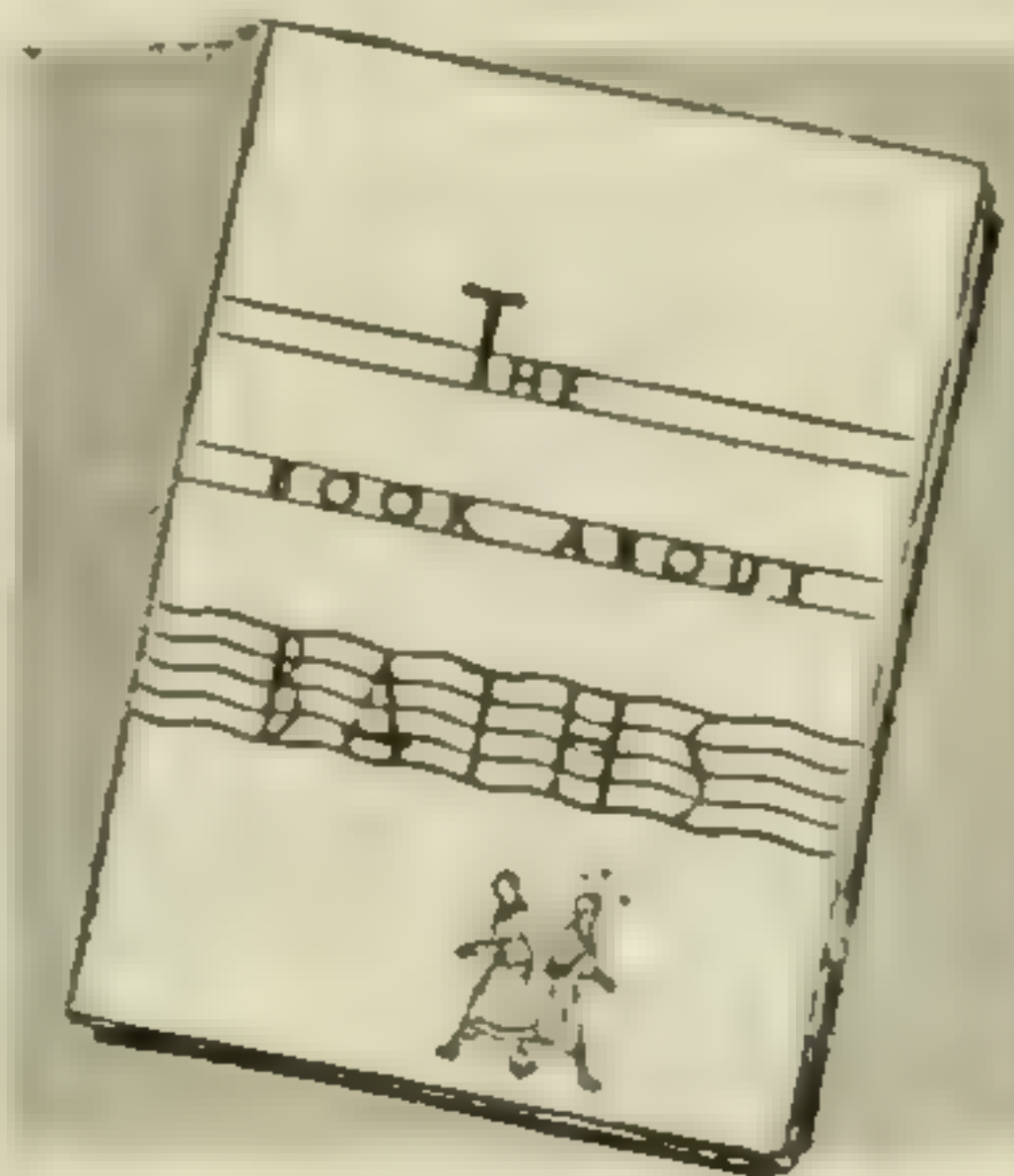
Don't let this summer "wilt" you. *The Book About Baths* tells how to make summers more comfortable—play-days more pleasant, work-days more successful.

The *after-work* or *freshening bath*, for instance, can make your evenings much more enjoyable.

Fill the tub with moderately warm water (yes, even though it is summer). Soak for five or ten minutes until completely relaxed. Then finish off with a quick cold splash (shower or tub). Put on clean clothes. See page 16 of our booklet.

If you are already familiar with this use of the bath you know how much good such a simple thing can do!

The morning *wake-up bath* or *energizer*



A most unusual booklet! The *Book About Baths*. How to make baths help you... what kind to take... and when and how to take them. Free, see the coupon below.

gives new energy even after the hottest night. No more tired, sluggish, "fit-for-nothing" mornings. Unless you honestly enjoy a cold bath, the *wake-up bath* should begin as a mildly warm one—using cold water only for the final splash. And, of course, you agree that real cleanliness is doubly important in summertime—not only from the standpoint of good breeding but because soap-cleanliness in itself is refreshing.

The *after-exercise bath* should be *hot*—because hot water relaxes muscles and prevents soreness. Be sure the muscles that might become stiff are fully submerged.

These "summer specials" are just three of many suggestions contained in *The Book About Baths*. Anyone who has not read this interesting booklet will be surprised to learn how much the right baths can help.

A copy is yours for the asking. Free.



Do you remember this old favorite, in spite of the petulant look, which is part of her rôle? You're right, it is Kathlyn Williams, who makes a welcome return in the Gaynor picture, "Daddy Long Legs"

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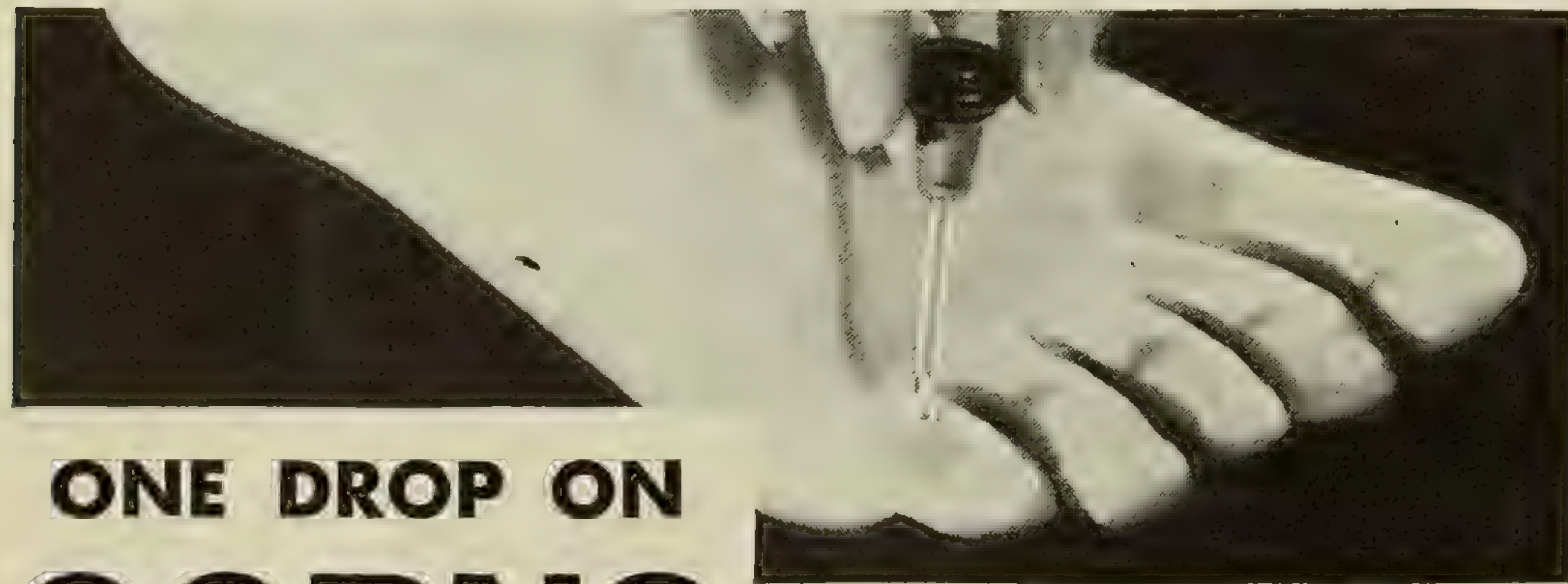
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Satisfaction guaranteed. Works alike on any corn or callus—old or new, hard or soft.

"GETS-IT" *World's Fastest Way*

box-office successes have that glamor—Garbo Dietrich, Crawford, Bow. They're different from the home town girls.

They rise and fall. They wax and wane. Seena Owen is a beauty and a good actress. Her last chance was in the ill-fated "Queen Kelly." She put six months into it, and the picture was never released. They say it was the best work of her career.

On the other hand, there's Elleanor Boardman, who came back strong. Her name on the theater means something now. Lois Wilson, too, thought to be a back number, has made a hit in "Seed." A star can be made in one picture, but a succession of bad ones kills her, and the answer to it all is this:

They'll put up with anything, if the personality has a box-office draw. The stars shine and grow dim. Alibis, reasons, quarreling back and forth between producer and player—this all means nothing. Box-office is the guiding power.

"Give Arbuckle a Chance!"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57]

question to answer. Have we a democratic form of government, or haven't we?

Are the affairs of this country to be run by the people or by organized reform?

The courts acquitted Arbuckle—the public wants to give him a chance.

PHOTOPLAY would like to see an issue made on the subject. It is up to some producer to put Roscoe Arbuckle's name on the screen as a writer or director.

Then let us see if the relentless moralists and professional reformers would have the audacity to attempt to overrule American Fair Play!

Here is a cross-section of letters from the motion picture public:

"A great number of my friends join me in the belief that a speedy return of 'Fatty' to the screen will be welcomed by the millions of people who have laughed with him in days gone by. I think your attitude towards Arbuckle in this matter is most commendable."

GEORGE F. ZIMMER,
Secretary Aeronautical Section,
New York Board of Trade, Inc.,
New York City.

"What you said about Roscoe Arbuckle brought back the days when Roscoe, along with Mabel Normand and Mack Sennett, gave me many a good laugh. I have always been for him and still am."

MILTON BRENNAN,
Casper, Wyo.

"With the greatest pleasure I write you with reference to Roscoe 'Fatty' Arbuckle. The comedy portrayed by him was the cleanest of any screen star. On a public vote head the list with the Heath family of three."

HARRY B. HEATH,
Bradley Beach, N. J.

"Did 'Fatty' ever give me a laugh? Well, I will say not only one but a million, and there are other millions of laughs in 'Fatty's' make-up if the producers will only give him the opportunity."

L. CARPENTER,
Solomon, Md.

"By all means Arbuckle ought to be given another chance. Since I have had a

radio—six years—this is the first time I have ever responded to the many requests to write, so you know I feel very strongly about this matter."

I. SEMSKER,
Washington, D. C.

"If ever a person was punished—persecuted—it is Roscoe Arbuckle. And it is high time to forget and give him a chance."

MRS. GRACE G. CRUSE,
Spokane, Wash.

"Here is one who wants to see 'Fatty' Arbuckle's name in electric lights again."

MRS. VELMA SMITH,
Modesto, Calif.

"Why don't they give 'Fatty' Arbuckle a break? I don't believe there ever was or ever will be a better comic."

JOHN H. FIELDER,
New Haven, Conn.

See Garbo First

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 61]

considered disguising myself as a horse at Garbo's favorite livery stable, but was turned down because of an old spavin I had received during the war.

Night after night Mother and I sat before the campfire back of Gary Cooper's house—planning, planning, planning. Mother's sciatica was coming back on her—the native gin of Hollywood was beginning to cause serious slides in my alimentary canal.

We had chased Garbo from Agua Caliente to Spokane and all we had caught were head-colds. We inquired at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio. The man at the gate—a cunning little—played dumb.

"Garbo? We're just out of Garbos," he sneered with his black face. "Will Eddie Egan do?"

Then—I'll never forget that night!—I had a vision. I divvied it up with Mother. Leaping on our motorcycles, we roared into the darkness—our destination the Garbo castle on a hill above the sea.

We shot several guards named Nils, Sven and Moscha. We poisoned a dog or two with poisoned shrimp. More dead than alive, we entered the front stoop. Gripping my derringer firmly, while Mother drew her dirk, I pressed the door-button. The portal opened slowly. A tall, rather awkward figure stood there. It had darkish blonde hair, a very white face and was daintily gnawing a piece of herring.

"Are you Greta Garbo?" I asked.
"Yop!" said the woman, for woman it was. The door closed.

THREE months later, emaciated and pale, we were back in New York. Our lecture tour was a flop. Nobody believed we had seen Greta Garbo. Maybe you don't. What do I care? The fact remains that these rheumy old eyes have seen Greta Garbo, man's supreme experience. Since then I have climbed the Matterhorn, but it doesn't matter. I have lived. So, readers, I urge you to abandon the idea of that Visit to Aunt Floss', this summer. If there's a half-pint of red blood in your veins like The Adventure Trail. If mere chicken insomnie flows sluggishly through your arteries, go on to Niagara Falls and like it. Go over them in a barrel or a cracker-box. I don't care.

But if you are of the stern, keen-eyed, joyous stuff of which heroes, martyrs, explorers and professional football players are made, take the tangled, steep and dangerous trail that leads to a glimpse of Greta.

See Garbo and Die! Oh, go on—you will, anyway!

HER TOES GOT WET ONLY IN A SHOWER BATH . . . YET SHE CAUGHT "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

SHE is one of the most particular people in the world—so fastidious, in fact, that on her outing to the beach she wouldn't go in the water. Because too much debris bubbled in the surf, she wet her feet only on the tile floor of a shower bath.

Strange to say, she would have been safer in the ocean than prancing on the spotless floor of that shower. Like almost every moist surface, it was infested with germs of "Athlete's Foot"—invisible to her eyes, but highly contagious to her dainty toes.

At first she noticed a moist, unwholesome white patch of skin between her toes. Neglected, this common symptom* of "Athlete's Foot" began to itch and spread. The skin blistered—turned red, cracked, and then painfully peeled—just because she didn't know this annoying infection might cause real trouble.

Are YOU guarding against this stealthy infection now attacking millions?

"Athlete's Foot" may attack any of us*, no matter where we are, regardless of what we do. You can catch it in the very places people go for cleanliness—on the spotless tile floors of shower baths, on the edges of swimming pools, on locker- and dressing-room floors—any place where bare feet touch the floor. It is an infection caused by a tiny vegetable parasite called *tinea trichophyton*, which is so hardy that stockings must be boiled fifteen minutes to kill it. Nothing but constant care can keep it from coming back—even when you have rid yourself of an attack.

*Watch for these distress signals that warn of "Athlete's Foot"

Though "Athlete's Foot" is caused by the germ—*tinea trichophyton*—its early stages manifest themselves in several different ways, usually between the toes—sometimes by redness, sometimes by skin-cracks, often by tiny itching blisters. The skin may turn white, thick and moist or it may develop dryness with little scales. Any one of these calls for immediate treatment! If the case appears aggravated and does not readily yield to Absorbine Jr., consult your doctor without delay.

Absorbine Jr.

FOR YEARS HAS RELIEVED
SORE MUSCLES, MUSCULAR
ACHES, BRUISES, BURNS,
CUTS, SPRAINS, ABRASIONS



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Absorbine Jr. soothes and cools
instantly; takes out soreness and
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stain; leaves a healthy tan.

It has been found that Absorbine Jr.
KILLS this ringworm germ

"Athlete's Foot" may start in a number of different ways. Sometimes the danger signal is redness between the toes; sometimes tiny, itching blisters. Again, the skin may turn white, thick and moist; or it may develop dryness, with little scales or skin-cracks. All of these conditions, it is agreed, are generally caused by the ringworm germ. And exhaustive laboratory tests have shown that Absorbine Jr. penetrates fleshlike tissues deeply and wherever it penetrates, it kills this germ. Results in actual cases confirm these laboratory tests.

Examine YOUR feet tonight

It might not be a bad idea to examine your feet tonight for symptoms of "Athlete's Foot." At the first sign of any one symptom, begin the free use of Absorbine Jr.—douse it on morning and night and after every exposure of your bare feet on damp floors. If the case does not readily yield see your doctor.

Absorbine Jr. has been so effective that substitutes are sometimes offered. Don't expect relief from a "just as good." There is nothing else like Absorbine Jr. You can get it at all drug stores—\$1.25 a bottle. For a free sample, write W. F. Young, Inc., 476 Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass. In Canada, Lyman Bldg., Montreal.



3 Easy steps to INSTANT Loveliness

Shade your upper eyelids with Maybelline Eye Shadow—see how much more “*expression*” comes into your eyes that very instant!

Then . . . darken your lashes with Maybelline Eyelash Darkener. *Instantly* they will appear longer and beautifully luxuriant . . . and your eyes will appear larger and more brilliant. Select Solid or Waterproof Liquid Maybelline Eyelash Darkener; either form in Black or Brown—75c.

Finish . . . with Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. It's the new, indestructible type . . . clean and easy to handle. Choose Black or Brown—35c.

When purchasing Maybelline Eye Shadow, select Blue for blue and gray eyes; Brown for hazel and brown eyes; Black for dark brown and violet eyes. Green may be used for all colors and is especially effective for evening wear. Any color—75c.



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PRIZES

A simple puzzle contest—open to everyone.

Turn to page 62 of this issue for conditions of contest.

Jimmy From the “Jungle”

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49]

Jimmy and his brothers went to school, and after grade school they went to high school—and then to college. They worked, too, to help support the family, while they were learning. And today, two of Jimmy's brothers are doctors, and one is an advertising expert.

Jimmy's own idea was to become an artist—but not the sort of artist he turned out to be. He wanted to be an artist of the brush and palette, not of the stage or screen. He went through this sort of sequence of jobs—office boy on the *New York Sun*, bundle wrapper at Wanamaker's, public library branch custodian. That paid him seventeen dollars a month, but gave him time for school. He entered Columbia University. But family finances became bothersome, and Jimmy had to earn more money. He was the second eldest.

On the biographical questionnaire he filled out for the Warner publicity staff in Hollywood, there's a question: How did you come to take up stage or screen work?

Jimmy's pencil-scrawled answer reads: “Needed job.”

ONE of his friends was a chorus boy. Jimmy had his own ideas on the subject—but he also realized that the chorus boy was getting better than the seventeen dollars a month Jimmy was being paid. So when the pinch came in Jimmy's sophomore year at college, and the chorus boy told Jimmy that they needed some dancers in a show called “Pitter Patter,” Jimmy took a chance. He applied for a job. His friend had taught him a few tap steps.

He got in a line of about forty other ap-

plicants and watched what they did. Then he imitated them. Believe it or not, he got away with it—and got a job in the chorus. He's liable to double up his fist if you remind him of it.

Jimmy was nineteen then. Years of being just another hooper—in musical shows and in vaudeville followed. Sometimes he got as high as thirty-five dollars a week. Most of it went to help support the folks at home, including an idolized baby sister. He had enough left over to get married. His marital partner was a girl he met in an act. They're living in a Hollywood bungalow now. They have no children.

AFTER five years of small-time acting, his break came. He got a tryout in a tough guy rôle. He wanted the job badly. When he got the chance to read the lines to the director he put everything he had in it—and on top of that, he put the accumulated knowledge of his Tenth Avenue upbringing. He got the job. He honestly thinks it was all luck. “Aw, I got it because I had red hair,” he says.

His work in that rôle—and in other hard-egg rôles that followed—won him critics' recognition. The step from that to the screen is nothing unusual—it's the same story that's been told so often of the stage actor going to the talkies.

Warners sent him to the Coast to play in “Sinners' Holiday,” on three weeks' guarantee only. After he had played the opening sequences, they gave him a year's contract. “The Doorway to Hell” was the second picture he made, bringing him a five-year contract with option.



Many a hope has been pinned on this tree. It is a tall palm tree on the Universal lot, known as the “Wishing Tree.” The story has it that Valentino stuck a pin in it and wished for success—the superstition has held and the tree trunk is studded with pins of all sorts and sizes placed there by aspiring young souls. Lucile Browne, appearing in the Universal serial, “Danger Island,” makes her wish.

And so there's Jimmy Cagney today in Hollywood—five feet, eight and a half, red-haired, Irish as a shamrock, talking Yiddish, sort of cynical about the whole business.

He gives you the impression that whatever he does in and out of Hollywood, he's doing it with his tongue in his cheek. He's not thrilled by film fame coming suddenly as it has. "All a lotta luck," he says, half grinning, half sneering.

He doesn't pal with the movie crowd. He has his own circle of friends—most of them connected with pictures, but not of that silk-and-ermine clan that call themselves "the" people of the movies. He likes to go down to the beach on his days off—the beach where the common people go—not Malibu where the stars fence themselves in.

JIMMY doesn't know how long he's going to ride the crest of popular fancy on the screen. He doesn't seem to care a great deal. "It's all a lotta so-and-so," he says, only he sometimes uses other words. His big ambition, he says, is to make enough money so he can get out of the limelight and take life easy, being just Jimmy Cagney—and drawing pictures. He has stuck to that. It's his hobby—making sketches of people and things.

His other hobby is hoofing. He breaks into a tap dance at the slightest provocation. He is one of Hollywood's happy husbands; says he thinks domesticity is "swell." He likes to go to prize-fights, and he likes to read good books.

He isn't getting one-tenth the salary most of the recognized stars are getting.

But out of what salary he does get, Jimmy Cagney is still contributing his share to the support of the folks back home.

How to Adapt Screen Modes to Fit Your Personality

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

Yet Gloria has twelve street costumes which are exactly alike! They are tailored suits made by a London shop for her. During her first trip abroad, she helped to design this outfit. They are created to the Swanson size and Swanson figure. Since that first day, she has been ordering them in every color, but from the one, original design.

"One always looks right in tailored things. If I am shopping and must stop for a luncheon, I am properly dressed. If there is a tea in the afternoon, I am still properly dressed. If there is a business appointment—don't you see how I save money? I have worn the same suit for years and yet no one knows the difference. Since it fits *me*, it is always in style. And I don't have to pay so much to have copies made as I would for new creations.

"IT is the personal attention to a style which makes private-life dressing effective. As for the screen—it is a double, no a triple anxiety and a far more difficult art.

"The creator for the drawing-room has material, color and lines at his disposal.

"The creator for the screen has only lines.

"When you see a dress on the screen, you see it for two minutes *at most*. Two long-shots, perhaps, and the rest in close-ups where only part of it shows. You may have the most exquisite and most expensive material, yet the effect is lost. Remember, there is action to counteract the dress. Only the lines of a gown catch the eye and those lines must be exaggerated if they are going to catch the eye.

"Suppose you wear a new dinner gown in private life. You sit at the table for two hours. Every one at the table has a chance to study that part of the gown which shows (like a close-



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"SHINE"
FROM
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booklet. Tells why you have
freckles—how to remove them.

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or Mrs.

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up in pictures) for that length of time. Then, when you rise and move to the drawing-room, they see the dress as a whole (the long-shot). They feel the color, notice the material and know whether the lines are good or bad.

"But in pictures, an entire evening of impressions has to be given in a few shots; often in a few seconds in front of the camera.

"I was criticized for changing a black velvet which I had bought from a famous house for 'What a Widow.'" She smiled. "I had to take that negligée off before the camera. Do you think you would have enjoyed seeing me struggle to pull it over my head? I slit it down the side so I could open it easily—to fit the action of the picture.

"But slip-on gowns are in vogue!" the expert designers cry.

"Now, just what difference does it make whether slip-on dresses are in style or not! You can't wear slip-on dresses for the screen when you have to remove them before the camera. What would happen to your hair, your make-up?

"IN 'Indiscreet' I wore a coat with tight sleeves. I had to remove the coat. We spoiled one scene after another because I couldn't remove that coat gracefully with those tight sleeves. We fixed the sleeves. We couldn't leave out the action. Grace was essential. The loose sleeves may not be so stylish, but we couldn't help that.

"Again and again, we photograph materials before we make a gown from them. Why? Our materials must harmonize with the action. If we wish the *action* to stand out—the dress must not be so striking that it competes with the action; draws away the audience-attention. If we want the *gown* to stand out, we must be certain the material photographs to the best advantage.

"We could not find the proper material for one gown in 'What a Widow.' We wanted a linoleum-block effect. We finally bought a plain material and had an art class stencil the proper design upon it. They used something which came off. My arms were tattooed with the black and blue of the design. That wouldn't have done for a personal gown, but it was all right for the picture."

Even underclothes have to be created with an eye to camera astuteness. The least bulge in the wrong place stands out as though there were a boil on the actress's figure.

Gloria wore a gown in "The Love of Sunya" into which she was sewed each time she wore it. It was literally molded and re-molded upon her. She tried various forms of undies, but found that there were none which did not show ridges under the microscopic eye of the camera. So she wore nothing beneath it.

"I wouldn't have done that for the drawing-room. It wouldn't have been necessary. The naked eye would not have noticed the faint line beneath the garment.

"Hats! Feathers on the side may be fashionable, but supposing there is a profile shot. The

feather would block off your features. Styles for the screen often have to be a bit different from styles for the street.

"But above all—actresses are not manikins displaying gowns. The gowns are to display actresses. A manikin shows off the gown. A gown, on the screen, shows off the actress.

"And a gown must show off the specific actress who is wearing it. Norma Shearer—Greta Garbo. Gowns which fit their personalities, which fit the action of their pictures; which stand out or retreat according to the demands of that action. And gowns which can do all this despite the loss of the value of color and material.

"For example, I must emphasize height; Greta Garbo probably tries to detract from height. I do not like straight lines for the screen or for my personal gowns. All my dresses, on the screen or off, are a bit longer in the back than in the front. The waistlines, the same. Down a bit in the back. On me, this line is more graceful. What if it isn't the mode? If I look better, *taller*, that is the answer."

We asked her about keeping ahead of styles for the screen. A picture is made from three months to a year before it is released. Women's clothes are likely to change.

"Ah, there is the difficulty for all of us. Sometimes I think one person's guess is as good as another. I saw 'The Trespasser' the other night. It is old-fashioned only in the clothes.

"When I was getting ready to make the clothes, I wrote to Rene Hubert, who is now at M-G-M, but who was then in Germany. I asked him what would be correct by the time of my release date.

"He sent me sketches which would be correct *today*. He was one year ahead of the release date. But his sketches were so different from the styles then, that I didn't dare use them. I made the clothes about half-way between the styles of that day and the styles of his sketches. Fortunately, they were all right. But any designer has to take a gamble on that problem."

We also asked Gloria about the advisability of women copying clothes which they see on the screen.

"OUR clothes are exaggerated for camera purposes. But a woman can take a gown from a picture and follow the general idea. Then, in her fittings, she can change it here and there—to fit her personality and the occasion on which she must wear it. She *should* do that whether she takes her general design from the screen or a fashion magazine. If you are clothes-conscious, it is just as easy to copy screen gowns as any other."

"Would you be willing to have Chanel design gowns for the pictures you will make on your contract for United Artist?"

She hesitated. "I would prefer not to have her experiment on me first. After all, I have spent twelve years learning about clothes for the screen. This is no reflection on Chanel. She has simply not had the training."

The Prince of Fans

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48]

Prince of Wales has a penchant for travel films and rarely misses a good one. The Duke of York is in favor of romance and is credited with a private predilection for Nancy Carroll, which is not altogether surprising, considering how much her screen nature—though not her appearance—resembles that of the Duchess. Prince George inclines towards comedy and Prince Henry to action drama.

All find common ground in their admiration of the popular artists of the screen, of Chaplin, Garbo, Chatterton, Jannings, Chevalier and Mickey Mouse.

The Princes' visits to English film studios are

much rarer than their attendance at London cinemas. This is not because the Royal Family is too high-hat to display polite interest in film personalities but because of the advantage which is taken of their visits to start a ballyhoo.

Put the Princes down in Hollywood, however, and—well!

Hollywood is six thousand miles away from mother, father and the grand-motherly British press.

Nevertheless, the recent advertising of "Extravagance," which asserts of June Collyer that "the girl who turned Royalty's head will turn yours," and is a scarcely veiled reference

to Prince George's visit to Hollywood, is hardly justified.

It is true that the Prince (who, on his arrival at the Film City may be said to have behaved in unroyal ways his mamma wouldn't like) was very much photographed with Miss Collyer. But the real object of his private interest is best suggested by an incident which nearly ruptured diplomatic relations between Pickfair and St. James's Palace.

IT happened at the reception given by Hollywood's royalty, King Doug and Queen Mary. The affair was very "white kid glove" and about this Chaplin is said to have whispered words of sympathy in the Princely ear. Whereupon they both slipped out and spent the rest of the evening *incognito* and *sub rosa*.

Gloria Swanson was one of the ladies in the party.

In England the idea of a member of the Royal Family taking more than an academic and impersonal interest in a film actress is unthinkable.

Nevertheless, there is, even in England, a small skeleton in the royal cupboard—happily several times removed.

Sh! whisper it! A certain duke is the constant and devoted companion of an English star of the stage and screen. Let us call her Genevieve.

The friendship—one must be euphemistic—went to the young lady's head.

Her regal airs became irksome to her former friends.

One evening at a Mayfair party Ivor Novello, English matinée idol, now making a picture in Hollywood, leaned towards the Duke's newest girl friend and audibly intoned:

"Remember, Genevieve, you're only a duchess in your own wrong."



Seymour says we have to give this fashion tip to you vacationing ladies. The black and white tweed suit, worn by Fay Wray, is one of the season's best with its soft tailoring and dashing white accents. The gray and blue striped bags are good travelers. Note the bulky, flared white gloves — very new and decidedly smart

It's *NEW*.. It's *PATENTED*..

It *can never lose* its *SHAPE*!

Munsingwear Waterwear



Permanent perfect fit at last... assured by a patented feature of design that no other suit can give you!

Here is the Swim-Suit that Munsingwear makes. Good looking! And it "fits forever!"

There is a patented elastic skirt-hem . . . absolutely exclusive with



Munsingwear . . . which holds the skirt in place and in shape *always*. An elastic leg-hem makes the trunks fit like a glove, yet without a trace of binding.

And in the Sun-Top Swim-Suit for women, an elastic bodice-hem keeps the suit up when the shoulder straps are down. No bothersome buttons. And no streaks on your coat of tan.

Munsingwear Swim-Suits make you *feel* like a million dollars, and *look it too!* Their colors put rainbows to shame. Their designs are unusual. No other suit can give you their patented feature of fit. A store near you sells Munsingwear Waterwear. MUNSINGWEAR, MINNEAPOLIS

MUNSING
Wear
WATERWEAR

CAN NEVER LOSE ITS SHAPE!

TRY TO GUESS THESE EYES!



This darling of the New York stage, who is now appearing in Universal Pictures' sensation "Seed," is 5 ft. 3½ in. tall, weighs 105 lbs., and has reddish gold hair and green eyes. See below*.

so soothing to golfers' eyes!

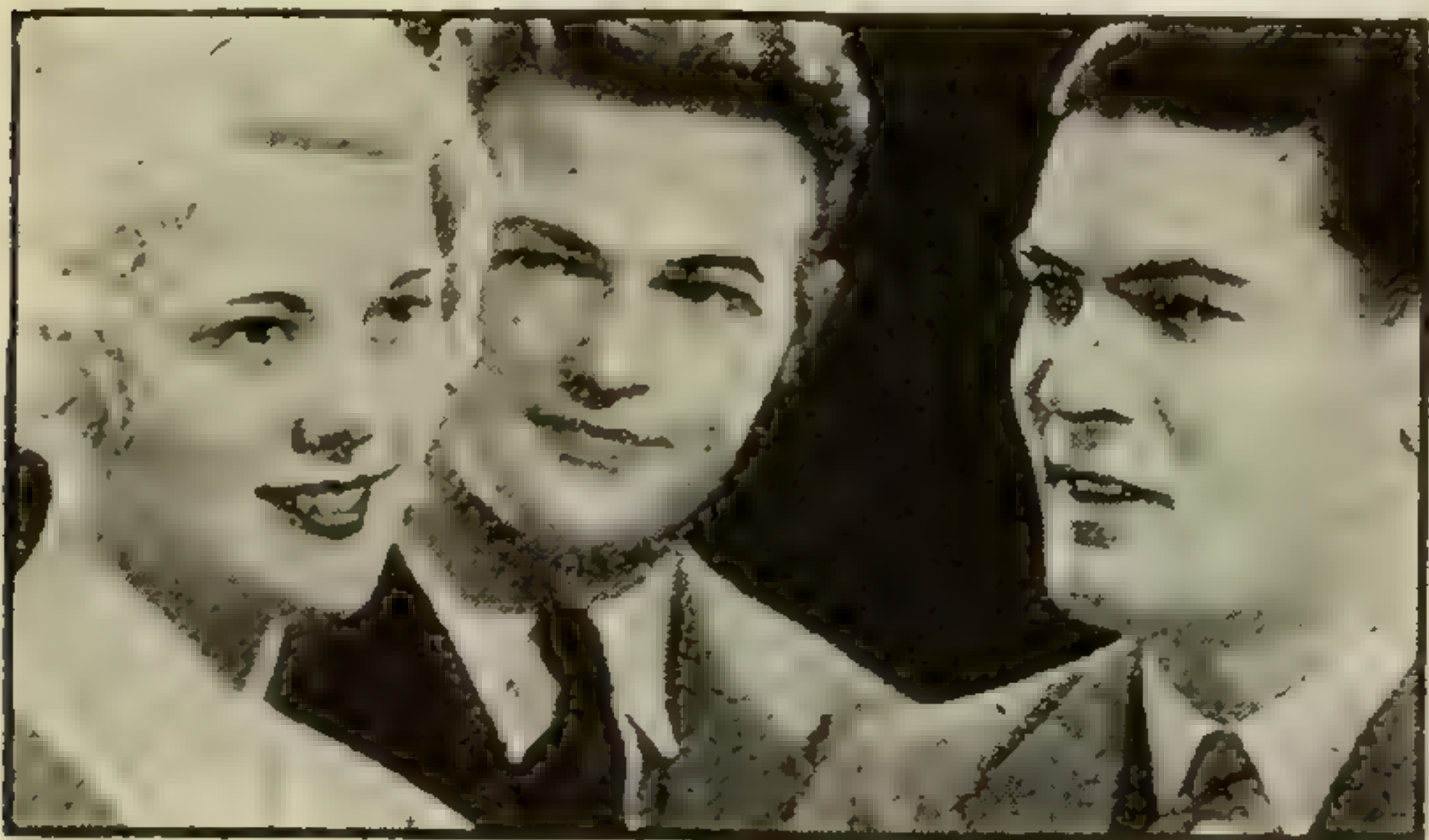
Or, for that matter, to the eyes of any one who spends much time out of doors. Always apply *Murine* immediately after prolonged exposure to sun, wind and dust to end that heavy, burning feeling and to prevent a bloodshot condition. Formula of a veteran eye specialist, this soothing, cooling lotion is used regularly by millions for the quick relief of eye irritation and strain. At all drug and dept. stores.

*Genevieve Tobin

MURINE

FOR YOUR
EYES

60 Applications Cost Only 60c!



Why eyes linger on her Blonde Hair

SUCH irresistible golden radiance! No wonder men look and look! That always happens when girls use Blondex. This special shampoo makes blonde hair sparkle with new beauty, new gleam and lustre! Prevents darkening—safely brings back natural golden color to dull, faded light hair. Not a dye. No harmful chemicals. Fine for scalp. A Blondex blonde is always in demand. At all drug and department stores.



Moles

How to banish them

A simple, safe home treatment—16 years' success in my practice. Moles (also Big Growths) dry up and drop off. Write for free Booklet.

WM. DAVIS, M. D., 124-D Grove Ave., Woodbridge, N. J.

Rules of \$2,000 Story Contest

See Pages 70-71

1. Stories must be submitted in typewriting. They can be from 1,000 to 5,000 words in length, but must not exceed 5,000 words. All stories should be written on one side of the sheets of paper and mailed in a postpaid envelope to:

Judges, PHOTOPLAY Magazine-Warner Bros.
Story Contest, 221 West 57th Street,
New York City.

2. Stories should not be submitted before May 15th, and the Contest will close at midnight on July 15th.

3. Stories will be read, prior to award of prizes, only by the Judges of the Contest and persons employed by them for that purpose. The Judges of the Contest will submit such stories to Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., as the Judges deem suitable for picture purposes. No stories will be returned at the conclusion of the Contest. They may at the option of PHOTOPLAY Magazine be destroyed or kept on file.

4. Every story must be signed with the full name of the person submitting the same and must be accompanied by the form or a copy of the form which appears on this page, personally signed by the contestant, together with his or her full address, in which the contestant agrees to the conditions set forth therein and herein. These rules and the form should be read carefully by contestants before submission.

5. Everyone, whether a subscriber or reader of PHOTOPLAY Magazine or not, may enter this Contest, except persons in any way connected with PHOTOPLAY Magazine or Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., their relatives or members of their households, or anyone actively employed in the production department of any other motion-picture company.

6. The Board of Judges shall consist of three persons to be chosen by the Editor of PHOTOPLAY Magazine. The decision of the Judges shall be final.

7. The winner of the Contest shall receive \$2,000 in cash. In case of a tie equal prizes of \$2,000 each shall be awarded to each tying contestant.

8. It is the desire of Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., to secure as many original stories suited for dramatic purposes as is possible. It is understood that the Editor of PHOTOPLAY Magazine or the Judges of this Contest will submit to Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., such stories in addition to the one selected as winner of the prize as they or any of them deem suited for dramatic purposes. It is understood that Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., shall pay an equal prize of \$2,000 for each such story, if any, as is so submitted to and approved by it and used by it for the production of a motion picture based wholly upon such story.

9. Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., will donate the prize or prizes which PHOTOPLAY Magazine

will pay for the winning story and for such additional stories, if any, as may be selected by Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., as hereinabove mentioned. Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., will be entitled to full and complete rights of every nature for any and all purposes throughout the world in and to all winning stories as well as to use the name of any successful contestant in connection therewith. Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., may use any winning story in whole or in part, alter the same, change the title, and require the execution of any papers by any successful contestant which it deems necessary or expedient.

10. There is always danger that contestants become so convinced of the merit or originality of their own stories or ideas that they are suspicious when they see something approximating theirs which may come from another source. To avoid all questions of this sort or of any other character whatsoever, all contestants must submit and will be deemed to have submitted their story or stories and ideas upon the distinct agreement and understanding that neither PHOTOPLAY Magazine nor Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., shall be liable in any way save to pay such prize or prizes as may be awarded and that said PHOTOPLAY Magazine and Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., are released from any and all liability for any cause or reason by each contestant.

11. Every effort will be made by the Editor of PHOTOPLAY Magazine and the Judges to make this Contest as fair and open as possible and to conduct it in strict accordance with the Rules of the Contest. Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., will simply donate the prize or prizes and will be under no obligation either legal or moral to do anything except to donate the same.

12. Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., shall not be bound to use any of the stories even if they win prizes and shall not be bound to produce a motion picture from the prize winning story or any story that may be selected and paid for by Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., as aforesaid. All copyrightable matter and all rights therein, including the copyright and the right to secure and renew the same, shall be the property of Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc.

13. Stories expressed in exactly the same language or slight variations of the same language, which would seem to indicate collusion between different individuals, shall not be submitted although any one person may submit stories based upon the same central ideas but having different treatments.

14. No profane, immoral, libelous or copyrighted matter shall be submitted.

15. While facility of writing and style of expression are not necessary to the winning of the prize, the clearness and specific quality of the story or idea will be considered.

16. Any single individual may submit any number of stories.

IMPORTANT This Coupon or copy of this Coupon must accompany each story

In submitting the accompanying story as a contestant for the cash prize offered by PHOTOPLAY Magazine, I agree to all of the terms and conditions contained in the "Rules of the Contest" as published in said magazine, which terms and conditions I acknowledge I have read, and in consideration of the conduct of said Contest and of my story being examined and considered in said Contest, I hereby release said PHOTOPLAY Magazine, PHOTOPLAY Publishing Co. and Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., from any and all claims or liability, present or future, by reason of any use or asserted use thereof, in whole or in part, in any form or manner, by either of them, except from payment of a prize if awarded to me.

I state that this story is wholly original with me.

I hereby grant and assign this story and all of my rights of every nature therein throughout the world to the PHOTOPLAY Publishing Co. and Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., together with the exclusive right to use same in any form or manner, and the right to adapt, add to or subtract therefrom, without any compensation to me or my legal representatives, save for a prize of \$2,000 if such prize is awarded to me, pursuant to the "Rules of the Contest."

.....L. S.

.....
Address

The Audience Speaks Its Mind

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15]

Who's Right?

Elissa Landi is much better with Charles Farrell than Janet Gaynor. She's not nearly so childish. Let's see more of them together.

MARY HALEY,
Natchez, Miss.

Charlie Farrell can't even act without Janet Gaynor playing opposite him. Perhaps some day they'll both realize what made them lose their popularity.

KATHERINE SMITH,
Summerville, S. C.

Figuratively Speaking

Jean Harlow has spoiled two perfectly good pictures for me by her nakedness. How does she pass the censors? No decent woman, if she portrays a wanton, needs such an exposure of skin as Jean Harlow presents.

MRS. C. FITTER,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

No More Screen Lovers

Why are our greatest screen lovers allowed to play comedy or character rôles? Colman and Barrymore are fast becoming degraded as evidenced by their recent pictures. In fact, all movie actors are alike to me. Wouldn't it burn you up if our lovely Garbo broke out in slapstick comedy? Yet there is just as much sense in that as there is in Colman and Barrymore

playing light comedy or the late Lon Chaney rôles.

MRS. C. S. ANDERSON,
Kelso, Wash.

More Restraint

True, pictures must deal with reality, with the seamy side of life, but can't they be made with some restraint? I'm sick of scenes of unbelievable brutality; of drunken, dishevelled men and women; of law and right scoffed at; of faithless wives and more faithless husbands pictured as most attractive persons possessing all things to be desired, including happiness; of suave and charming crooks and gangsters and the glorifying of bootleggers.

C. L. WEAVER,
Van Buren, Ark.

Sex or Sleuthing?

Why don't the film magnates give us more detective stories? I doubt if there is anyone who doesn't enjoy them—kids, young people and grown-ups alike. Let's decrease the "sex" and increase the "sleuthing."

GEORGE P. THOMPSON, Jr.,
New Orleans, La.

Dumb or Dialogue?

The talkies are wonderful, but oh, for a few good silent pictures. What a soul-satisfying feeling to enter a theater and be able to relax

and not strain forward to catch every word.

MRS. HARRIETT MILLS,
Chippewa Falls, Wis.

To my way of thinking the non-dialogue picture stands just about the same chance against the up-and-coming Talkies as a horse and buggy has of passing the modern motor car.

HERMAN J. MERRY,
Vancouver, Wash.

I am a movie fan, and yet, it is more than five years since I saw a movie. I am an invalid.

Those who have never been "shut-ins" can hardly realize what PHOTOPLAY means to us. We meet the new stars and see photographs of our old favorites. We keep up with the latest fashions. The reviews of pictures are a score or more novels in miniature. I would have missed the movies terribly had it not been for PHOTOPLAY.

LILLIAN C. TELANDER,
Mora, Minn.

Public speakers whose favorite subject is "Motion Picture Gang Stories and Their Harmful Influence" usually know less of what they speak than the average movie-goer. Because of their dislike for such types of pictures they stay away from them and miss the fine value of the lesson taught—the penalty of crime!

NINABEL RANKIN,
Tarkio, Mo.

after this

or this

or this

Beech-Nut Gum

MAKES THE NEXT SMOKE TASTE BETTER

Also in Spearmint and Wintergreen flavors

Made by the makers of Beech-Nut Fruit Drops and Mints—
In the United States and Canada.

Greater smoke pleasure . . . everyone wants it. And here's the way to have it—with your favorite smoke. Keep your mouth moist and cool with Beech-Nut Gum. There's no gum quite so good in flavor and smoothness.

Clara's Microphone Fright

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]



The Glow of Youth

...Yours if you gently cleanse the pores morning and night with Krank Lemon Cleansing Cream... liquefies instantly... penetrates deeply... dissolves impurities... cleanses thoroughly. Unexcelled at any price. 4 oz. jar, one dollar... Follow with Krank Astringent Lotion, so delightful for firming the skin... Mentho-Lemon Foundation Cream, the perfect powder base... and the softer, smoother, clinging Poudre Krank... 5 shades.

Send 50c in stamps for lovely 3-piece Acquaintance Set and new Beauty Book, "Captivating Loveliness." Write Dept. 90, Krank Toiletries, 1885 University Avenue, Saint Paul, Minn.

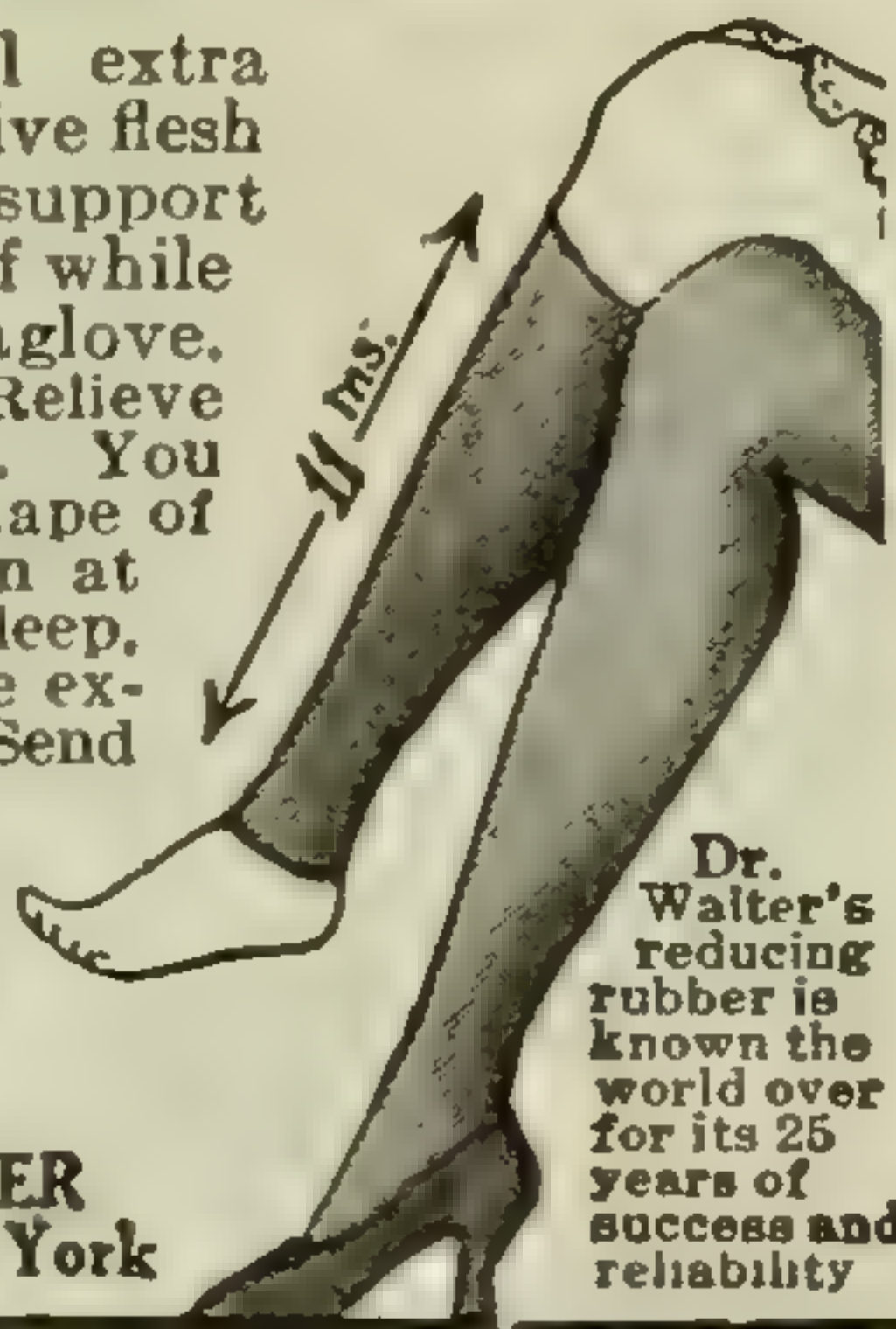
kränk (cleansing) LEMON CREAM

PRETTY ANKLES \$3.75 AND CALVES per pair

DR. WALTER'S Special extra strong Ankle Bands of live flesh colored Para Rubber will support and shape the ankle and calf while reducing them. They fit like a glove. Can be worn under hose. Relieve swelling and varicose veins. You can note the difference in shape of ankle at once. Can be worn at night and reduce while you sleep, or during the day deriving the extra benefit of the support. Send Ankle and Calf Measure.

Write for Dr. Walter's Special Ankle Bands for \$3.75. Pay by check or money order (no cash) or pay postman.

Write for booklet
DR. JEANNE P. H. WALTER
389 Fifth Avenue New York



Dr. Walter's reducing rubber is known the world over for its 25 years of success and reliability

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Make money taking pictures. Photographs in big demand. Commercial Photography also pays big money. Learn quickly at home in spare time. No experience necessary. Write today for new free book, *Opportunities in Modern Photography*. American School of Photography, Dept. 125-B 3601 Michigan Ave., Chicago.

had learned that this terrific fear was the root of the pre-picture nervous trouble and persuaded Rex Bell to bring her. She arrived Friday night—slept late Saturday morning. The wardrobe department went to Clara at her home Saturday afternoon for fittings.

Sunday morning she felt fine. She was much excited and said, "At last everything is all right; I am going to make a good picture." She sent for a manicurist and hairdresser to get her ready for the first rehearsal, scheduled for Sunday afternoon.

THE newspapers have printed that this rehearsal was at the studio. It wasn't. It was at her home. Stuart Walker came there to make it easier for Clara. It was merely a rehearsal between director and star. No cast present.

Rex Bell and an unprofessional boy friend sat in the living-room while Clara said her lines to Mr. Walker in the dining-room. They laughed frequently at the emotion Clara put into her reading. When Mr. Walker left, all of them went to the door with him.

Clara retired. "I am tired. I must be at the studio at nine in the morning."

Some thirty minutes later she came out, in dressing-robe, sobbing. "I can't go on with that picture. Oh, poor Stuart Walker. I can't go on—" Her sobs increased by the moments. The housekeeper was awakened. She said, "I surely thought someone must be beating her." When neither the housekeeper nor Rex could quiet her, they sent for the doctor.

The doctor was alone with Clara for a long time. He advised a sanitarium and complete

rest—immediately. Rex Bell drove Clara to Glendale. All the way over, she kept crying, "Oh, poor Stuart Walker. He wanted me in his picture and now I can't do it."

Rex suggested that Clara go to the studio daytimes and return to the sanitarium for the nights, so complete rest and proper care would be guaranteed her. But whenever the studio was suggested, Clara went into further hysterics. And the moment Peggy Shannon was announced as the new star of the production—Clara began to recover. I went over with Rex to see her five days after she had entered the sanitarium. She had color in her cheeks; fire in her eyes; she smiled brightly. She talked of being able to be moved back to the ranch shortly.

She is selling her home and all the furnishings. She has dismissed the maid who was at the studio with her for five years. That nearly broke her heart. "But if I am not going to make pictures, I must retrench," she said.

Her servants, with the exception of the housekeeper, have already been dismissed.

SHE is planning to build a home for herself on Mr. Bell's Nevada ranch—she has begged permission to do this because she wants a residence for herself and housekeeper separate from the place which domiciles the foreman and his wife. And she loves the quiet—the broad open spaces of Nevada. She also appreciates the friendship of the curly-haired, straight-eyed young man who has stood by her side like the knight errants of old, the one person who has never tried to capitalize upon her.

There was a delay in recording her income



No wonder Clara Bow likes to go to Rex Bell's ranch rather than work in the studio, where she is in living fear of the microphone

tax report, due to the De Voe trial. An exemption claim for \$100,000 is made, of which nearly \$50,000 is for embezzlement, with Miss De Voe named as embezzler. Mr. Bell says he feels certain they can prove that amount. "I only wish we could prove all the rest!"

Clara is now being sued for sixty dollars by a small Beverly Hills service station for four tires which were put on Miss De Voe's mother's car. Clara claims she knew nothing of it—through Rex, who is representing her in court. The service man says he was accustomed to honoring Miss De Voe's purchases as an agent for Clara! There are other such suits pending.

I HAVE told this story in a simple manner because it is a simple story. I have known Clara Bow well for four years. She is the victim of the most highly emotional nature it has been my fortune to contact—and in Hollywood, the home of emotional natures, we contact many. I believe she made as much money at the box-office as any star in Hollywood and probably *the most* over her entire period as a star.

I have said this is not a plea for sympathy. I stick to my premise. There is no use in reminding you that she has no mother; I agree with you that the studio might have provided her with a mother, as Universal has provided one for Sidney Fox—a cultured, human English sponsor. If Paramount had studied that nature of Clara's, tuned to the point of breaking at even the most inconsequential moments, they would undoubtedly have done it.

But it is not the duty of studios to raise their children; merely to exploit them. And that was long ago—a chaperon would have been considered a gross extravagance. If they could have seen down the years ahead—but who of us can look into the future?

As to the attacks upon her morals. I repeat I have known her well. I have even known her girl friends, her boy friends. Much which has been written simply couldn't have happened. It wasn't possible by the laws of nature for it to happen.

And the retirement—for upon that Clara Bow is insisting—of one of the most interesting stars of all times, has another little story with it. Sylvia Sidney was made a star through Clara's microphone fright; Ben Schulberg expects "The Secret Call" to do the same thing for Peggy Shannon.

BOTH girls were chosen from the New York stage by Mr. Schulberg; Clara Bow was his protégé, also. Paramount has paid Clara her \$5,000 a week without interruption throughout this trouble. I believe that this executive who brought her to fame and is now doing everything in his power to keep her in that fame, is largely responsible. If Sylvia and Peggy make as much money for Paramount as did his first foundling, I am certain he will do the same for them if adversity overtakes them later.

Don't Worry!

If you missed the first set of Puzzle Pictures in last month's PHOTOPLAY, you can still start now and win some of the \$5,000 prize money!

You can have June's Puzzle Pictures free, together with the rules, by sending a postcard request to

The Picture Puzzle Contest,
PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE,
919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Now Simple To Really Get Rid of Arm and Leg Hair

Utterly Without the Problem of Coarsened Re-growth



By a total lack of stubble, you can feel the difference between this and old ways.

Not only is slightest fear of coarsened re-growth banished but actual reappearance of hair is slowed amazingly.

A Discovery That is Proving to the Wonder of the Cosmetic World That Hair Can Not Only Be Removed Instantly, But Its Reappearance Delayed Amazingly.

A way of removing arm and leg hair has been found that not only removes every vestige of hair instantly, but that banishes the stimulated hair growth thousands of women are charging to less modern ways. A way that not only removes hair, but delays its reappearance remarkably.

It is changing previous conceptions of cosmeticians about hair removing. Women are flocking to its use. The creation of a noted laboratory, it is different from any other hair remover known.

What It Is

It is an exquisite toilet creme resembling a superior beauty clay in texture. You sim-

ply spread it on where hair is to be removed. Then rinse off with water.

That is all. Every vestige of hair is gone; so completely that even by running your hand across the skin not the slightest trace of stubble can be felt. *And—the reappearance of that hair is delayed surprisingly!*

When re-growth finally does come, it is utterly unlike the re-growth following old ways. You can feel the difference. No sharp stubble. No coarsened growth.

The skin, too, is left soft as a child's. No skin roughness, no enlarged pores. You feel freer than probably ever before in your life of annoying hair growth.

Where To Obtain

It is called NEET—and is on sale at all drug and department stores and beauty parlors. Costs only a few cents.

283A

Neet ^{Cream} Hair Remover

FOR YOUR SKIN
TRY
LABLACHE
Face Powder

You will love its delicacy; its clinging-ness; its perfume.
FOR OVER TWENTY YEARS
Readers of Photo play have recognized its accepted standard of quality
Send for FREE sample to Ben Levy Co., 125 Kingston St., Boston, Mass



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ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

Spring is in the air—Summer's in the offing! For the better enjoyment of these seasons come to The MADISON... where modern service and comforts give a new, true luxury to rest and play.

Attractive Rates on American and European Plans. Eugene C. Fetter, Mng. Dir.

FETTER & HOLLINGER, INC.



FAIR-EST
 "The Natural Cosmetics"

Millions pay homage to Sue Carol, screen star... one of the fairest of the fair.

CREATED in HOLLYWOOD
 For the FAIREST of the FAIR

Just as the fair women of Hollywood win the applause of the nation, you too can attract admiration with the subtle, fragrant allure of Fair-est. Face-Powder, Perfume, Lip-stick, Rouge, Bath Salts, Dusting Powder—all dealers.

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An Easy Way to **SHAPE** your **NOSE**

Anita Nose Adjuster shapes flesh and cartilage—quickly, safely, painlessly, while you sleep or work. Lasting results. Doctors praise it. Gold Medal Winner. 87,000 users. Write for **FREE BOOKLET**.

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ended quickly with safe, soothing, cooling Cal-o-Cide. Relieves sore, tender, swollen, burning aching feet in one minute. Draws pain and inflammation right out. Walk, run, dance in comfort. Wear shoes you like. Guaranteed. 35c at all druggists. Send postcard for free book "Care of Feet." Medco Co., Dept. L-7, Dayton, Ohio

Cal-o-cide FOOT REMEDY

DEVELOP FORM

in your own home. Simple easy method successful 23 years. No medicine, no grease, nothing to wipe off. Results where needed—Arms, Legs, Neck, Bosom, ANY part. Send 10c for Full Information and a Big Four Dram Box (note the size) of my **PEERLESS WONDER CREAM**, the original All in-one Cream. Remember 10c, NOT 50c. Wrap coin or send stamps, but do it now. MADAME WILLIAMS, CLK-4, BUFFALO, N. Y.

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and CULTURAL subjects for personal development—Stage, Teaching, Directing-Drama, Stage and Concert Dancing, Vocal, Screen, Musical Comedy, Elocution, Stock Theatre and platform appearances while learning. For catalog 16 apply P. Ely, Sec'y, 66 W. 85th St., N. Y.

Possibly, Clara will decide to make "Man-handled." Possibly, she will be forced by fright to retire again. If so, there is a chance for a third star to be made by Clara on the Paramount roster. And if she makes a series

of stars who become big box-office, she will have repaid in full monetary value her \$5,000 a week given her now while she is not working.

A simple story and a true one. The latter is what makes it important.

Charlie Has to Fight!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30]

Farrell, wrenched from the side of little Janet, and strictly on his own, is in such a position. By all the laws of geometry, astrology and torts, Charlie is just the fair-haired laddie-boy to be used as a ballyhoo while feminine star-material drinks most of the spotlight in the Main Tent.

And I submit that, for a young gent with his way to make, this is neither hotsy nor tots. Ever hear of the case of one Gary Cooper, one Marlene Dietrich and one picture called "Morocco"? As we Swedes say, it's the *meme* chose.

These things, friends, are what Charlie

Farrell faces as he plunges into work in New Hollywood, P. M. (Post-Microphone).

Charlie with his good looks, his youth, his pretty and ever-loving wife and his stellar rating on the old Fox ranch.

Never did a kid take his picture work more seriously—never was one more willing to slave like a dock-walloper to sock it over. And there isn't a pleasanter lad in the world than this same.

And Farrell is in a tough spot, make no mistake about this. Three ringing hopes (and a roaring Bengal tigh!) that he rolls up the spot and uses it for target practice in his back yard!

The Other Side of the Sunrise

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36]

in the sink, she unwrapped the beefsteak. The gentleman stood with his hands in white flannel pockets, watching her steadily.

"The laugh," he remarked, "is probably that I thought you might fall in love with me."

Beside the sink, hung a blue gingham apron, which Miss Marquette brought down and tied over her sequins and satin.

"No, I wouldn't care to fall in love with you, thanks just the same," she told him, and buttoned the blue gingham straps over bare shoulders.

IN her incongruous glitter and gingham, she surveyed him retrospectively.

"Haven't I seen you before?" she asked, her hands in the gingham pockets. "Didn't you want to marry me once before at somebody's beach party or something?"

"You have a memory for detail," he said, a ripple of amusement playing across his eyes. "I told you for an hour once, at the Cassa del Mar, that I'd been insane about you for three years, ever since I saw you play the Marchioness in 'Lord of London,' and the little Virginian in 'Swanee' and the dancer in 'Heaven and Hell.' But you *didn't* marry me, if you recall, so I'm forced to bring the subject up again."

Miss Marquette rested her elbows on the ledge of a green stepladder.

"Fate's damn funny," she said, and laughed a little tiredly. "Three years ago I was the great American exhibit, a girl in Hollywood with a steady job. The public believed I was Lady Whiffenpoof, if the picture said so, or Little Eva or Joan of Arc or anybody else. But how the talkies can slay you is nobody's business! I've sung the bye-bye blues to every dollar I had, trying to educate my bronchial tubes, but all they sound like on the screen is a ballyhoo for peanuts! And after the racket I had this morning with the redhead that stole my only solo gesture in 'Rose of Grand Street,' I guess I'm entirely *de trop*. They wouldn't pay me, so I kept the wardrobe. I've got to have *something* to trade for soup and fish."

The gentleman arranged his boutonniere. "As a matter of convenience," he remarked, "why not accept my proposal?"

She turned abruptly to the sink; made herself suddenly very busy extracting unwashed dishes from under the roses.

"Mr. So-and-So," she told him shortly, "you don't want to marry me any more than Man o' War wants roller-skates! What you sound like to me is a ballad singer that's got the habit!"

"Parden me," he said, "but your train is caught in the ice-box."

He released it and piled it into her arms.

"I have a few million dollars if that would make any difference," he suggested.

She looked up at him, close to him, her arms full of the shimmering satin. In spite of ammonia blondness and flaming lips, she was really delicately beautiful; an intriguing slenderness, hauntingly lovely eyes of a dusky lavender (judging from the undecorated one) in which lay that rare, translucent quality of distance.

Over their heads a china clock whammed against the wall. Outside the window, the shrill, dusty drone of locusts came out of the grass.

"Now I'll give you a song and dance," she said. "A few million wouldn't make any difference, nor a few *billion* wouldn't! Because I'm in love with somebody else. In this dizzy business it's a safe bet that every blonde you see is brunette and curly hair is a permanent, and the New York sky-line is cardboard and the Alps are made of salt, and if they spotlight you today they will forget you tomorrow. But one thing that's not going to be phony for me, not even in Hollywood, is love! So get that straight!"

HE looked squarely down at her. His eyes were not careless now.

"Oddly enough," he said, "love means just that much to me. A year ago, I told you I loved you, and I meant it. I stepped aside, because you said there was some one else. But no one else has come to take you, and I still want you. I've loved you enough to wait and to hope for you, and I went to the studio this morning to tell you so. I didn't find you *there* but by luck—or by Fate—I found you anyway. And I'll tell you again that I want to give you my love and my name and my money. I want to take you with me to Cairo—and to Paris and to Vienna and to Italy—and anywhere you want to go. I want to give you everything you want. I want to give you everything you've ever dreamed of. I want to give you—"

Rouged, pink-tipped fingers reached up and caught his coat lapels.

"Listen," she said, "let's cut the comedy. Let's make a cup of coffee and a steak sandwich and go into conference!"

* * *

AS long ago as the triangle of Adam and Eve and the serpent, thwarted Paradise seems to have fallen into a figure of three points, though after all, the dénouement over the luncheon of Mr. So-and-So and Carlie Marquette, could scarcely have been called a triangle, since no two of its corners came together.

Mr. So-and-So loved Carlie. Carlie loved Jarod Sarvis, and Jarod Sarvis, as the whole world knew, loved no one at all!

Carlie looked away out of the window at the lavender hills, with their scarlet and jade-green roofs, like rosettes pinned on velvet.

"If he was broke I'd slave for him," she sighed. "If he was blue I'd cry with him! Ever since that first day I saw him, he could have worn me for ear-laps! He's all in the world I want! He's all I think about! I dream myself to sleep every night pretending he cares for me! I never thought any one could be such a fool about love. I always thought anybody could just laugh at it and forget it. But the Chicago fire was Eskimo pie compared to what Love's done to me.

"I guess I'm funny. Nowadays, Love doesn't mean much to anybody, so why should it to me! But it does. And when I love him like I do, I can't pretend I don't. And I can't pretend I could love anybody else—because I couldn't. I don't mean one-two-three to him now, but there might come a time when things would be different and so I'm going to wait. That's all.

"I guess the ideas I've got about love sound like I think I'm Einstein, but love seems to me like sunrise; a great, big, gold horizon that starts everything over! I'm willing to admit I kid myself along about every other kind of dream I have, but I don't think I'm wrong about love. If life's got any sunrise at all, that's it!"

Abruptly she brought a vanity case out of her apron pocket, and in its tiny mirror-shaped her lips.

"And I should call you a ballad singer!" she said.

The gentleman across the table had watched her as though she might have been a page of psychology; that careless, amused something in his eyes, and yet something much deeper, for which, after all, the amusement was only a disguise.

"So you're going to wait for Jarod Sarvis," he said—"and I'm going to wait for you!"

Carlie Marquette, who had been that serenely lovely marchioness in "Lord of London," that proud little *Virginian* in "Swanee," that exotically vivid dancer in "Heaven and Hell," Carlie Marquette put her hands down in her gingham pockets and smiled a wise little hard-boiled smile.

"There's a cheap and popular commodity known as bologna," she said, "and I have an idea you're treating me to quite a lot of it! Even if I wasn't in love with somebody else, I've lived long enough to know that a man who does what he pleases like you do, and goes where he pleases and tosses up a couple of million for anything he wants, isn't coming out in his Isotta Fraschini to see a girl on a corner and lasso her with orange blossoms!"

SHE rested her elbow on the window ledge, stuck her chin in her hand, and surveyed him coolly; as serenely as the Marchioness of London had surveyed the King.

"Yes, I go where I please," he said, "and I buy what I want—and you happen to be what I want most of all."

He reached across the table and picked up her fingers—slim fingers that fell softly curving across his own.

"Perhaps we can make a bargain," he said. "If you will marry me today, which is what I

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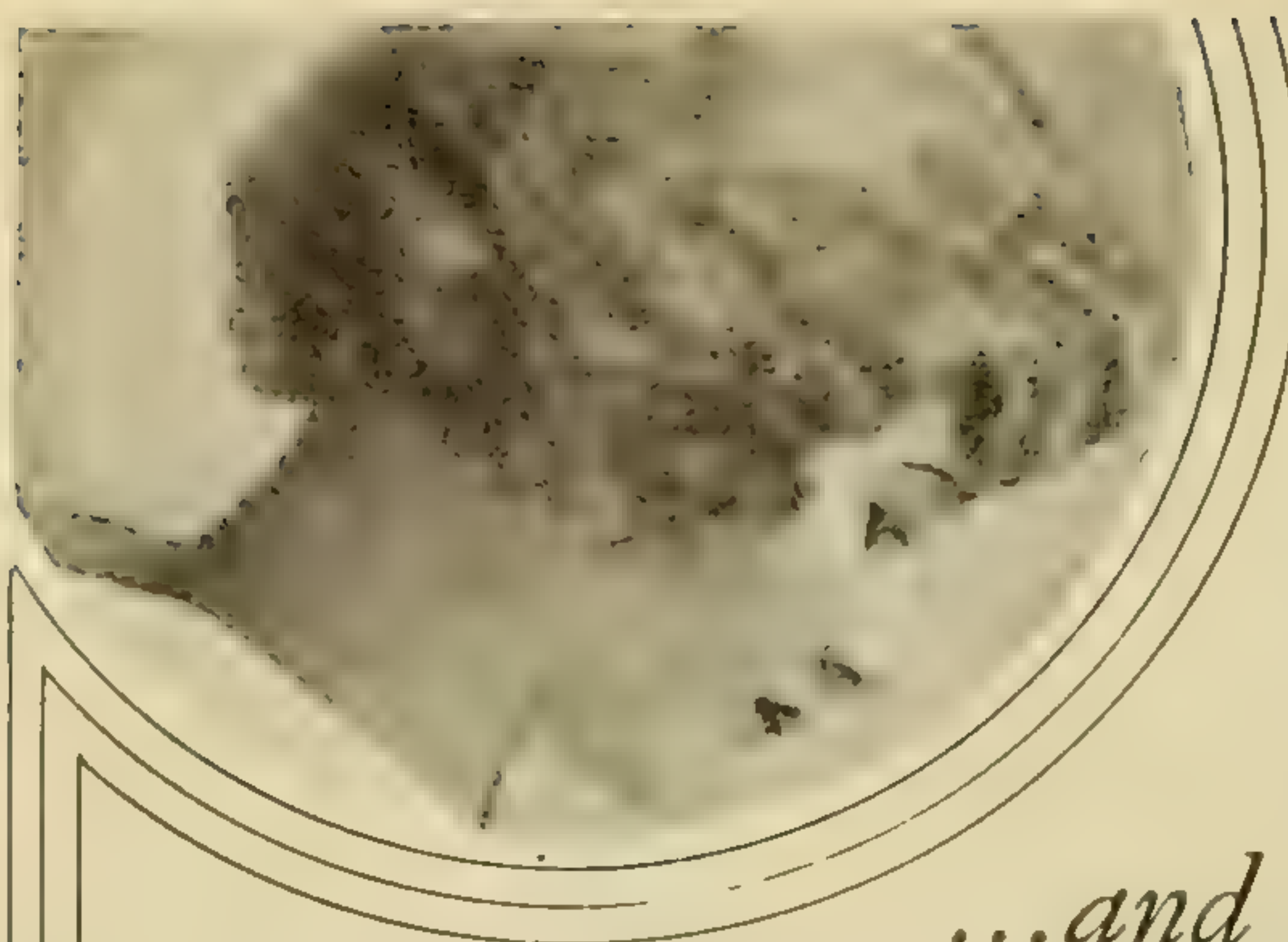
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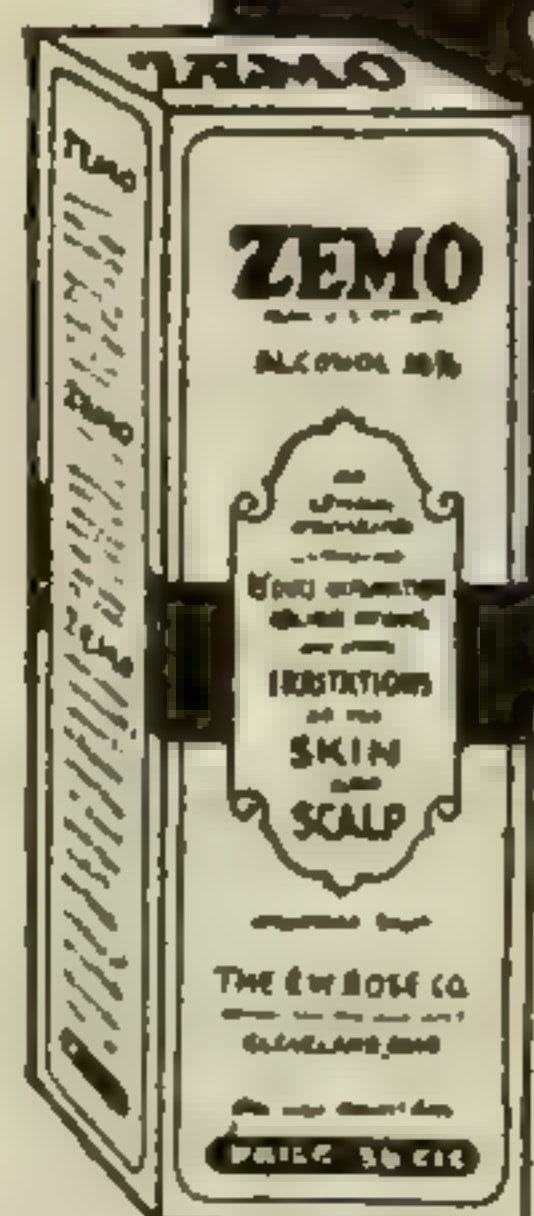


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want most, I will promise to give you, in exchange, what *you* want most. In a year I will make you the kind of woman Jarod Sarvis will love, and when the year is over I will give you up to him."

He brushed his fingers across his lips.

"By that bargain," he said, "you and I shall *both* see the sunrise!"

She looked at him quizzically, her hand still in his. The china clock beat its metallic rhythm on the wall, the locusts shrilled in the grass—and then against the open front door, the lid of the mail-box rattled and there sounded the little rustle of letters going in.

"Wait a minute, Johnny," Carlie called. She went to the door, blue apron, and trailing satin and sequins.

"After tomorrow, Johnny," she said, "you can forward my mail to the Hotel Continental-Savoy in Cairo, to Mrs. ————wait a minute, Johnny—"

She went back to the gentleman who had offered the bargain.

"By the way," she said, and laughed squarely down at him, "just what is our name?"

* * *

NIGHTINGALE Gardens in Paris!

Transparent dance floor with water rippling underneath; darting fish and floating lilies; dancers moving on the surface of a blue lake! Tables always crowded! The smartest amusement, the most spectacular clientele Paris had to offer, was Nightingale Gardens from midnight till dawn! Gold candlesticks. Scented candlelight. Champagne glasses lifting!

And one midnight in that Nightingale Gardens, there was much flutter and comment regarding the little gold easel on the most expensive table in the room, which bore the engraved sign "*Reserve*."

For Mr. and Mrs. Randolph Tremaine, of Cairo, were entertaining at supper Mr. Jarod Sarvis, of Hollywood! Every one watching! Whispering! Waiting for the three most sensational guests Paris had had for many a day! Mr. Randolph Tremaine, who had been the freest, most happy-go-lucky, most careless bachelor in Europe! Mrs. Tremaine, his bride of a year! And Jarod Sarvis, the idol of American pictures, the young god of the screen, the lover every woman secretly imagined was her own!

The Tremaines coming from Cairo to meet Mr. Sarvis on his playday in Paris!

"Oh, yes, they're old friends," traveled the gossip from table to table. "They say she's an exquisite creature! Absolutely the sensation, this season, at Biarritz and St. Moritz on the Riviera!"

No hoyden with a storm of topaz ringlets, Mrs. Tremaine, but a liquidly lovely woman in superbly simple pastels, molded according to her husband's scheme and to her own amazement! Boyish head with close, sleek, satin mouse-colored hair, making conspicuous a forehead and profile of rare beauty; ivory, untinted skin and the deep lavender eyes that he had taught to regard everything with poise and self possession!

"Just keep your voice down and your head up, sweetheart," her husband would say to her, laughing down at her, always near her, always reassuring her. "Don't let anybody worry you! You're marvelous!"

HER throat was slim and white. She wore a thread of platinum necklace, set with a single diamond, her only jewel except her jeweled wedding ring. An exquisite creature! And the year had caught up with them!

In Cairo they had heard of Jarod Sarvis' trip to Paris.

Jarod Sarvis had become steadily more famous. More the idol with every part he had played. Feverishly, Carlie Tremaine had read news of him; impatiently had waited for pictures in which to see and hear him! With little tremors of ecstasy had read the continued gossip that he was so absorbed in his work he had not yet found time to fall in love!

"All right, sweetheart," Rand Tremaine had said, when the news had come of his being in Paris. "We'll meet him there. We'll invite him to supper at the Nightingale Gardens—or whatever you wish. Order any gown you want!"

"You're rather wonderful about it, Rand," she had said to him.

He had brought her into his arms for just a minute.

"I'm just a gambler, dearest," he had answered her. "It's been a wonderful year. And a bargain's a bargain. I owe you everything you want."

Paris!

The Nightingale Gardens!

The table marked "*Reserve*."

MR. and Mrs. Tremaine arrived first, Mr. Tremaine in faultless dinner dress, careless, happy-go-lucky eyes, wicked little mustache; Mrs. Tremaine wearing mauve chiffon, simple, long, clinging folds of it, just the color of her eyes. Instantly every man in the room coveted her. Every woman despised her!

And Mr. Sarvis arrived! Stood looking for them expectantly—slightly conscious of his handsome perfection—slightly conscious that every woman coveted him; and every man despised him! Eyes followed him to that most expensive table!

"Carlie!" His eyes devoured her! She presented her husband. With a great deal of laughter, the conversation went on, and Jarod Sarvis watched her as though he couldn't look away from her!

"You may not have heard," Rand Tremaine said, "that Carlie and I are in Paris to arrange a divorce."

Jarod Sarvis was surprised.

"I thought you were supremely happy!"

"Yes," said Rand Tremaine. "After all, isn't that a very good time to decide on a divorce?" He looked at Carlie with that careless amusement in his eyes—"Even Heaven doesn't go on forever, I suppose," he laughed. "Why don't you have this dance—you two?"

Jarod was eager to dance with her!

"I'm just understanding how much I've missed you," he whispered, as they moved away together. "It's been a year! Almost two! I've scarcely seen you since that day you read my fortune in the sand!" He held her closer—closer—"You've changed a lot," he said—"you've grown amazing! You're wonderful!"

He was oblivious to eyes that followed him everywhere. He was aware only of the girl in his arms!

"I'm mad about you," he said. "You've got to come back to Hollywood! You've got to come back—to *me*!"

Rand Tremaine watched them; knew what Jarod was saying; saw his arms drawing her closer, and closer. Rand Tremaine had kept his bargain. He had made her the kind of woman Jarod Sarvis would love!

They came back to the table. Rand had never seen her so beautiful! Never so much the serene *Marchioness*, the proud little *Virginian*—the flaming dancer!

"Can you spare me the next dance, sweetheart?" Rand asked her, "just for old times sake?" he laughed.

HE carried her across the floor, over rippling water, little streaks of goldfish playing in the light, the music sighing, syncopating—

"Well," he said, "and so he's in love with you already!"

"Yes," she told him. "Funny, isn't it! I was so sure he would say it to me some day!"

"Are you happy?" Rand wanted to know.

She laughed like a little girl and tucked her face against his shoulder.

"I'm so happy I'm afraid to think about it," she said—"I'm afraid I'm still dreaming!"

The young idol, Jarod Sarvis, rich now, and famous, waited impatiently for her to come back; dark, intense eyes watching her, as though already they possessed her!

"So now that you've seen him again," Rand said, his voice trying hard to keep that little note of amusement, a brave disguise for the something else; "now that you've seen him again—you're still in love? Really in love? Clear road to sunrise?"

"Yes," she told him. "Now that I've seen him again—I'm still in love! *Terribly* in love!"

Forgetful of everyone, her lips were suddenly close to his.

"Clear road to sunrise," she said—"but with you!"

Hollywood's Age of Fear

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59]

years in this country, had \$50,000 in government bonds. She must have three times that amount today.

Her money is still in government bonds and savings accounts. Her career has lasted long enough to protect her.

ON the other hand, Blanche Sweet's didn't. She married—reputedly married money. Many Hollywood girls are forced into similar marriages.

And when you talk with them today—the stars of yesterday—of what do they talk? Of yesterday! Although they may only be in their low thirties.

WHAT SHALL I INSTRUCT MY PRESS-AGENT? SHALL I TRY TO BECOME A FRONT PAGE PERSONALITY?

Gloria Swanson says, "Front page personalities are born, not made. When certain personalities walk across the street they are news; others can commit murder without making the headlines. Barbara La Marr was front page. So was Pola Negri. I guess I am, too."

A front page personality is fine while one is climbing, but when one reaches the top it becomes dangerous. Mabel Normand, Roscoe Arbuckle, Barbara La Marr, Norma Talmadge, John Gilbert, Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Estelle Taylor, Joan Crawford and Clara Bow are examples.

Clara has never hired a press-agent. She would need one only to keep her name out of print, not in it. Clara's greatest fear has been her first page personality.

Sue Carol is a created personality. A press-agent's campaign did it. Alice White and Olive Borden are others, and, more recently, Marlene Dietrich. Marlene is already at the stage of exasperation where she bursts into tears if an interviewer even questions her about Greta Garbo. But Marlene's place in pictures has been made, and comparisons with any other actress are unnecessary.

SHALL I PLAY POLITICS WITH THE PRODUCERS FOR THE SAKE OF GETTING BETTER PICTURES, OF HAVING A CHANCE TO HELP CHOOSE MY STORY, MY CAST, MY DIRECTOR?

"Before you are a star it is somebody else's worry if the picture doesn't make money," Joan Crawford tells us. "Afterwards it is your fault. The story may be bad to begin with, but it is Joan Crawford's picture which is bad. The director may be terrible, but it is Joan Crawford's picture which is terrible. The leading man's performance may spoil the show, but it is still Joan Crawford's picture which he ruins.

"Before I became a star it wasn't my responsibility. If my part was well done that was all. When you become a star you reach the age of fear."

Norma Shearer is a fine actress, but she is also a shrewd politician. She has the best

Keeps teeth white



A WINNING smile is like a short cut to success. It wins friends.

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(See page 62 for full particulars regarding Contest)

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summer-tan
was grand

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casts, photography and directors for her pictures. There is no denying that being the wife of Irving Thalberg has a lot to do with that. If she were his wife without her ability she couldn't make good pictures, but being his wife with her ability helps her to make better pictures.

Ruth Chatterton is another politician. Although it is not written in her contract, she has been in every story conference on her productions, had a few words to say about her directors, many about her cast. When she could not afford it financially she bought a beautiful home in Beverly Hills and set out to entertain her producers. Not because they would reward her for entertaining, but so they would know her personality, realize her ability and benefit by it. The result: success, a new contract for a million and three quarters and certain control of her pictures.

SHALL I ACCEPT INVITATIONS AND BECOME SOCIALLY PROMINENT, OR SHALL I REFUSE AND REMAIN A RECLUSE, LIVING LIFE IN A SIMPLE MANNER?

Ivan Lebedeff has kept his place in the Hollywood limelight and probably his contract at Radio Pictures through the dress suit manner. He is far from the top yet, but if he reaches it he will have to give his dinner clothes much credit. There is no chance of his being forgotten by producers or those who may help him.

Lew Cody had a host of friends. When he was hunting for jobs many forgot, but one

whom he knew socially, Gloria Swanson, remembered and helped him back to health.

The social fear works both ways. To become a recluse may hurt; to become too popular may hurt. But it's a definite fear that comes with success.

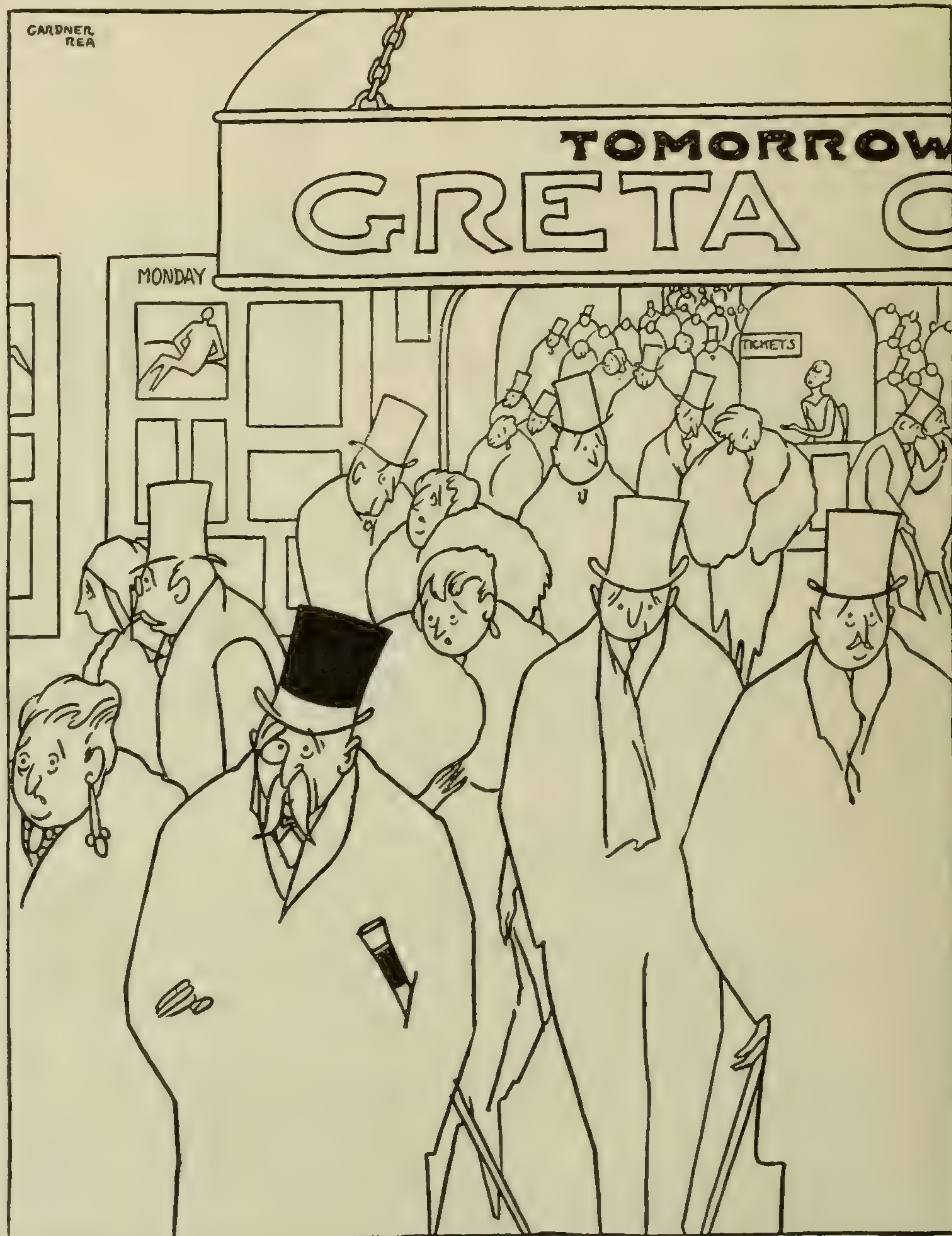
IF I BEGIN TO SLIP AS A STAR SHALL I MAKE AN EFFORT TO GET INTO CHARACTER RÔLES?

An important question as well as a well-defined fear. If Mary Pickford finds herself no longer the "sweetheart," shall she play mothers? Will the public laugh, sympathize or admire?

Seven years ago Irene Rich was starred in "Lucretia Lombard" at Warners. Norma Shearer had a small part in the picture. Today "Strangers May Kiss" stars Norma Shearer. Irene Rich has one good scene in the picture. Seven years ago Irene was receiving \$3,600 weekly. Today she gets \$1,750. Irene says:

"WHEN I was playing in 'The Mad Parade,' James Flood was on the set. He was speaking of Evelyn Brent's part. He said, 'Irene, what a part that would have been for you ten years ago.' He couldn't know how that hurt.

"Being a star in a picture is like being a patient in the operating room. You are the focus of attention. The doctors, the nurses, everyone thinks only of you. On the set the electricians, the cameramen, the director are



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No Mickey Mouse!

the doctors and nurses. They think only of you.

"When you have been a star and then come on the set not a star you have the strangest feeling. No one dashing over to you to place a chair or get you a drink of water.

"If you are wise you will conquer the horrible fears which harass you. I turned to vaudeville to conquer them and now I am glad I had that stardom once, the memories that go with it."

IF I DECIDE TO BECOME A CHARACTER ACTOR WHAT FEAR WILL BE THE GREATEST THEN—OR WILL THE FEARS BE OVER?

Edmund Breeze, a leading man on the stage for many years before becoming a character actor in pictures, says: "You will have one fear; the cutter. No matter what a fight you make to give a good performance it all rests with the cutter. The younger element will be played up in most successful stories. Take 'Kismet.' I read the reviews. I was all excited about what they said of me. I went to see it. What I considered my best part wasn't there, but for the good of the picture it was probably better on the cutting-room floor. But it is a fear that never leaves the character actor."

There are other fears. Many of them. Fears of parenthood. Norma Shearer never stopped studying languages or voice before Irving, Jr., was born.

She had to keep in form so if the baby hurt her at the box office she'd be an even better actress. It hasn't hurt Norma. It did hurt Leatrice Joy.

FEAR of lines, beauty, fat, heart trouble from over strenuous work, illness from wrong foods haunt the stars. And always the fear of unlooked for circumstances. Estelle Taylor was splendid in "Don Juan." She collected \$1,500 a week for one year; \$2,000 a week for six months more from United Artists, and never made another picture under their banner. The United Artists stars at that time thought the wife of Jack Dempsey meant bad publicity for United Artists. Her fear of being known professionally as Mrs. Jack Dempsey rather than Estelle Taylor still lingers.

We do not need to point out the pathos of the Age of Fear which comes to Hollywood's successful.

July Birthdays

- July 8—Eugene Pallette
- July 10—Lily Damita
- July 10—John Gilbert
- July 10—Joan Marsh
- July 11—Sally Blane
- July 12—Jean Hersholt
- July 13—Sidney Blackmer
- July 14—Olive Borden
- July 15—Raymond Hackett
- July 16—Barbara Stanwyck
- July 18—Richard Dix
- July 18—Lupe Velez
- July 21—Hoot Gibson
- July 21—Ken Maynard
- July 21—Lenore Ulric
- July 22—Phillips Holmes
- July 23—Aileen Pringle
- July 25—Philippe De Lacy
- July 25—Lila Lee
- July 25—Alice White
- July 26—Charles Butterworth
- July 26—Emil Jannings
- July 27—Lawrence Gray
- July 27—Natalie Moorhead
- July 28—Joe E. Brown
- July 28—Skeets Gallagher
- July 29—Clara Bow
- July 29—William Powell
- July 29—Thelma Todd

Would you be content with a homely husband—if homeliness made his love more intense? Rupert Hughes upsets all your ideas of romance in *July Cosmopolitan*, now on sale.



Are some women born to betray men who love them? Fannie Hurst seems to think so—in *July Cosmopolitan*.



Do you know what exercise will do to give you health and an enviable physique? Johnny Weissmuller—an ill, emaciated youngster—became the world's fastest swimmer—and a perfect specimen of health. Some member of your family may benefit by Steve Hannagan's story in *July Cosmopolitan* of how Johnny swam to health.

July *Hearst's International*
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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16]

REDUCING—M-G-M.—Marie Dressler and Polly Moran cut up in a beauty parlor. Need we add you'll die laughing? (Feb.)

RENEGADES—Fox.—Warner Baxter in an exciting story of the Foreign Legion, with Myrna Loy as the feminine spy. (Jan.)

★ **RESURRECTION**—Universal.—Talkie version of the old tale is a triumph for Lupe Velez. She's all fire, beauty and sincerity. Well directed and John Boles sings nicely. (March)

RIDER OF THE PLAINS, A—Syndicate.—Grand old Western full of hokum, and a happy, happy ending. (May)

RIDIN' FOOL, THE—Tiffany Prod.—Great little Western. Will furnish the kids with plenty of thrills. (April)

RIGHT TO LOVE, THE—Paramount.—Ruth Chatterton in a real dramatic gem. Ruth and the technicians collaborate in putting over the most convincing dual rôle ever filmed. (Feb.)

ROYAL BED, THE—Radio Pictures.—Lowell Sherman directs himself in a smart, amusing comedy about modern royalty. Mary Astor is a gorgeous princess and the veteran Nance O'Neil, a grand queen. (Feb.)

★ **ROYAL FAMILY OF BROADWAY, THE**—Paramount.—A brilliantly done comedy of actors at home. Fredric March does the work of his life. Ina Claire is marvelous. Don't miss this one. (Feb.)

SCANDAL SHEET—Paramount.—A great newspaper drama with George Bancroft as the managing editor and Kay Francis as his wife. A meaty movie with a knockout kick. (Feb.)

SCOTLAND YARD—Fox.—A rattling good crime story with that rattling good actor, Edmund Lowe, playing a dual rôle. This film packs a wallop. (Jan.)

SEA LEGS—Paramount.—In spite of Jack Oakie, Harry Green and Eugene Pallette, this comedy isn't very comical. (Jan.)

★ **SEAS BENEATH**—Fox.—Dashing adventure story of submarines during the war. George O'Brien does a grand job. All the family will like it. (March)

SECOND HONEYMOON, THE—Continental.—Farce comedy of domestic felicity with Josephine Dunn and Edward Earle. Entertaining. (March)

★ **SECRET SIX, THE**—M-G-M.—Still another gang story but with more humor. Splendid cast, includes Wallace Beery, Lewis Stone, Clark Gable, Johnny Mack Brown and Jean Harlow. (June)

SEE AMERICA THIRST—Universal.—A two-reel plot stretched over a full-length film induces sleepiness. Langdon and Summerville do their best to make it funny. (Jan.)

★ **SEED**—Universal.—Interesting and realistic story based on Charles Norris' novel. John Boles doesn't sing but his acting is superb. Lois Wilson and Genevieve Tobin both excellent. Don't miss it. (June)

SHIPMATES—M-G-M.—Plenty of pep and action, plus the United States Navy, make this a veritable gale of laughter from beginning to end. Robert Montgomery heads the cast. (June)

SINGLE SIN, THE—Tiffany Prod.—Nothing new, but splendidly handled. Kay Johnson does some fine acting. Bert Lytell, Mathew Betz and Paul Hurst lend good support. (April)

SIN SHIP, THE—Radio Pictures.—Louis Wolheim, as actor and director, attempts a romantic rôle. Disappointing. (Jan.)

★ **SIN TAKES A HOLIDAY**—Pathe.—Don't miss this. Constance Bennett, beautiful clothes, smart dialogue and a working-girl-boss romance that has a real kick. A honey. (Jan.)

★ **SKIPPY**—Paramount.—Jackie Cooper as *Skippy*, and Bobby Coogan as *Sooky* entirely lovable in this grand picture based on Percy Crosby's famous comic strip. Young and old alike will love it. (May)

SOUS LES TOITS DE PARIS (Under the Roofs of Paris)—Tobis.—Skilful pantomime makes this enjoyable French dialogue picture comprehensible without knowledge of that language. Two of the songs are hummers. (Feb.)

★ **SOUTHERNER, THE**—M-G-M.—Lawrence Tibbett in a gay, charming comedy—and how he sings! Esther Ralston, too, and more beautiful than ever. (March)

★ **STEPPING OUT**—M-G-M.—Charlotte Greenwood, Leila Hyams, Reg. Denny, Cliff Edwards, Merna Kennedy, Harry Stubbs and Lilian Bond make this light comedy one continual laugh. See it. (May)

STOLEN HEAVEN—Paramount.—Slow, unreal story. Nancy Carroll and Phillips Holmes fine in the romantic moments. (April)

★ **STRANGERS MAY KISS**—M-G-M.—Norma Shearer, the last word in sophistication and beautifully gowned in a vivid drama of modern life by the same author as "The Divorcee." To be seen. (May)

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SUNRISE TRAIL, THE—Tiffany Productions.—A Western with too much talking and not enough action. (March)

SUSPENSE—British International.—A war story and a pretty slow one. Vic McLaglen's brother Cyril is in it. (Jan.)

SVENGALI—Warners.—Well worth seeing for John Barrymore's superb performance in the title rôle. The story is rather gruesome. Don't take the children. (June)

SWANEE RIVER—Sono Art-World Wide.—Thelma Todd and Grant Withers try, but just can't save this melodrama from being anything but ordinary. (May)

★ **TABU**—Paramount.—A poem of a picture laid in the South Seas, with an all-native cast, beautifully directed by the late F. W. Murnau. Fine synchronized musical score. (May)

TAILOR MADE MAN, A—M-G-M.—The jaunty and self-confident Bill Haines plays this old Charlie Ray silent with a new restraint that is delightful. You'll laugh and like it. (May)

TARNISHED LADY—Paramount.—Introducing Tallulah Bankhead, from Alabama and the London stage, in a heavy love drama. Clive Brook is the leading man. (June)

THIRD ALARM, THE—Tiffany Productions.—Out come the old fire engines to make a big noise. But no matter how hard Jimmy Hall and Hobart Bosworth try, it's just one of those things. (Jan.)

3 LOST GIRLS—Fox.—Loretta Young, Joan Marsh and Joyce Compton are the three little girls who come to the big city. Lew Cody good as the racketeer and John Wayne not so good. (April)

★ **TOL'ABLE DAVID**—Columbia.—A pretty grand film, excellently directed, and beautifully acted by the newcomer, Richard Cromwell. (Jan.)

TOO MANY COOKS—Radio Pictures.—Bert Wheeler's first starring picture, minus Mr. Woolsey. Plenty of laughs, some lumps in the throat and Dorothy Lee as the heart appeal. (June)

★ **TRADER HORN**—M-G-M.—Harry Carey magnificent as *Trader Horn*. Story of the African jungle, full of the tensest drama and perfection in photography. (March)

TRAPPED—Big Four.—Fights, songs, gangsters, night clubs, murders, chases, plus a confused plot. (June)

• **TWO WORLDS**—British International.—An honest, dramatic story of inter-racial clashes—probably the best of the recent English films. (Feb.)

UNDER MONTANA SKIES—Tiffany Productions.—Slim Summerville saves a pretty weak picture about a stranded showgirl. (Feb.)

UNDER SUSPICION—Fox.—You may not care what happens to Lois Moran and her Northwest Mountie, but you'll get your money's worth of gorgeous scenery. (Jan.)

UNFAITHFUL—Paramount.—Ruth Chatterton, a society matron who can't divorce her faithless husband (Paul Cavanaugh) without involving her own sister-in-law, and so goes to the dogs. Good for the Chatterton fans. (May)

UP FOR MURDER—Universal.—(Reviewed under the title "Fires of Youth.") Talkie version of the old silent, "Man, Woman and Sin." Lew Ayres and Genevieve Tobin struggle through. Pretty badly worn plot. (April)

VIRTUOUS HUSBAND, THE—Universal.—One of those over-sexed things. Starts off to be a howl and then goes serious and ends by being pretty bad. (June)

WAR NURSE—M-G-M.—A perfect movie story gone wrong. Gruesome and silly, by turns, this picture is a sad disappointment. June Walker, Anita Page, Robert Montgomery and Robert Ames have the leads, which makes it all doubly distressing. (Jan.)

WESTWARD BOUND—Syndicate.—Buffalo Bill, Jr., with his guns and horse in another Western. (Feb.)

WHITE THUNDER—The eternal triangle story is secondary to the magnificent photography showing the terrifying vast iciness of Newfoundland. (March)

WIDOW FROM CHICAGO, THE—First National.—Alice White is starred in this conventional gangster picture. (Jan.)

WILD MEN OF KALIHARI—Travel Film.—Mildly interesting African adventure—without much faking. (Feb.)

WILD WEST WHOOPEE—Cosmo.—Jack Perrin in a conventional Western saved by a thrilling rodeo sequence and the noble work of his horse, Starlight. Josephine Hill is the heroine. (May)

WOMAN BETWEEN, THE—Radio Pictures.—Heavy drama with lots of emotion and a song from Lily Damita. Miriam Seegar is the one bright spot. (June)

YELLOW MASK, THE—British International.—An attempt to mix music, comedy and melodrama. But they don't mix. (Feb.)

ZWEI HERZEN IM ¾ TAKT (Two Hearts in Waltz Time)—Associated Cinemas.—The most charming sound picture yet sent from Germany. Gay and tuneful operetta in the Viennese manner. (Jan.)

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Those Amazing Bennett Girls

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67]

one of the screen miracles of all time. There are, to be frank, thousands of movie fans who don't think she's worth \$30 a week, much less the \$30,000—but Warners are satisfied that they've made a good bargain. So, by the way, is Bennett Senior.

"I'm ready to bet you, big as the pay is, that it's one of the best bargains the Warners ever made," boasts Papa Bennett, "because in all her financial dealings—and they've been smarter than I could ever have done myself—Constance has never cheated. She's always given back 110 cents on every dollar she's been paid."

THERE have been suspicions, openly voiced, that Richard Bennett was the brains behind the foxy financing of Constance Bennett. It has been guessed that out of his thirty years of dealings with stage and screen producers, he gave Constance the keen advice that has brought her to the top as one of the highest-paid stars of today. It has been assumed that in every negotiation she undertakes, Richard Bennett lurks in the background, whispering in her pretty ears when to say yes and when to say no.

But Papa Bennett says that's all hokey!

"She's smarter than I am right now," he says, "and I'd be a fool father to try to advise her. Instead, I'd rather take her advice."

"Why," he goes on, "I learned my lesson with the very first screen job she took. She did ask my advice then—and I gave her a figure to ask for. She went to Hollywood and by the time she was done dealing, she'd gotten just twice what I told her to get. So I've kept my mouth shut since then."

And how, you ask him, does he account for the amazing financial sagacity of this yellow-haired child of his?

"Her mind just clicks that way," he says. "There's no giving a specific reason for it. All I can tell you is this—that her mother and I brought her and the other girls up to take on the world and demand from it what they wanted."

"Aim them? We aimed them at nothing. But we prepared them, as best we could, for anything—to be the wives of kings or of hod-carriers."

"We gave them everything we could. We taught them the world as far as we could—and then told them:

"Go out and demand your due."

THE story of the rearing of the Bennett girls has been told and retold so often that there's no need of going into detail again. They were educated to the limit—here and abroad, in the finest of schools.

They learned sophistication that was real, not synthetic.

They traveled the world over as children. They met people of every station in life—the humblest and the blue-bloodedest.

"I'm their father—I've been an actor, I've been a bartender, a prize-fighter, tailor, gambler, medicine-show spieler—soldier of fortune, bad as often as good. I've seen a lot of life and of the world—and that's gone into my daughters, too. As for their talent—well, behind me are seven generations of ministers of the gospel."

"On their mother's side, they go back to the Wodins in Wales—gypsy roamer actors, who played every sort of part in every sort of thing. From their mother and father, my daughters have inherited their talent—and the charm of their mother. Their father is a great actor—their mother was a greater actress! Heredity—it all went to build up a great psychology of talent, stored up in their subconscious entities a fund of ability and knowledge to use when the occasion demanded,

and you can't put your finger on whence it came.

"It's like breeding race-horses—thoroughbreds. The mare may have one bad colt, but the strain is there."

He told how Constance and Barbara at twelve knew a half dozen of Shakespeare's heroes as intimate playmates. He told of their childhood days, the stories that have been told often before of how the youngsters stood in the wings and watched their father act in his greatest successes. No need to repeat it all again.

CONDENSE it into this—the Bennett sisters' talent is part heredity, part the absorption of the theater in their childhood. They came by it, at any rate, naturally.

But they weren't aimed for theatrical careers.

"I don't think their mother ever wanted them to be of the stage," says their father. "But you couldn't stop them. It was in them."

They tried matrimony—Constance and Joan.

Both failed at it. They tried acting, Constance and Joan.

Both have succeeded at it.

"Of course, they'll never be wives," says Richard, their father, the one who knows them.

"They may marry again—probably will, but they'll never be successes at it. Their careers are their great loves."

Constance, you know, has been married and divorced twice already. The first time was a before-twenty affair.

She married a lad named Chester Moore-head, at the University of Virginia. The Bennett parents had it annulled.

Next, she married Phil Plant, millionaire. That failed.

By the divorce, Constance got a million dollars. She hasn't touched it. She is making her million herself.

Joan's marital career was equally a flop. When she was seventeen, in London, she married Johnny Fox, son of a millionaire Seattle lumberman. Two years later they were divorced. Their daughter—a lovely child—is with Joan.

"Say—you ought to see that kid!" says Grandpa Richard Bennett. "She's being brought up in the same manner as the Bennett girls were. Perhaps, in her time, she'll be another of the amazing Bennetts—star, perhaps, of television or whatever by that era has replaced pictures. Maybe she'll be getting a half million a week to star over the ether, while her mother, Joan, plays a supporting rôle at one-twentieth that figure! Imagine it out for yourself, if you like to play with thoughts like that."

But to get back to the Bennett girls and their hearts. Divorcees now, they shy from the altar. Not from love—they are intense women.

There's no secret about Constance and the Marquis Henri de la Falaise, divorced hubby of Gloria Swanson.

CONNIE and the Marquis are "like that"—hold up those two fingers again—as this is written. True, Joel McCrea, that ruggedly handsome young leading man, has been squiring Constance about Hollywood now and then.

"But what of that?" asks Henri de la Falaise. "Joel and I are the best of friends. It is just that I am working hard, and have not so much time. If he can take Constance out, why should she not go? There is no quarrel between Constance and me."

Nor is there talk of marriage.

Joan?—Joan and John Considine—hold up the two fingers once more!—have been "that way" for many, many months. True, John, who is one of the executives at Fox where Joan has that long-term contract, goes about places with vivid Carmen Pantages, too. And there have even been tales of bitter developments over the triangular situation.

But marriage? Why—only a short while ago, Considine himself poo-pooed the idea of marriage.

"THEY'LL never be wives—their career is their love," is the way their father puts it, about Joan and Constance, you see.

And so there we are—the Bennetts.

Richard—thirty years a star in his own name, now content, even proud, to be playing

a minor rôle in support of one of his daughters, Constance.

Constance has been a star, yet even now a star known to innumerable more people than her dad, and drawing down twenty times what he's getting. Adroit actress, intensely smart business woman, doubly ex-wife, sophisticate, envied by millions of other women.

Joan—looking like a high school girl, and yet a mother; star in her own right at a salary that bank presidents never get; brilliant actress destined for even greater heights.

And Barbara—the "odd" one of the Bennett sisters—happy at being just Mrs. Morton Downey, and utterly unenvious of her sisters.

All four of them—living in separate houses, yet close as that—(up with the four fingers)! Amazing family, what . . .?



Not a wave in sight—but Frances Dee and Wynne Gibson are being very nautical! Both wear the white gob trousers that are so popular this Summer. Each with a different idea about the top part of her costume, however. Frances chooses a short-sleeved, striped sweater like that of a Basque fisherman. Wynne gets striking color contrast by bright colored lacings on her white shirt

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 56]

"Producers are busy men," Sol Sluffin insisted. "You can't expect them to read over ten or eleven pages."

"I hardly see how I could do the story justice in ten pages," Hector explained. "It would be formless and characterless; there would be no atmosphere, no verisimilitude."

Sol Sluffin's eyebrows jerked upward again and his chins vibrated. A faint pink suffused his eye-sockets. "Say," he said promptly, "have you talked to many producers?"

"No, I haven't, Mr. Sluffin."

"If you can talk like that," Sluffin said, "none of these guys would understand you. Maybe you could get by as a genius, I don't know."

Hector wet his lips again.

"Anyway," Sluffin snapped. "I'll take you on, Hector. I'll see what I can do with this story. It's goin' to be a hard one to sell, but if anybody in the world can sell it, I can."

"I hope so," Hector nodded.

"How much do you want for it?"

"I was asking five thousand . . ."

"What!" Sluffin exploded. "Five thousand! You were askin' five thousand?" His voice trailed off in laughter; scornful laughter. "No wonder they wouldn't buy it! If the guy that wrote it says it's only worth five thousand, it certainly ain't good enough to make no picture out of!"

"I'm not very well known," Hector began to explain, "I want to be fair with these people."

"FAIR with 'em! Listen, they don't respect anybody that's fair with 'em. You got to get all the dough in sight. They don't know nothin' about stories. A thing is just as good as the price they pay for it. It took me quite a while to learn that, but it's what made me the success I am. I'll have to change this story around a little bit," he added importantly. "But you go on and you'll hear from me perhaps in a week or so. In the meantime, what's your address and telephone number? Sometimes these things break quick. I might get you set on a job at one of the studios at a salary."

"I'd like that very well," Hector agreed.

"I suppose you'd work for just about nothing, wouldn't you?"

"Well, I'd like . . ."

"Suppose I pick up two hundred and fifty a week for you to start. How's that?"

Hector wet his lips again and looked doubtful.

Sluffin laughed.

"All right," he said. "I won't start with any chicken-feed money like that. I'll ask five hundred an' see where we get."

Hector nodded mutely, looked longingly at the unrolled manuscript into which he had poured his very soul, and left Mr. Sluffin to his own devices.

Hector, having manufactured "The Old Mill," had limitless faith in it. He had dealt purposely with the fundamentals of life. It was a homely yarn and a gentle one. It did not drip sentiment nor was it soggy with spurious emotional reaction. But it was warm, and sure-moving and in its finish, intensely dramatic. It would not, he assured himself, be an expensive picture to produce because the story was laid in rural scenery.

But his one hope now was that Sol Sluffin, who struck him as a man utterly devoid of literary sense, might possess sufficient business acumen to overpower the habitual resistance of producers and so bring into being a chance for "The Old Mill."

* * *

FOUR days after his first conference with Sol Sluffin, Hector, to his infinite delight, received a telephone summons from the man's

secretary. He went post-haste to the Sluffin offices.

"Well, Hector," Sluffin grinned over vibrating chins, "you come to the right guy, I guess."

"That so?" Hector queried, breathlessly. "You haven't sold 'The Old Mill,' have you, Mr. Sluffin?"

"The Old Mill?" Sol asked in puzzled tones. "Let me see now. 'The Old Mill' . . ."

"Why, yes, the story I left with you. 'The Old Mill' . . . That's the name of it."

"Did you leave me a story, Hector?"

HECTOR moistened his lips and looked at the man in stupefaction. "Why of course I did, Mr. Sluffin . . . Maybe there's some mistake . . . Maybe you really don't want to see me after all . . ." Once again that abysmal disappointment rose and contaminated the lad's voice.

Sol Sluffin began to laugh. "Don't get scared, kid. I want to see you all right. I just forgot the story for a minute. But I remember it now," he hastened to add. "Yeah, I remember 'The Old Mill' . . . My God, kid, that's a lousy story!"

Hector wet his lips again and his eyes widened.

"Honest," Sol went on. "That's putrid, that yarn."

"I cannot agree with you," Hector insisted. "I'm an author, Mr. Sluffin, and at least you're not that."

"No," Sluffin nodded, "thank God, I ain't, kid. But you needn't get hoppy because I pan your opus."

"I'm not hoppy at anything you do," Hector said spiritedly. "But I know that 'The Old Mill' is not a lousy story."

"The picture racket is a thing unto itself, Hector. Out here in Hollywood, we're different. We know what we want and we know how to get it."

"Then," Hector shrugged hopelessly, "I'm afraid Hollywood is no place for me."

"On the contrary," Sol cut in. "It's exactly the place for you. You're goin' to be here for the next six months. Looka here."

He reached into a pile of papers and expertly drew forth a contract. This he spread out grandiloquently for Hector to read. The young author took the instrument and walked over to the window. There he stood and read his immediate future. He had been signed by the very studio which had rejected his story, "The Old Mill," at a salary of four hundred and fifty dollars per week to run currently for six months.

When he read this startling good news, he looked up at Sol Sluffin appreciatively.

SOL grinned at him.

"I guess I ain't so bad at that, am I, Hector? It never hurt nobody to come and see Sol Sluffin, did it?"

"This certainly is welcome news, Mr. Sluffin," Hector said. His resentment towards studios and agents generally, melted quickly under the influence of this sudden good fortune.

"You take your cues from me, kid," Sluffin grunted. "You're just gettin' started. I'm the little angle expert of Hollywood, Hector. You hitch your wagon to my star, baby, and you'll ride high, wide an' handsome."

"Of course I will," Hector nodded eagerly.

Sol laughed again and scrawled his signature across the bottom of the contract he had prepared for Hector to sign with him. Hector read this and in turn put his signature thereupon.

"You'll report next Monday at the studio," Sol nodded. "Keep your mouth shut. Don't do much talkin' without you consult me."

Another thing," he added as an afterthought, "if you happen to write any originals, be sure to turn 'em over to me first."

HECTOR was given a comfortable office in the Scenario Department of the big studio. There was none to watch over him and check his time. In fact, throughout the first week of his employment, he was dubious as to its authenticity or actuality. When he presented himself at the cashier's window of the Sluffin agency, however, he was promptly paid his four hundred and fifty dollars. For this sum of money he had done absolutely nothing except stroll around the lot and sit in his office smoking cigarettes.

The second week, however, brought him some action. He was summoned to the office of the Associate Producer and told to work on a story to fit a certain actress. In a series of sentences which left Hector in complete confusion as to what was desired, the Associate Producer explained the sort of story which they thought they wanted.

Hector returned to his office, sharpened innumerable pencils, scrawled across innumerable pages of blank note paper and in the course of an hour and a half filled his wastebasket. Disconsolate and heavy of heart, he left the office to roam about the lot. No one objected when he passed through a stage door onto a set. The confusion about the place and the trapping of wire and lights attracted him.

He paused to regard the scene with perhaps an undue interest. Shortly he discovered another man at his side. The fellow had a dark, flowing tie; the hair over his ears was too long and his shirt was dirty. To this man Hector confided his problem.

"Don't I know it?" the experienced writer laughed. "You're not givin' me any news, kid. That Associate Producer is a yes man for the boss. He wouldn't tell you anything definite if he could. If I were you, I'd dig out

all the old films this dame has been in. I'd get a projection room and have them run. I'd look at them all and kinda meld them together like they were a pinochle hand. That gives you the advantage of writing something they liked once, anyway."

Hector, who was creative by instinct, shuddered at the very thought of such procedure.

"But I've waited so long," he protested, "to contact with these studios that I want to do something really worthwhile."

"The only worthwhile thing you can do on this lot," the experienced writer snapped, "is shut up. Keep out of sight except on pay day. Sometimes, of course, you're bound to get called into a conference. But when that happens just say yes to everything the boss says. That's Hollywood success, kid."

Hector prepared two or three outlines of a scenario, but each time he recalled the fate of "The Old Mill" and tried to avoid anything that was original or constructive.

During the fourth week, with great temerity, he perfected a scenario which he thought might do.

This he had typed out carefully and armed with a manuscript ten pages long, he went to the Associate Producer's secretary and asked for an appointment.

"I'll be glad to arrange it for you, Mr. Hector, just as soon as I can," the young lady promised. "Of course, the boss is terribly piled up now with that new story for the little redhead."

Hector instantly recognized in the little redhead the actress for whom he had been striving to perfect a story.

"A new story for her!" he gasped. "You mean they've decided on a story to make into her next picture?"

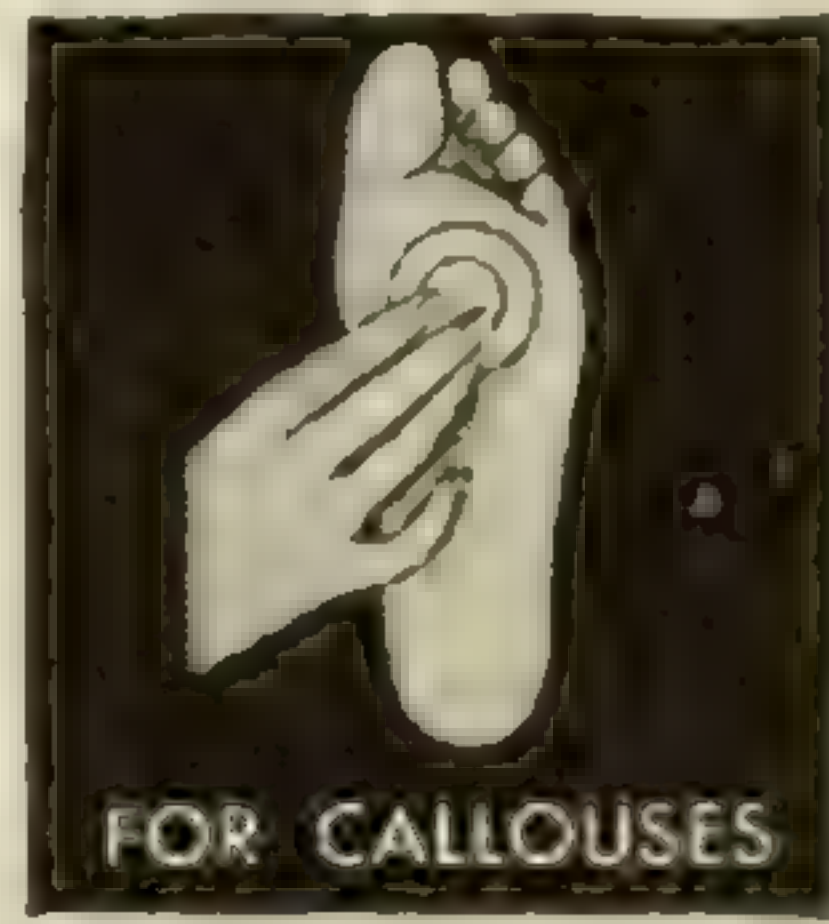
"Oh, yes. They've got a wonderful story," the young lady nodded vehemently. "The big boss himself dug it up somewhere. The whole

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44A



lot is excited about it. I'm surprised that you haven't heard of it."

"Why, they asked me just a short time ago to write a story for her next picture," Hector said.

"Yes, they asked three or four of the boys to write one. But they didn't seem to be getting the results they wanted. Then, out of a clear sky, the big chief uncovered this masterpiece. He does that right along . . . discovers masterpieces!"

HECTOR returned to his office and to avoid insanity, laughed.

Long and loud, he laughed. Late that afternoon, Sol Sluffin called him on the telephone and summoned him immediately to the Sluffin suite of offices. There, in Sol's private office, Hector was greeted gustily by the agent himself.

"Comb this out of your beard, Hector!" Sol exploded. As he spoke, he held forth a check payable to Hector's demand. It was for ten thousand dollars.

"See?" The fat agent grunted. "You thought I'd forgot 'The Old Mill,' eh? Well, that's how much I forgot it, kid! I sold it. Ten grand net to you. Contact. That's the thing. Of course, pictures is a racket. Everything is havin' the right angle. Here, shove this ten grand in your kick an' go home happy. In the meantime, sign these papers. That's all we ask of you."

In something of a daze, Hector signed the papers and took the check.

"Now, don't forget," Sol insisted during these formalities, "now and then when you feel like writin' somethin', write it out just like you did 'The Old Mill.' Don't say nothin' to nobody. Just bring the manuscript to me, Hector. Savvy?"

"Yes," Hector nodded. "All right, Mr. Sluffin. I'll certainly do that. By the way, I got a pretty good idea for a picture right now . . ."

"Well, what the hell do you put it on ice for?" Sol snapped. "Why don't you write it up and bring it in here? Just keep a zipper on your kisser, that's all, Hector. Say nothin' to nobody. Write the stuff an' bring it to me. Boy, I'm the little angler in this town. You hitch your wagon to my star, an' you'll ride high, wide and handsome!"

WHEN Hector got back to his office, the Hollywood sun was sinking toward the hills of Beverly. There was a note on his desk, however, which indicated that the producer himself had called Hector's office and wanted Hector to communicate at once with his secretary.

Hector, with a ten thousand dollar check in his pocket and a contract for four hundred and fifty a week, suddenly had come to know a surprising independence. With a certain

firmness of tone, he called the secretary and was requested to come at once to the producer's office.

Once there, he waited nearly an hour before the magic gate opened unto him. The producer smiled upon him benevolently; warmly shook him by the hand.

"Hector," he said, "I got a job for you. It's a big job but I think you can do it fine for me."

"I'll be very glad to try, sir," Hector nodded.

"Well, I want some dialogue for a new story. I just bought this story for the little redhead. Take it from me, Hector, it's a classic. It's dynamite. If you give me a good set of dialogue for this picture, who can tell? You may soon be famous yourself!"

"I'll certainly do my best, sir," Hector promised.

"IT'S a big starring vehicle, this one is," the producer said. "It's exactly the kind of thing we need to put that little redhead back where she belongs. This is a fundamental thing. It's got all the qualities of greatness, like Shakespeare had it. It's epic." He turned to his beautiful desk and lifted from it a manuscript.

"I want you," he said, "to take this home tonight, Hector, and read it over very carefully. Get all the power there is in it. Insert yourself, like, into the atmosphere of it. Get saturated, boy; get saturated with the story. Look the thing over for three or four days. Then start on the dialogue."

"Very well, sir," Hector nodded. He accepted the rolled manuscript.

"This is a big job I'm givin' you, Hector," the producer rattled along. "We paid heavy dough for this story. It's real road show stuff. I paid fifty thousand dollars for the story alone! Think of that! Fifty thousand dollars just for the story. And it ain't a very long one either."

"I'll do my very best, sir," Hector promised. Some of the producer's enthusiasm was gripping him.

"See me in two or three days now," the producer repeated. "Get yourself full of this thing. Between us, we'll do this job up fine. Maybe if you should do a very good job, I could give you twenty-five hundred or three thousand bonus on your salary."

"I THANK you very much," Hector said, somewhat overwhelmed by the inexplicable filling of his coffers on this, his lucky day.

"And don't talk about this yarn outside, Hector," the producer admonished. "Other studios'll steal anything they hear that's as good as this is. Use your brains, understand? Keep everything quiet."

"I promise faithfully I'll do that," Hector assured the man.

Hector had a little Ford with which he

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transported himself about Hollywood and he had this parked in a space a block or so from the studio. Toward this space he now turned his way.

The hills of Beverly in the west had assumed their robes of royal purple in the dying day. He looked upon this magic with a new understanding and appreciation. Nature had brewed in the mountain pools lavenders and pinks and reds and purples which caught and enthralled his eye.

THE world about him was suddenly beautiful commensurately with the prosperity it had so unexpectedly given him.

He drove the little Ford home in a happy frame of mind.

It occurred to him that perhaps, now that things had so changed for him, he could buy a car such as stars drove.

His little two-room apartment struck him suddenly as tawdry for one of his new position. It would be inconsistent, he thought, for one as successful as himself to entertain contemporaries there.

He must get larger quarters.

Before he went out to dinner, he unrolled the manuscript which the producer had given him and settled himself in his easy chair for a first cursory reading of the yarn. As it spread open before him he saw, blue-penciled across its first page: "This is a lousy title. It will have to be changed."

Accordingly, he glanced at the title. It was "The Old Mill."

Hector sat erect as though electrified. Fifty thousand dollars, the producer had said. And in his pocket reposed a check for but ten!

Sol Sluffin had come into his life on the recommendation of an associate producer, at the very company which first had rejected his story for five thousand dollars and later bought it for fifty thousand!

For a brief moment, Hector's ire was roused to fever heat. He was on the point of snatching his cap and starting after Sol Sluffin. Then he sobered. Calmer thought came to him, and more understanding.

After all, Sluffin had been his contact, and contact was the thing a Hollywood writer needed.

Why, when he would have been happy to sell "The Old Mill" for five thousand dollars, should he now fly into a rage because it had sold for ten?

Sol's words came to him; Sol, who knew the racket and was the great angler.

"Contact, that's the thing. Everything is angles, an' I'm the best little angler in Hollywood."

DIMLY, Hector realized that between the amount paid by the studio and the amount he received, there was forty thousand dollars with which to play. Men big enough in the motion picture business to bask in such profits were, he thought, big enough to string along with himself. Without contact, he had never made any money. With contact, he was already thousands of dollars to the good. So he dropped back into his comfortable chair again and looked upon the manuscript. He burst into wholesome laughter once more, dropped his head against the wing of the comfortable chair and muttered:

"Boy, it's a racket! It's a racket!"

Last Call for Your Story

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72]

his advice. Remember that he asked for modern-day stories laid in American settings, stories that throb with the romance and glamour of today.

Forget heavy costume plays and stories with historical backgrounds. Stories of that kind can be procured all too easily from other sources.

It is stories written around the romance and modern-day problems you, yourself, are familiar with that are wanted.

TAKE the case of several recent pictures. "The Millionaire," George Arliss' latest triumph, is built around a moving, human, modern-day theme, with an American background.

"My Past" was ultra-smart, ultra-modern everyday life, and "The Public Enemy" caught the spirit of one of the most exciting, as well as one of the most serious, phases of current American life.

Life never moved so swiftly, so tensely, so dramatically as it does today. In our own lifetimes we have seen revolutionary movements and inventions that have changed the daily habits and thoughts of the world.

Skyscrapers, airplanes, radio and television have come along to turn things upside down. Trans-Atlantic flights, dazzling speed records on land and water have shot the tempo of modern life up to a feverish, rapid-fire pitch. Present day life is an ever-changing panorama, and the ideas it offers for stories are unlimited.

In telling your story try to capture some of this broad horizon. Keep clear of the narrow confines of personal prejudices, theories or religious beliefs. Make your story of wide appeal and interest, for remember that a good film production must appeal to all classes of people.

The title "Beauty and the Boss" already suggests a definite idea, and Marian Marsh and

David Manners, who have been selected for the leading rôles, give you definite character types. And that \$2,000 check waiting for the successful story gives you a definite incentive.

Before writing or submitting your story, read the rules of the contest carefully. They will be found on another page of this issue, together with the coupon that must be attached to each manuscript submitted. It is important that you read the rules and attach this coupon to your story. A lot of unnecessary correspondence has already come in from readers because they neglected to read the rules.

They are simple and complete and easy to understand. They answer all the questions you might have to ask.

And now get busy. While you still have plenty of time, don't put it off too long. Midnight of July 15 marks the close of the contest, and, in accordance with the rules, no stories received after that time will be eligible for the \$2,000 prizes.

THERE are no exceptions to the rules in any PHOTOPLAY contest. Every contestant receives exactly the same consideration, and PHOTOPLAY's reputation for fairness and honesty assures every contestant of exactly the same treatment.

The manuscripts already received are locked up in special steel files with special locks procured purposely for this contest. Every one of them will be read completely and carefully by the judges, and the judges alone. As soon as possible after the contest ends the decisions of the judges will be announced.

Any other questions you may have about the contest you can answer yourself by carefully reading the rules.

Don't neglect to do this, for a thorough understanding of the rules may save you from disappointment.

Read them and get to work and become one of the lucky winners!

Outdoor Women



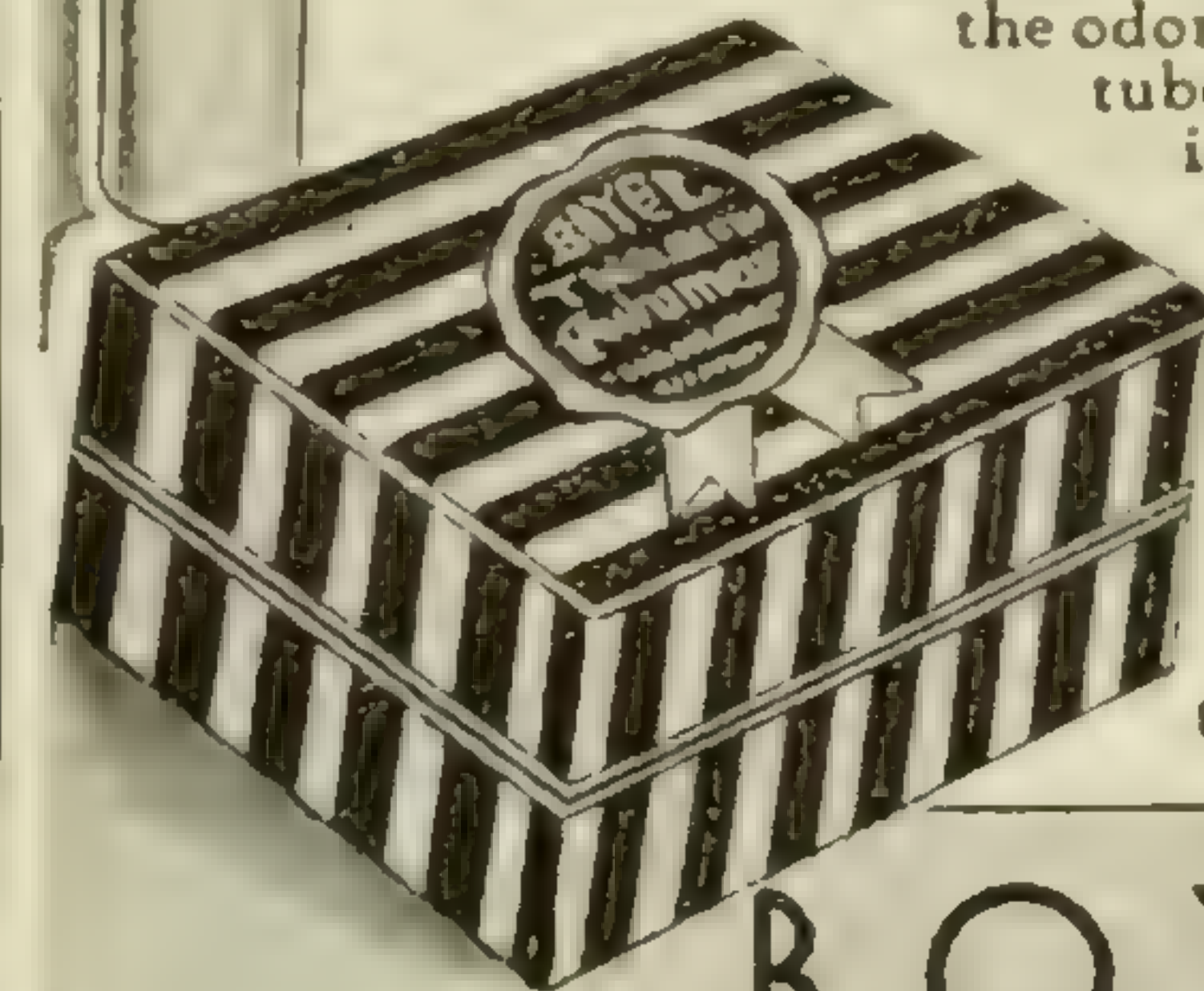
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Casts of Current Photoplays

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

"AFFAIRS OF ANNABELLE, THE"—Fox.—From the play "Good Gracious Annabelle" by Clare Kummer. Screen play by Leon Gordon. Directed by Alfred L. Werker. The cast: John Rawson, Victor McLaglen; Annabelle Leigh, Jeanette MacDonald; Roland Wimbeldon, Roland Young; James Ludgate, Sam Hardy; Wickham, William Collier, Sr.; Lottie, Ruth Warren; Mabel, Joyce Compton; Dora, Sally Blane; Archie, George Andre Beranger; Gosling, Walter Walker; McFadden, Ernest Wood; Bolson, Jed Prouty; Summers, Hank Mann; Asst. Hotel Manager, Wilbur Mack; Ruby, Louise Beaver.

"ALWAYS GOODBYE"—Fox.—From the story by Kate McLaurin. Continuity by Lynn Starling. Directed by William Cameron Menzies and Kenneth MacKenna. The cast: Lila, Elissa Landi; Graham, Lewis Stone; Reginald, Paul Cavanagh; Cyril, John Garrick; Landlady, Beryl Mercer; Sir George Boomer, Frederick Kerr; Merson, Herbert Bunston; Blake, Lumsden Hare.

"CAPTAIN THUNDER"—WARNERS.—From the story by Hal Davitt and Pierre Coudere. Directed by Alan Crosland. The cast: El Capitan Thunder, Victor Varconi; Ynez Dominguez, Fay Wray; El Comandante Ruiz, Charles Judels; Juan Sebastian, Don Alvarado; Pete Morgan, Robert Elliott; Bonita Salazar, Natalie Moorhead; Pablo, Bert Roach; Hank Riley, Frank Campeau; Don Miguel Salazar, Robert Emmett Keane; Pedro Dominguez, John Sainpolis.

"CHANCES"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by A. Hamilton Gibbs. Adapted by Waldemar Young. Directed by Alan Dwan. The cast: Jack Ingleside, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; Tom Ingleside, Anthony Bushell; Molly Prescott, Rose Hobart; Mrs. Ingleside, Mary Forbes; Major Bradford, Holmes Herbert; Archie, William Austin; The General, Edmund Breon; Private Jones, Harry Allen; Lieut. Wickham, Edward Morgan; Ruth, Mae Madison.

"DADDY LONG LEGS"—Fox.—From the novel and play by Jean Webster. Adapted by Sonya Levien. Directed by Alfred Santell. The cast: Judy Abbott, Janet Gaynor; Jervis Pendleton, Warner Baxter; Sally, Una Merkel; Jimmy, John Arledge; Riggs, Claude Gillingwater; Wykoff, Edwin Maxwell; Mrs. Semple, Effie Ellsler; Freddie Perkins, Kendall MacComas; Mrs. Pendleton, Kathlyn Williams; Mrs. Lippett, Elizabeth Patterson; Mrs. Pritchard, Louise Closser Hale; Katie, Martha Lee Sparks; Gloria, Sheila Mannors.

"EVERYTHING'S ROSIE"—RADIO PICTURES.—From the story by Al Boasberg. Adapted by Tim Whelan. Directed by Clyde Bruckman. The cast: Dr. J. Dockweiler Droop, Robert Woolsey; Rosie, Anita Louise; Billy Lowe, John Darrow; Mrs. Lowe, Florence Roberts; Mr. Lowe, Frank Beal; Oberdoff, Alfred P. James; Miss Van Dorn, Lita Chevret; Sheriff, Clifford Dempsey.

"FLOOD, THE"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by John Thomas Neville. Adapted by John Thomas Neville. Directed by James Tinling. The cast: Joan Marshall, Eleanor Boardman; David Bruce, Monte Blue; Bruce, Senior, Frank Sheridan; Randolph Bannister, David Newell; Colonel Marshall, Wm. V. Mong; Emily, Violet Barlowe; Willy, Eddie Tamblin; Uncle George, Arthur Hoyt; Aunt Constance, Ethel Wales; Jeff, Buddy Ray; Oil Skins, Ethan Allen.

"FREE SOUL, A"—M-G-M.—From the story by Adela Rogers St. Johns. Adapted by Becky Gardiner. Directed by Clarence Brown. The cast: Jan Ashe, Norma Shearer; Dwight Winthrop, Leslie Howard; Stephen Ashe, Lionel Barrymore; Ace Wilfong, Clark Gable; Eddie, James Gleason; Grandma Ashe, Lucy Beaumont.

"GOLD DUST GERTIE"—WARNERS.—From the play "The Wife of the Party" by Len D. Hollister. Adapted by William K. Wells and Ray Enright. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. The cast: Nita, Winnie Lightner; Harlan, Chic Johnson; Guthrie, Ole Olsen; Arnold, Claude Gillingwater; Dr. Tale, Arthur Hoyt; Capt. Osgood, George Byron; Lucille, Vivienne Oakland; Mabel, Dorothy Christy; Office Secretary, Virginia Sale; Pestolozzi, Charles Judels.

"GOOD BAD GIRL, THE"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Winifred Van Duzer. Directed by R. William Neill. The cast: Marcia, Mae Clarke; Bob Henderson, James Hall; Trixie, Marie Prevost; Tyler, Robert Ellis; Mrs. Henderson, Nance O'Neil; Mr. Henderson, Edmund Breese; Donovan, James Donlan; Pagano, Paul Porcasi; Roach, Paul Fix; Moreland, Wheeler Oakman; Spike, George Berliner.

"HIGH STAKES"—RADIO PICTURES.—From the play by Willard Mack. Screen play by J. Walter Ruben. Directed by Lowell Sherman. The cast: Joe Lennon, Lowell Sherman; Dolly Lennon, Mae Murray; Richard Lennon, Edward Martindel; Anne Cornwall, Karen Morley; Louis Desalta, Leyland Hodgson; Murray, the Butler, Charles Coleman; Mrs. Gregory, Ethel Levey; Mr. Gregory, Phillips Smalley; Mrs. Hennessey, Maude Turner Gordon; Judge Hennessey, Alan Roscoe.

"JUST A GIGOLO"—M-G-M.—From the play by Alexander Engel and Alfred Grunwald. English adaptation by Frederic and Fanny Hatton. Screen adaptation by Hans Kraly, Richard Schayer and Claudine West. Directed by Jack Conway. The cast: Lord Robert Brummell, William Haines; Rosana Hartley, Irene Purcell; Lord George Hampton, C. Aubrey Smith; Lady Jane Hartley, Charlotte Granville; Lady Agatha Carrol, Lilian Bond; A French Husband, Albert Conti; A French Wife, Maria Alba; Freddie, Ray Milland; Gwenny, Lenore Bushman; Tony, Gerald Fielding; Pauline, Yola D'Avril.

"KICK IN"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Willard Mack. Screen play by Bartlett Cormack. Directed by Richard Wallace. The cast: Molly Hewes, Clara Bow; Chick Hewes, Regis Toomey; Charley, Leslie Fenton; Myrtle Sylvester, Wynne Gibson; Benny La Marr, James Murray; Garvey, Police Commissioner, Donald Crisp; Whip Fogarty, Paul Hurst; Diggs, Wade Boteler; Piccadilly Bessie, Juliette Compton.

"LAWYER'S SECRET, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by James Hilary Finn. Adapted by Lloyd Corrigan and Max Marcin. Directed by Louis Gasnier. The cast: Drake Norris, Clive Brook; Laurie Roberts, Charles Rogers; Joe Hart, Richard Arlen; Kay Roberts, Fay Wray; Beatrice Stevens, Jean Arthur; "The Weasel," Francis MacDonald; "Madame X," Harold Goodwin; "Red," Syd Saylor.

"MAD GENIUS, THE"—WARNERS.—From the story by Martin Brown. Adapted by J. Grubb Alexander and Harvey Thew. Directed by Michael Curtiz. The cast: Tsarakov, John Barrymore; Nana, Marian Marsh; Karinsky, Charles Butterworth; Barlag, Andre Luget; Serge, Luis Alberni; Fedor, Donald Cook; Preskoya, Carmel Myers; Fedor, as a boy, Frankie Darro; The Father, Boris Karloff; Olga, Mae Madison; Katusha, Barbara Leonard.

"MAD PARADE, THE"—LIBERTY PROD.—From the story by Doris Malloy and Gertrude Orr. Adapted by Doris Malloy, Gertrude Orr and Henry McCarthy. Directed by William Beaudine. The cast: Monica, Evelyn Brent; Janice, June Clyde; Dorothy, Marceline Day; Fanny, Louise Fazenda; Lil, Lilyan Tashman; Mrs. Schuyler, Irene Rich; Snoop, Fritz Ridgeway; Rosemary, Elizabeth Keating; Bluebell, Helen Keating.

"6 CYLINDER LOVE"—Fox.—From the play by William Anthony McGuire. Adapted by William Conselman and Norman Houston. Directed by Thornton Freeland. The cast: Donroy, Spencer Tracy; Monty Winston, Edward Everett Horton; Marilyn Sterling, Sidney Fox; Richard Burton, William Collier, Sr.; Margaret Rogers, Una Merkel; Gilbert Sterling, Lorin Raker; Stapleton, William Holden; Mrs. Burton, Ruth Warren; Harold Rogers, Bert Roach.

"SKY RAIDERS, THE"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Harvey Gates. Continuity by Harvey Gates. Directed by Christy Cabanne. The cast: Bob, Lloyd Hughes; Grace, Marceline Day; Willard, Wheeler Oakman; Kelley, Walter Miller; Jimmy, Emerson Treacy; Bradford, Ed Le Saint; Pete, Kit Guard; Lefty, Ashley Buck; Hansen, Jerome J. Jerome; Louie, William H. O'Brien; Blondy, Jay Eaton; Sergeant, Dick Rush.

"SMART MONEY"—WARNERS.—From the story by Kubec Glasmon and John Bright. Adapted by Kubec Glasmon, John Bright, Lucien Hubbard and Joseph Jackson. Directed by Alfred E. Green. The cast: Nick, Edward G. Robinson; Irene, Evalyn Knapp; Jack, James Cagney; Sleepy Sam, Ralf Harolde; Sport Williams, Doris Karloff; District Attorney, Morgan Wallace; District Attorney's Girl, Margaret Livingston; Marie, Noel Francis; Greek Barber, Maurice Black; Hickory Short, Ben Taggart; Cigarette Girl, Gladys Lloyd.

"SMILING LIEUTENANT, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Felix Dorman and Hans Muller. Adapted by Ernst Vajda and Samson Raphaelson. Directed by Ernst Lubitsch. The cast: Niki, Maurice Chevalier; Franzi, Claudette Colbert; Anne, Miriam Hopkins; King, George Barbier; Orderly, Hugh O'Connell; Max, Charlie Ruggles; Adjutant Von Rockoff, Robert Strange; Lily, Janet Reade; Emperor, Con MacSunday; Baroness Von Schwedel, Elizabeth Patterson; Count Von Halden, Master-Ceremonies, Harry Bradley; Joseph, Werner Saxtorph; Master Ceremonies (Austrian), Karl Stall; Bill Collector, Granville Bates.

"SUBWAY EXPRESS"—COLUMBIA.—From the play by Eva Kay Flint and Martha Madison. Adapted by Earl Snell. Directed by Fred Newmeyer. The cast: Killian, Jack Holt; Dale Tracy, Aileen Pringle; Kearney, Fred Kelsey; Tracy, Alan Roscoe; Borden, Jason Robards; Stevens, Sidney Bracy; Mason, Selmer Jackson; Mr. Cotton, William Humphrey; Mrs. Cotton, Ethel Wales; Mr. Zlotnick, Max Asher; Mrs. Zlotnick, Bertha Blackman; Mrs. Mullins, Lillian Leighton; Mulvaney, James Goss;

Prize Fighter, Maston Williams; *Sheik*, Robert Linden; *Tony*, Harry Semeles; *Zippe*, Robert St. Angelo; *Motorman*, John Kelly; *Miss Smith*, Dorothy Bay; *Guard*, Bob Nortman; *Flapper*, Sally St. Claire; *Mrs. Delaney*, Mary Gordon; *Sydney*, Earl Seid; *Thomas*, Ginger Condey.

"TEXAS RANGER, THE"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Forrest Sheldon. Adapted by Forrest Sheldon. Directed by Ross Lederman. The cast: *Jim Logan*, Buck Jones; *Helen Clayton*, Carmelita Geraghty; *Matt Taylor*, Harry Woods; *Nevady*, Ed Brady; *High Pockets*, Nelson McDowell; *Tubby*, Billy Blatcher; *Lynn*, Harry Todd; *Breed*, Budd Fine; *Mr. Clayton*, Bert Woodruff; *Lanning*, Edward Peil, Sr.

"THIS MODERN AGE"—M-G-M.—From the story "Girls Together" by Mildred Cram. Continuity by Sylvia Thalberg and Frank Butler. Directed by Nicholas Grinde. The cast: *Valentine*, Joan Crawford; *Bob*, Neil Hamilton; *Diane*, Marjorie Rambeau; *Tony*, Monroe Owsley; *Louise*, Sandra Ravel; *Mr. Blake*, Hobart Bosworth; *Mrs. Blake*, Emma Dunn; *Andre De Graignon*, Armand Kaliz; *Berthe*, Andrienne D'Ambricourt; *Alyce*, Marcelle Corday.

"TRAVELING HUSBANDS"—RADIO PICTURES.—From the story by Humphrey Pearson. Adapted by Humphrey Pearson. Directed by Paul Sloane. The cast: *Ruby*, Evelyn Brent; *Barry*, Frank Albertson; *Ellen*, Constance Cummings; *Ben*, Carl Miller; *Joe*, Spencer Charters; *Hymie*, Hugh Herbert; *Pinkie*, Frank McHugh; *J. C. Wilson*, Purnell Pratt; *Martha*, Dorothy Peterson; *Daisy*, Rita La Roy; *Mabel*, Gwen Lee; *Vera*, Lucille Williams; *Walter*, Tom Francis; *Dan*, Stanley Fields.

"UPPER UNDERWORLD"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Rowland V. Lee and Donald W. Lee. Adapted by Robert Lord. Directed by Rowland V. Lee. The cast: *Jack Bannister*, Walter Huston; *Gloria*, Loretta Young; *Mary Stanton*, Doris Kenyon; *Dick Cheney*, David Manners; *Burroughs*, John Halliday; *Sneed*, Dudley Digges; *Bailey*, Willard Robertson; *Gregory*, Gilbert Emery; *Malcolm Stanton*, Douglas Scott.

"UP POPS THE DEVIL"—PARAMOUNT.—From the play by Albert Hackett and Frances Goodrich. Adapted by Arthur Kober and Eve Unsell. Directed by Edward Sutherland. The cast: *Biney Hatfield*, Skeets Gallagher; *Stranger*, Stuart Erwin; *Anne Merrick*, Carole Lombard; *Polly Griscom*, Lilyan Tashman; *Steve Merrick*, Norman Foster; *Luella May Carroll*, Joyce Compton; *Gilbert Morrell*, Theodore Von Eltz; *George Kent*, Edward J. Nugent; *Mrs. Kent*, Eulalie Jensen.

"VICE SQUAD, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Oliver H. P. Garrett. Directed by John Cromwell. The cast: *Major Stephen Lucarno*, Paul Lukas; *Alice Morrison*, Kay Francis; *Magistrate Morrison*, William Davidson; *Madeline Hunt*, Helen Johnson; *Detective-Sergeant Mather*, Rockcliffe Fel-lows; *Josie*, Esther Howard.

"WAITING AT THE CHURCH"—RADIO PICTURES.—From the story by Alfred Jackson and Barney Sarecky. Directed by William J. Craft. The cast: *Fred White*, Geoffrey Kerr; *Evelyn*, Mary

Brian; *Howard*, Johnny Hines; *Margy*, Marie Prevost; *Lou*, Joseph Cawthorn.

"WHITE SHOULDERS"—RADIO PICTURES.—From the story by Rex Beach. Adapted by J. Walter Ruben. Directed by Melville Brown. The cast: *Norma Selbee*, Mary Astor; *Gordon Kent*, Jack Holt; *Lawrence Marchmont*, Ricardo Cortez; *William Sothorn*, Sidney Toler; *Marie Fontaine*, Kitty Kelly; *Head Wailer*, Nicholas Soussanin.

"WOMAN OF EXPERIENCE, A"—RKO-PATHE.—From the story by John Farrow. Continuity by John Farrow. Directed by Harry Joe Brown. The cast: *Elsa*, Helen Twelvetrees; *Karl*, William Bakewell; *Capt. Otto Von Lichstein*, Lew Cody; *Katie*, ZaSu Pitts; *Major Hugh Schmidt*, H. B. Warner; *Captain Muller*, C. Henry Gordon; *Hans*, Franklin Pangborn; *Countess Runyi*, Nance O'Neil; *A General*, George Fawcett; *A Red Cross Nurse*, Bertha Mann; *A Colonel*, William Tooker; *A Colonel*, Alfred Hickman; *Capt. Kurt Von Hausen*, Edward Earle; *Brunck*, Max Waizman.

"WOMEN OF ALL NATIONS"—FOX.—From the story by Laurence Stallings and Maxwell Anderson. Directed by Raoul Walsh. The cast: *Sergeant Flagg*, Victor McLaglen; *Sergeant Quirt*, Edmund Lowe; *Elsa*, Greta Nissen; *Olsen*, El Brendel; *Fifi*, Fifi Dorsay; *Pee Wee*, Marjorie White; *Captain of Marines*, T. Roy Barnes; *Prince Hassan*, Bela Lugosi; *Stone*, Humphrey Bogart; *Kiki*, Joyce Compton; *Izzie*, Jesse De Vorka; *Leon*, Charles Judels.

"YOUNG AS YOU FEEL"—FOX.—From the play "Father and the Boys" by George Ade. Adapted by Edwin Burke. Directed by Frank Borzage. The cast: *Lemuel Morehouse*, Will Rogers; *Fleurette*, Fifi Dorsay; *Mr. Marley*, Lucien Littlefield; *Billy Morehouse*, Donald Dillaway; *Tom Morehouse*, Terrance Ray; *Dorothy Gregson*, Lucile Browne; *Rose Gregson*, Rosalie Roy; *Lamson*, C. Henry Gordon; *Colonel Stanhope*, John T. Murray; *Robbins*, Brandon Hurst; *Mrs. Denton*, Marcia Harris; *Secretary*, Otto Hoffman; *Lemuel's Secretary*, Joan Standing; *Pierre*, Gregory Gaye.

"YOUNG DONOVAN'S KID"—RADIO PICTURES.—From the story "Big Brother" by Rex Beach. Adapted by J. Walter Ruben. Directed by Fred Niblo. The cast: *Jim Donovan*, Richard Dix; *Midge Murray*, Jackie Cooper; *Kitty Costello*, Marion Shilling; *Father Dan*, Frank Sheridan; *Cokey Joe*, Boris Karloff; *Burke*, Dick Rush; *Collins*, Fred Kelsey; *Ben Murray*, Richard Alexander; *Spike Doyle*, Harry Tenbrook; *Duryea*, Wilfred Lucas; *Mike Novarro*, Phil Sleeman; *Monk Manilla*, Bob Wilber; *Gyp*, Charles Sullivan; *Lefty*, Jack Perry; *McConnell*, Frank Beal.

"YOUNG SINNERS"—FOX.—From the play by Elmer Harris. Continuity by William M. Conselman. Directed by John Blystone. The cast: *Tom McGuire*, Thomas Meighan; *Gene Gibson*, Hardie Albright; *Constance Sinclair*, Dorothy Jordan; *Mrs. Sinclair*, Cecelia Loftus; *John Gibson*, James Kirkwood; *Trent*, Edmund Breese; *Baron Von Konitz*, Lucien Prival; *Butler*, Arnold Lucy; *Maggie McGuire*, Nora Lane; *Sue*, Joan Castle; *Jimmy*, John Arledge; *Bud*, Eddie Nugent; *Madge*, Yvonne Pelletier; *Tommy*, David Rollins; *Reggie*, Gaylord Pendleton; *Tim*, Billy Butts.



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Imagine a discovery that transforms dull, lifeless hair into lovely, radiant hair such as only a few lucky girls are born with! Yet so subtle is this new loveliness that it seems only to accent the natural sheen of your hair!

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EVERY effort made to copy this wonderful liquid mascara has been a failure. Katherine MacDonald's Lash Cosmetic—which is used by the stars of Hollywood—is the only one that leaves your lashes soft and silky, yet is positively waterproof. Cryproof...rainproof...no water can make it streak or run, yet it gives no hint of artificiality. Contains no varnish, so cannot flake nor break your lashes. Easily removed with cold cream. Handy purse size gold capped bottle, black or brown, \$1.

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Absorb all blemishes and discolorations by regularly using pure Mercolized Wax. Get an ounce, and use as directed. Fine, almost invisible particles of aged skin flake off, until all defects, such as pimples, liver spots, tan, freckles and large pores have disappeared. Skin is beautifully clear, soft and velvety, and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty. To quickly reduce wrinkles and other age lines, use this face lotion: 1 ounce Powdered Saxolite and 1 half pint witch hazel. At drug stores.

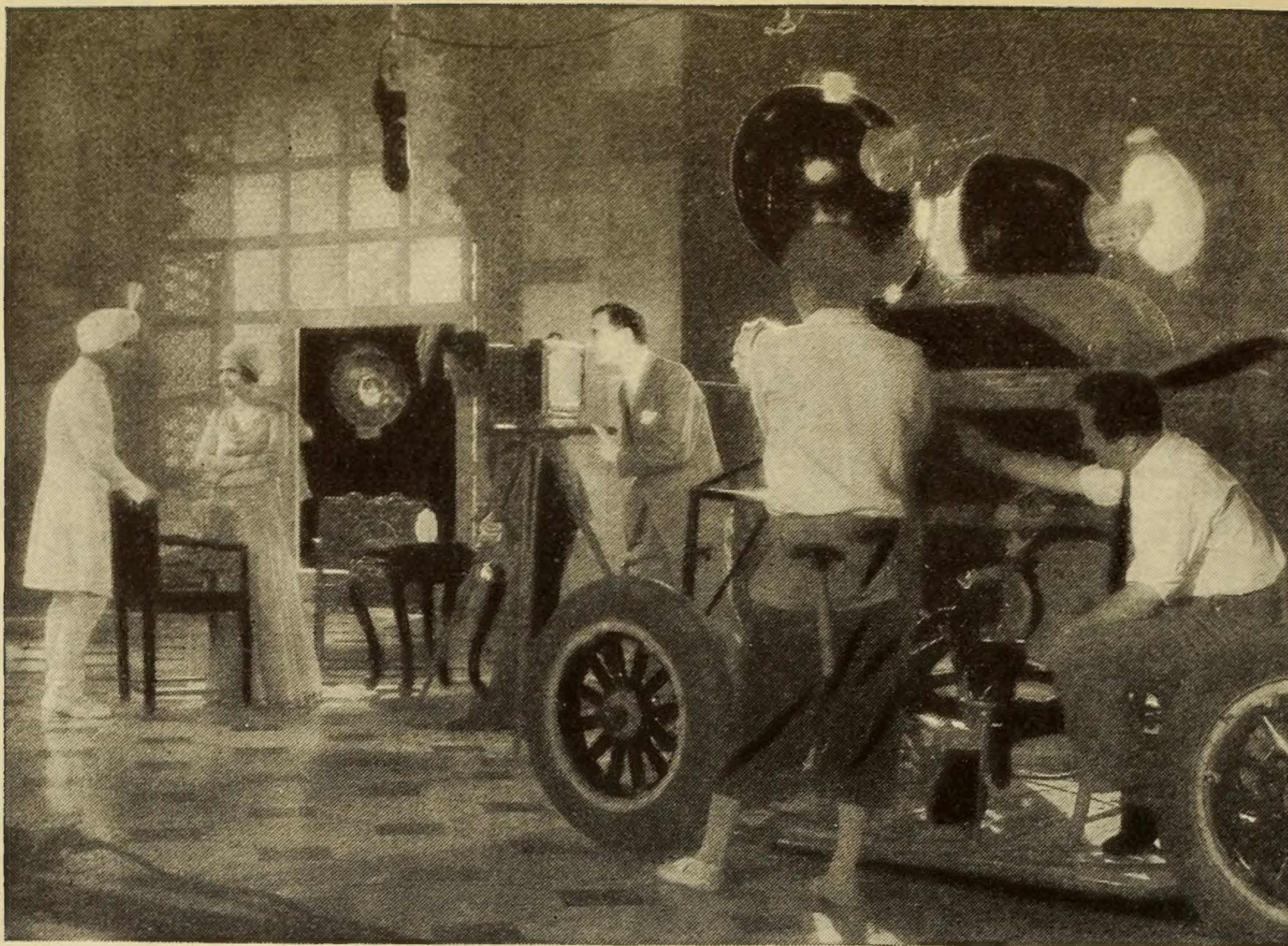
GIVEN A Beautiful Rubber Tea Apron for the names and addresses of six women friends and 15c to pay for postage and handling. Address Dept. 26.
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Don't Forget!

There's \$2,000 waiting for you in the PHOTOPLAY-Warner Bros. Story Contest, which closes July 15. Turn to page 72, read the details and get your story in before the deadline.

You can still enter PHOTOPLAY'S Picture Puzzle Contest. If you missed the June Issue, write Picture Puzzle Contest Editor, PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 919 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, and reprints will be sent you. Complete details and rules of this contest, carrying with it \$5,000 in cash prizes, will be found on page 62.

Cast your vote for the best picture released during 1930 to be awarded the PHOTOPLAY Magazine Medal of Honor. Use the ballot on page 76.



Jacques Feyder (in back of the still camera) directs Ramon Novarro in "Son of India." Note the rubber sneakers worn by one of the assistant camera men who has to walk around the set while the scene is being filmed. That little microphone hanging over their heads has a special affinity for footsteps that have no place in the sound scheme

Studio Rambles

By Frances Kish

WE go on the set at Paramount's New York Studio just as they are taking a "silent shot." It's a scene in the latest Claudette Colbert picture, tentatively titled "Secrets of a Secretary." But instead of the office background the title suggests, Claudette plays the rôle of social secretary and the scenes are very, very Park Avenue.

They're getting ready for one of those grand weddings pictured in the Sunday rotogravure sections. Caterer's men are running back and forth with chairs and tables. The butler stands at attention, watching them. Then he turns and follows one of the men.

"Cut," calls out Director George Abbott. "Don't move your lips or make gestures as though you are giving directions. This is a silent sequence and you're merely watching the men work, following them about to see that they don't break or steal anything."

If the actor had been allowed to play the scene his way, using his lips and gesturing unconsciously because his mind was concentrated on the action, a modern audience would have thought something had gone wrong with the theater's sound apparatus. When we see lip movements we expect to hear voices, these talkie days.

BETTY LAWFORD, who takes the rôle of *Sylvia Merritt*, for whose wedding all these preparations are going on, is the center of an off-stage group who admire her dark blue coat with scarf collar and chic little shoulder cape.

So Betty detaches the cape to show it is a two-in-one costume that can become a smartly tailored cloth dress for indoor wear.

Both Betty and Georges Metaxa (a Roumanian who looks much like Valentino) are as fascinated by the studio as any wide-eyed tourist from Pikeville Center. Betty has played in a number of talkies, so it's not new to her, but instead of remaining in her dressing-room to rest she is on the set half an hour before call. She's afraid she will miss something interesting.

Mr. Metaxa, who has been playing in "Bitter Sweet" on the

London stage, is having his first picture experience. He arrives at the studio hours ahead of time so he can watch the other actors play their scenes.

Already a script girl and dialogue girl are vying for his attention and when he drops into a chair next to one or the other, there's a hint of thunder in the air.

They say he screens extraordinarily well in the "rushes," so get set, girls, for another great lover.

Mary Boland, stage star making her talkie début as *Mrs. Merritt*, asks why she can't have the canvas-back studio chair, lettered with her name, as a souvenir when the picture is completed. To which Mr. Abbott replies, "It's yours, but we'll keep it here and you'll have to come back and use it."

Miss Boland wears lace afternoon pajamas in two shades of orchid.

OUT to the West Coast we hop, to the M-G-M lot, where "Son of India" is in the making. A colorful scene greets us. Gorgeous costumes, beautiful horses, camels, lavish sets.

Ramon Novarro prepares to wind his white turban around his head. It's too heavy to wear between shots, so he waits until just before going on the set. He tilts up a small mirror and goes to work, winding carefully so the turban will be exactly alike on both sides. Then he has to retouch his make-up.

The scene starts. Ramon mounts a handsome white horse, trots off to a distance, and as the cameras start to grind, dashes madly toward us. Someone yells, "Raise Gertrude. Now, lower her. Now back her."

We look around for Gertrude. Is she a horse? And how do they raise and lower her? Someone takes pity on our ignorance. "Gertrude" is the crew's pet name for the crane-like contraption that holds both microphone and camera for these special shots. It follows horse and rider, and much depends upon the man whose job it is to manipulate it.

"Look out!" comes the sharp warning. We all scamper. The camels are stampeding. But no one is hurt. The special providence that watches over such scenes in pictures has been right on the job.

A girl can't be *too* careful ~

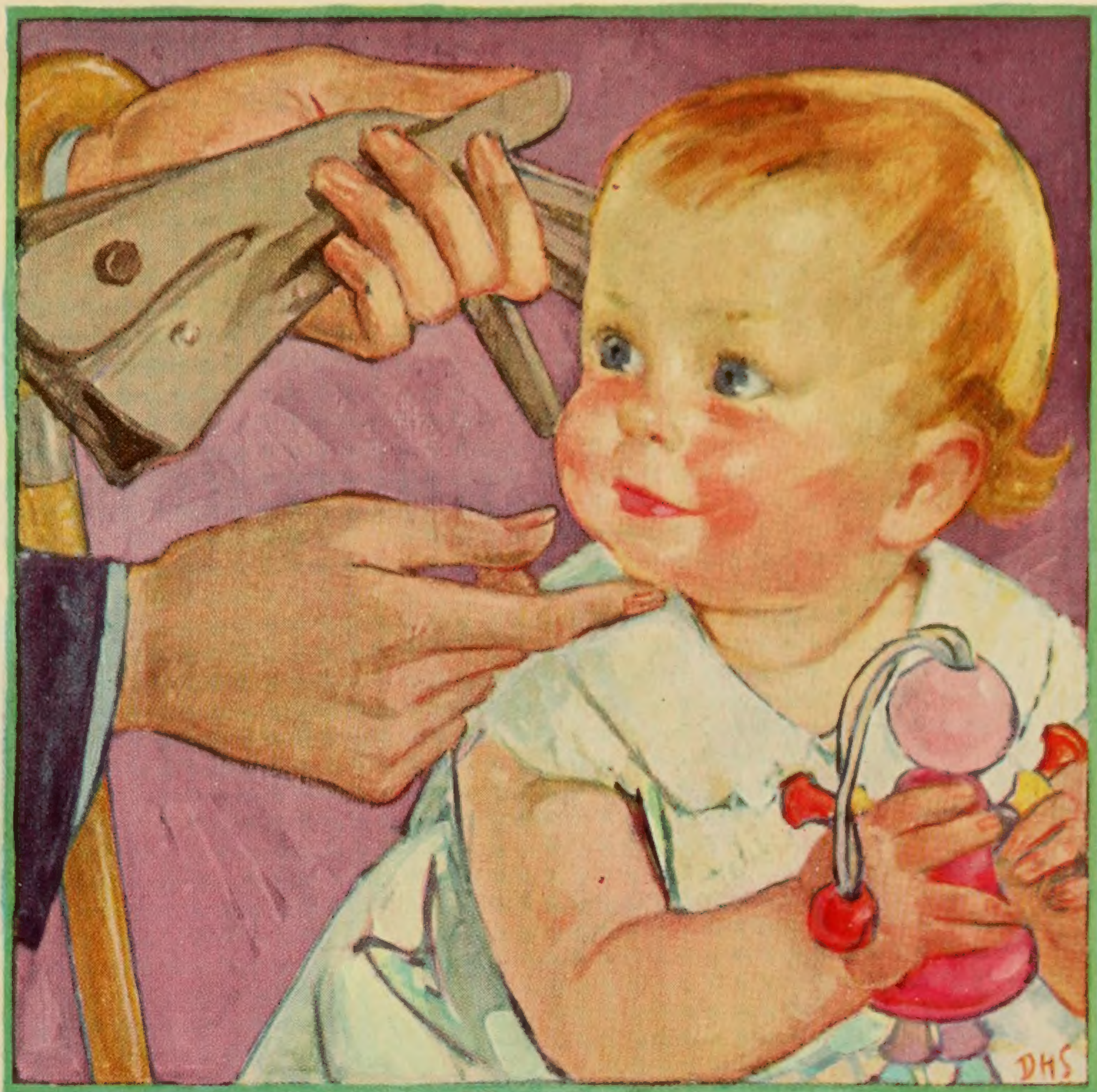
Now that I'm ten months old, I've decided that a girl can't start too young with the *right* beauty treatment.

Why, some gentlemen of my acquaintance have barked like dogs and walked like bears for the privilege of kissing my cheek. And grown-up ladies are really envious of my complexion.

But I'm not conceited. After all, it was the nice doctor at the hospital who suggested the very best beauty treatment for my very sensitive skin. When Mother asked him, he said, "Why not use Ivory? You can't find a purer, milder soap."

In fairness to him, I always mention this fact when I give my exclusive beauty talks in my Ivory bath.

But I haven't told you about Mother yet. *Now she's using my cake of Ivory.* Of course, it's perfectly all right, as she's always been very nice to me. In fact, I'm



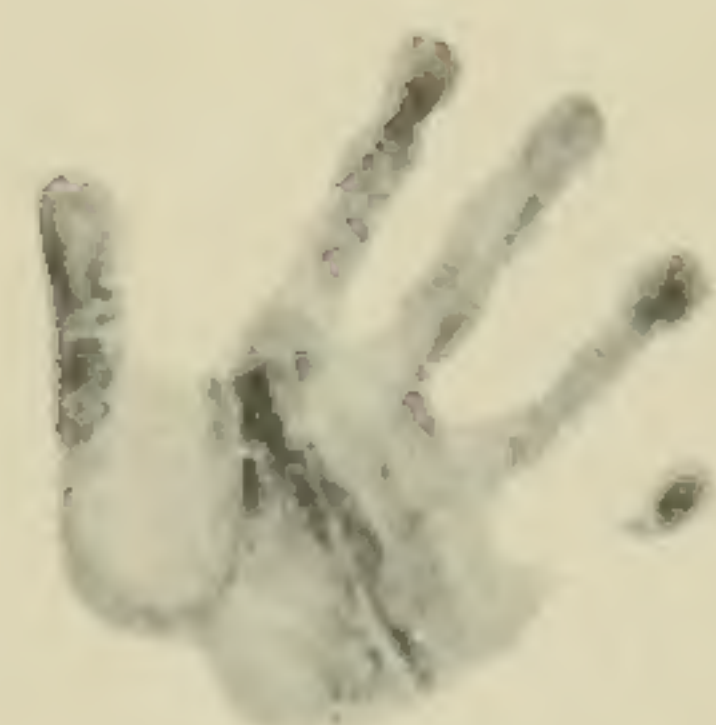
glad. She's so pretty that she deserves to use the finest soap!

But one thing is a mystery to me—what Father said to her. "Where are all those fussy lotions and creams you used to have around?" he asked with a smile.

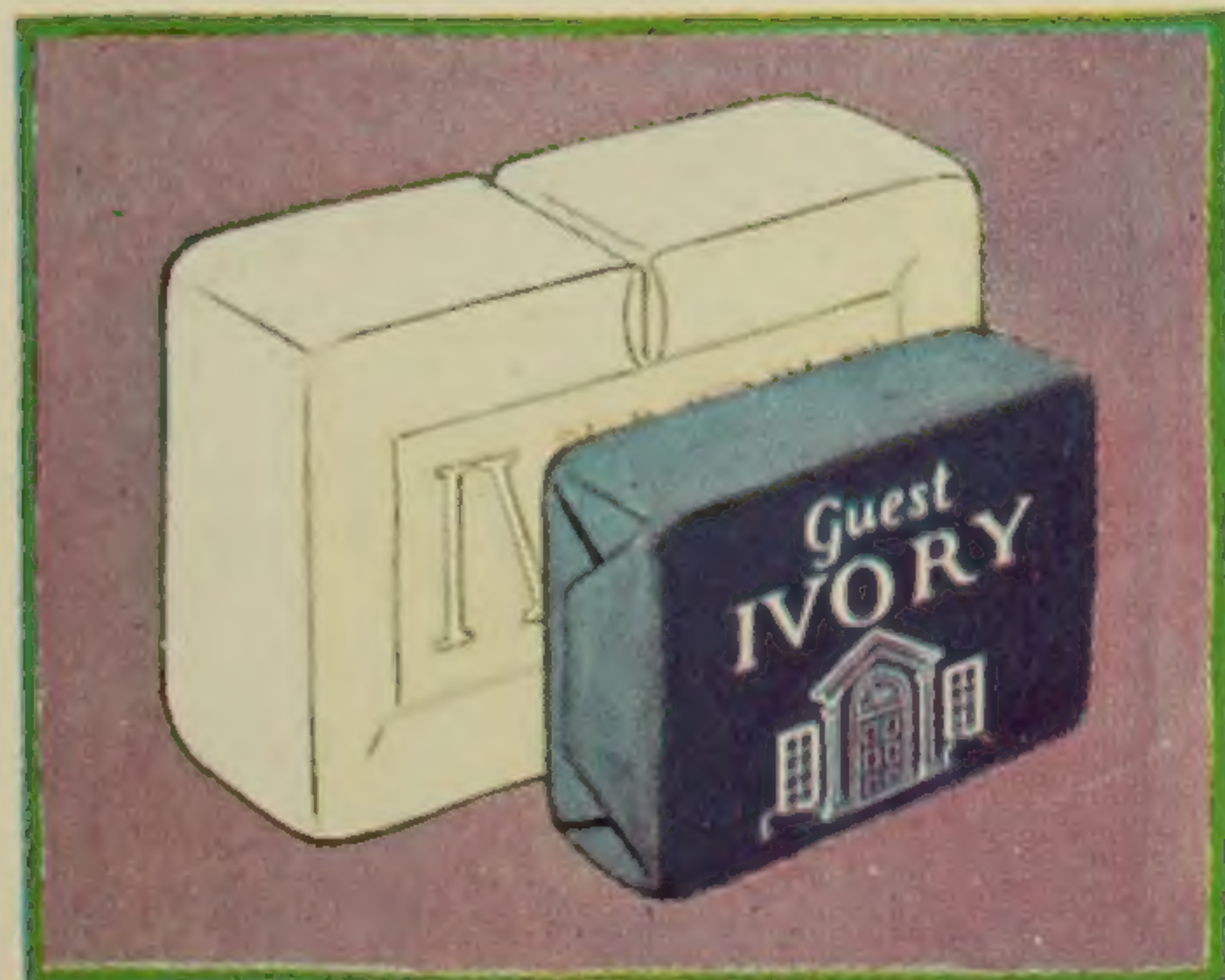
"Don't be silly!" Mother said. I thought she acted a little confused.

Now Mother is going to be prettier still, since she's taking a beauty course with Ivory!

An Ivory Baby · Her Mark



~ however grown-up she may be!



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P. S. Your complexion is a baby's complexion that has grown up. A bit less silky. A trifle less sensitive. But even more than a baby's your complexion needs Ivory's beauty help. For the skin can create its own fresh beauty. But it cannot clean itself. And its clear fresh tone will be dulled if the pores are clogged by dust and make-up.

There are no "if's" and "but's" about cleanliness. Only soap and water will really cleanse. And you'll find that an Ivory cleansing will "make up" your complexion so pleasantly. For Ivory is perfectly pure. Can your complexion afford to use a less gentle and safe soap than Ivory—which cherishes the delicate beauty of millions of babies?

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Sunshine Mellows

Heat Purifies

The advice of your physician is: Keep out of doors, in the open air, breathe deeply; take plenty of exercise in the mellow sunshine, and have a periodic check-up on the health of your body.

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